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NO NEWS.

NONE at all. Understand that, please, to begin with. That you will at once, and distinctly, recall Dr. Sharpe — and his wife, I make no doubt. Indeed, it is because the history is a familiar one, some of the unfamiliar incidents of which have come into my possession, that I undertake to tell it.

My relation to the Doctor, his wife, and their friend, has been in many respects peculiar. Without entering into explanations which I am not at liberty to make, let me say, that those portions of their story which concern our present purpose, whether or not they fell under my personal observation, are accurately, and to the best of my judgment impartially, related.

Nobody, I think, who was at the wedding, dreamed that there would ever be such a story to tell. It was such a pretty, peaceful wedding! If you were there, you remember it as you remember a rare sunrise, or a peculiarly delicate May-flower, or that strain in a simple old song which is like orioles and butterflies and dew-drops.

There were not many of us; we were

all acquainted with one another; the day was bright, and Harrie did not faint nor cry. There were a couple of bridesmaids, — Pauline Dallas, and a Miss — Jones, I think, — besides Harrie's little sisters; and the people were well dressed and well looking, but everybody was thoroughly at home, comfortable, and on a level. There was no annihilating of little country friends in gray alpacas by city cousins in point and pearls, no crowding and no crush, and, I believe, not a single "front breadth" spoiled by the ices.

Harrie is not called exactly pretty, but she must be a very plain woman who is not pleasant to see upon her wedding day. Harrie's eyes shone, — I never saw such eyes! and she threw her head back like a queen whom they were crowning.

Her father married them. Old Mr. Bird was an odd man, with odd notions of many things, of which marriage was one. The service was his own. I afterwards asked him for a copy of it, which I have preserved. The Covenant ran thus: —

"Appealing to your Father who is

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in heaven to witness your sincerity, you . . . do now take this woman whose hand you hold—choosing her alone from all the world—to be your lawfully wedded wife. You trust her as your best earthly friend. You promise to love, to cherish, and to protect her; to be considerate of her happiness in your plans of life; to cultivate for her sake all manly virtues; and in all things to seek her welfare as you seek your own. You pledge yourself thus honorably to her, to be her husband in good faith, so long as the providence of God shall spare you to each other.

"In like manner, looking to your Heavenly Father for his blessing, you . . . do now receive this man, whose hand you hold, to be your lawfully wedded husband. You choose him from all the world as he has chosen you. You pledge your trust to him as your best earthly friend. You promise to love, to comfort, and to honor him; to cultivate for his sake all womanly graces; to guard his reputation, and assist him in his life's work; and in all things to esteem his happiness as your own. You give yourself thus trustfully to him, to be his wife in good faith, so long as the providence of God shall spare you to each other."

When Harrie lifted her shining eyes to say, "*I do!*" the two little happy words rang through the silent room like a silver bell; they would have tinkled in your ears for weeks to come if you had heard them.

I have been thus particular in noting the words of the service, partly because they pleased me, partly because I have since had some occasion to recall them, and partly because I remember having wondered, at the time, how many married men and women of your and my acquaintance, if honestly subjecting their union to the test and full interpretations and remotest bearing of such vows as these, could live in the sight of God and man as "lawfully wedded" husband and wife.

Weddings are always very sad things to me; as much sadder than burials as the beginning of life should be sadder

than the end of it. The readiness with which young girls will flit out of a tried, proved, happy home into the sole care and keeping of a man whom they have known three months, six, twelve, I do not profess to understand. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. But that may be because I am fifty-five, an old maid, and have spent twenty years in boarding-houses.

A woman reads the graces of a man at sight. His faults she cannot thoroughly detect till she has been for years his wife. And his faults are so much more serious a matter to her than hers to him!

I was thinking of this the day before the wedding. I had stepped in from the kitchen to ask Mrs. Bird about the salad, when I came abruptly, at the door of the sitting-room, upon as choice a picture as one is likely to see.

The doors were open through the house, and the wind swept in and out. A scarlet woodbine swung lazily back and forth beyond the window. Dimples of light burned through it, dotting the carpet and the black-and-white marbled oilcloth of the hall. Beyond, in the little front parlor, framed in by the series of doorways, was Harrie, all in a cloud of white. It floated about her with an idle, wavelike motion. She had a veil like fretted pearls through which her tinted arm shone faintly, and the shadow of a single scarlet leaf trembled through a curtain upon her forehead.

Her mother, crying a little, as mothers will cry the day before the wedding, was smoothing with tender touch a tiny crease upon the cloud; a bridesmaid or two sat chattering on the floor; gloves, and favors, and flowers, and bits of lace like hoar-frost, lay scattered about; and the whole was repictured and reflected and reshaded in the great old-fashioned mirrors before which Harrie turned herself about.

It seemed a pity that Myron Sharpe should miss that, so I called him in from the porch where he sat reading Stuart Mill on Liberty.

If you form your own opinion of a

man who might spend a livelong morning, — an October morning, quivering with color, alive with light, sweet with the breath of dropping pines, soft with the caress of a wind that had filtered through miles of sunshine, — and that the morning of the day before his wedding, — reading Stuart Mill on Liberty, — I cannot help it.

Harrie, turning suddenly, saw us, — met her lover's eyes, stood a moment with lifted lashes and bright cheeks, — crept with a quick, impulsive movement into her mother's arms, kissed her, and floated away up the stairs.

"It's a perfect fit," said Mrs. Bird, coming out with one corner of a very dingy handkerchief — somebody had just used it to dust the Parian vases — at her eyes.

And though, to be sure, it was none of my business, I caught myself saying, under my breath, —

"It's a fit for life; for a *life*, Dr. Sharpe."

Dr. Sharpe smiled serenely. He was very much in love with the little pink-and-white cloud that had just fluttered up the stairs. If it had been drifting to him for the venture of twenty lifetimes, he would have felt no doubt of the "fit."

Nor, I am sure, would Harrie. She stole out to him that evening after the bridal finery was put away, and knelt at his feet in her plain little muslin dress, her hair all out of crimp, slipping from her net behind her ears, — Harrie's ears were very small, and shaded off in the colors of a pale apple-blossom, — up-turning her flushed and weary face.

"Put away the book, please, Myron."

Myron put away the book (somebody on *Bilious Affections*), and looked for a moment without speaking at the up-turned face.

Dr. Sharpe had spasms of distrusting himself amazingly; perhaps most men have, — and ought to. His face grew grave just then. That little girl's clear eyes shone upon him like the lights upon an altar. In very unworthiness of soul he would have put the shoes from off his feet. The ground on which he trod was holy.

When he spoke to the child, it was in a whisper: —

"Harrie, are you afraid of me? I know I am not very good."

And Harrie, kneeling with the shadows of the scarlet leaves upon her hair, said softly, —

"How could I be afraid of you? It is I who am not good."

Dr. Sharpe could not have made much progress in *Bilious Affection* that evening. All the time that the skies were fading, we saw them wandering in and out among the apple-trees, — she with those shining eyes, and her hand in his. And when to-morrow had come and gone, and in the dying light they drove away, and Miss Dallas threw old Grandmother Bird's little satin boot after the carriage, the last we saw of her was that her hand was clasped in his, and that her eyes were shining.

Well, I believe that they got along very well till the first baby came. As far as my observation goes, young people usually get along very well till the first baby comes. These particular young people had a clear conscience, — as young people's consciences go, — fair health, a comfortable income for two, and a very pleasant home.

This home was on the coast. The townspeople made shoes, and minded their own business. Dr. Sharpe bought the dying practice of an antediluvian who believed in camomile and castor-oil. Harrie mended a few stockings, made a few pies, and watched the sea.

It was almost enough of itself to make one happy — the sea — as it tumbled about the shores of Lime. Harrie had a little seat hollowed out in the cliffs, and a little scarlet bathing-dress, which was surprisingly becoming, and a little boat of her own, moored in a little bay, — a pretty shell which her husband had had made to order, that she might be able to row herself on a calm water. He was very thoughtful for her in those days.

She used to take her sewing out upon the cliff; she would be demure and busy; she would finish the selvage

seam; but the sun blazed, the sea shone, the birds sang, all the world was at play, — what could it matter about salvage seams? So the little gold thimble would drop off, the spool trundle down the cliff, and Harrie, sinking back into a cushion of green and crimson sea-weed, would open her wide eyes and dream. The waves purpled and silvered, and broke into a mist like powdered amber, the blue distances melted softly, the white sand glittered, the gulls were chattering shrilly. What a world it was!

"And he is in it!" thought Harrie. Then she would smile and shut her eyes. "And the children of Israel saw the face of Moses, that Moses' face shone, and they were afraid to come nigh him." Harrie wondered if everybody's joy were too great to look upon, and wondered, in a childish, frightened way, how it might be with sorrow; if people stood with veiled faces before it, dumb with pain as she with peace, — and then it was dinner-time, and Myron came down to walk up the beach with her, and she forgot all about it.

She forgot all about everything but the bare joy of life and the sea, when she had donned the pretty scarlet suit, and crept out into the surf, — at the proper medicinal hour, for the Doctor was very particular with her, — when the warm brown waves broke over her face, the long sea-weeds slipped through her fingers, the foam sprinkled her hair with crystals, and the strong wind was up.

She was a swift swimmer, and, as one watched from the shore, her lithe scarlet shoulders seemed to glide like a trail of fire through the lighted water; and when she sat in shallow foam with sunshine on her, or flashed through the dark green pools among the rocks, or floated with the incoming tide, her great bathing-hat dropping shadows on her wet little happy face, and her laugh ringing out, it was a pretty sight.

But a prettier one than that, her husband thought, was to see her in her boat at sunset; when sea and sky were aflame, when every flake of foam was

a rainbow, and the great chalk-cliffs were blood-red; when the wind blew her net off, and in pretty petulance she pulled her hair down, and it rippled all about her as she dipped into the blazing West.

Dr. Sharpe used to drive home by the beach, on a fair night, always, that he might see it. Then Harrie would row swiftly in, and spring into the low, broad buggy beside him, and they rode home together in the fragrant dusk. Sometimes she used to chatter on these twilight drives; but more often she crept up to him and shut her eyes, and was as still as a sleepy bird. It was so pleasant to do nothing but be happy!

I believe that at this time Dr. Sharpe loved his wife as unselfishly as he knew how. Harrie often wrote me that he was "very good." She was sometimes a little troubled that he should "know so much more" than she, and had fits of reading the newspapers and reviewing her French, and studying cases of hydrophobia, or some other pleasant subject which had a professional air. Her husband laughed at her for her pains, but nevertheless he found her so much the more entertaining. Sometimes she drove about with him on his calls, or amused herself by making jellies in fancy moulds for his poor, or sat in his lap and discoursed like a bobolink of croup and measles, pulling his whiskers the while with her pink fingers.

All this, as I have said, was before the first baby came.

It is surprising what vague ideas young people in general, and young men in particular, have of the rubs and jars of domestic life; especially domestic life on an income of eighteen hundred, American constitutions and country servants thrown in.

Dr. Sharpe knew something of illness and babies and worry and watching; but that his own individual baby should deliberately lie and scream till two o'clock in the morning was a source of perpetual astonishment to him; and that it, — he and Mrs. Sharpe had their first quarrel over his persistence in calling the child an "it," — that it should *invariably* feel

called upon to have the colic just as he had fallen into a nap, after a night spent with a dying patient, was a phenomenon of the infant mind for which he was, to say the least, unprepared.

It was for a long time a mystery to his masculine understanding, that Biddy could not be nursery-maid as well as cook. "Why, what has she to do now? Nothing but to broil steaks and make tea for two people!" That whenever he had Harrie quietly to himself for a peculiarly pleasant tea-table, the house should resound with sudden shrieks from the nursery, and there was *always* a pin in that baby, was forever a fresh surprise; and why, when they had a house full of company, no "girl," and Harrie down with a sick-headache, his son and heir should of *necessity* be threatened with scarlatina, was a philosophical problem over which he speculated long and profoundly.

So, gradually, in the old way, the old sweet habits of the long honeymoon were broken. Harrie dreamed no more on the cliffs by the bright noon sea; had no time to spend making scarlet pictures in the little bathing-suit; had seldom strength to row into the sunset, her hair loose, the bay on fire, and one to watch her from the shore. There were no more walks up the beach to dinner; there came an end to the drives in the happy twilight; she could not climb now upon her husband's knee because of the heavy baby on her own.

The spasms of newspaper reading subsided rapidly; Corinne and Racine gathered the dust in peace upon their shelves; Mrs. Sharpe made no more fancy jellies, and found no time to inquire after other people's babies.

One becomes used to anything after a while, especially if one happens to be a man. It would have surprised Dr. Sharpe, if he had taken the pains to notice,—which I believe he never did,—how easily he became used to his solitary drives and disturbed teas; to missing Harrie's watching face at door or window; to sitting whole evenings by himself while she sang to the fretful baby overhead with her sweet little

tired voice; to slipping off into the "spare room" to sleep when the child cried at night, and Harrie, up and down with him by the hour, flitted from cradle to bed, or paced the room, or sat and sang, or lay and cried herself, in sheer despair of rest; to wandering away on lonely walks; to stepping often into a neighbor's to discuss the election or the typhoid in the village; to forgetting that his wife's conversational capacities could extend beyond Biddy and teething; to forgetting that she might ever hunger for a twilight drive, a sunny sail, for the sparkle and freshness, the dreaming, the petting, the caresses, all the silly little lovers' habits of their early married days; to going his own ways, and letting her go hers.

Yet he loved her, and loved her only, and loved her well. That he never doubted, nor, to my surprise, did she. I remember once, when on a visit there, being fairly frightened out of the proprieties by hearing her call him "Dr. Sharpe." I called her away from the children soon after, on pretence of helping me unpack. I locked the door, pulled her down upon a trunk tray beside me, folded both her hands in mine, and studied her face; it had grown to be a very thin little face, less pretty than it was in the shadow of the woodbine, with absent eyes and a sad mouth. She knew that I loved her, and my heart was full for the child; and so, for I could not help it, I said,—

"Harrie, is all well between you? Is he quite the same?"

She looked at me with a perplexed and musing air.

"The same? O yes, he is quite the same to me. He would always be the same to me. Only there are the children, and we are so busy. He — why, he loves me, you know, —" she turned her head from side to side wearily, with the puzzled expression growing on her forehead, — "he loves me just the same — just the same. I am *his wife*; don't you see?"

She drew herself up a little haughtily, said that she heard the baby crying, and slipped away.

But the perplexed knot upon her forehead did not slip away. I was rather glad that it did not. I liked it better than the absent eyes. That afternoon she left her baby with Biddy for a couple of hours, went away by herself into the garden, sat down upon a stone and thought.

Harrie took a great deal of comfort in her babies, quite as much as I wished to have her. Women whose dream of marriage has faded a little have a way of transferring their passionate devotion and content from husband to child. It is like anchoring in a harbor, — a pleasant harbor, and one in which it is good to be, — but never on shore and never at home. Whatever a woman's children may be to her, her husband should be always something beyond and more; forever crowned for her as first, dearest, best, on a throne that neither son nor daughter can usurp. Through mistake and misery the throne may be left vacant or voiceless: but what man cometh after the King?

So, when Harrie forgot the baby for a whole afternoon, and sat out on her stone there in the garden thinking, I felt rather glad than sorry.

It was when little Harrie was a baby, I believe, that Mrs. Sharpe took that notion about having company. She was growing out of the world, she said; turning into a fungus; petrifying; had forgotten whether you called your seats at the Music Hall pews or settees, and was as afraid of a well-dressed woman as she was of the croup.

So the Doctor's house at Lime was for two or three months overrun with visitors and vivacity. Fathers and mothers made fatherly and motherly stays, with the hottest of air-tights put up for their benefit in the front room; sisters and sisters-in-law brought the fashions and got up tableaux; cousins came on the jump; Miss Jones, Pauline Dallas, and I were invited in turn, and the children had the mumps at cheerful intervals between.

The Doctor was not much in the mood for entertaining Miss Dallas; he was a little tired of company, and had had

a hard week's work with an epidemic down town. Harrie had not seen her since her wedding-day, and was pleased and excited at the prospect of the visit. Pauline had been one of her eternal friendships at school.

Miss Dallas came a day earlier than she was expected, and, as chance would have it, Harrie was devoting the afternoon to cutting out shirts. Any one who has sat from two till six at that engaging occupation, will understand precisely how her back ached and her temples throbbed, and her fingers stung, and her neck stiffened; why her eyes swam, her cheeks burned, her brain was deadened, the children's voices were insufferable, the slamming of a door an agony, the past a blot, the future unendurable, life a burden, friendship a myth, her hair down, and her collar unpinning.

Miss Dallas had never cut a shirt, nor, I believe, had Dr. Sharpe.

Harrie was groaning over the last wristband but one, when she heard her husband's voice in the hall.

"Harrie, Harrie, your friend is here. I found her, by a charming accident, at the station, and drove her home." And Miss Dallas, gloved, perfumed, rustling, in a very becoming veil and travelling-suit of the latest mode, swept in upon her.

Harrie was too much of a lady to waste any words on apology, so she ran just as she was, in her calico dress, with the collar hanging, into Pauline's stately arms, and held up her little burning cheeks to be kissed.

But her husband looked annoyed.

He came down before tea in his best coat to entertain their guest. Biddy was "taking an afternoon" that day, and Harrie bustled about with her aching back to make tea and wash the children. She had no time to spend upon herself, and, rather than keep a hungry traveller waiting, smoothed her hair, knotted a ribbon at the collar, and came down in her calico dress.

Dr. Sharpe glanced at it in some surprise. He repeated the glances several times in the course of the evening, as

he sat chatting with his wife's friend. Miss Dallas was very sprightly in conversation; had read some, had thought some; and had the appearance of having read and thought about twice as much as she had.

Myron Sharpe had always considered his wife a handsome woman. That nobody else thought her so had made no difference to him. He had often looked into the saucy eyes of little Harrie Bird, and told her that she was very pretty. As a matter of theory, he supposed her to be very pretty, now that she was the mother of his three children, and breaking her back to cut out his shirts.

Miss Dallas was a generously framed, well-proportioned woman, who carried long trains, and tied her hair with crimson velvet. She had large, serene eyes, white hands, and a very pleasant smile. A delicate perfume stirred as she stirred, and she wore a creamy lace about her throat and wrists.

Calicoes were never becoming to Harrie, and that one with the palm-leaf did not fit her well, — she cut it herself, to save expense. As the evening passed, in reaction from the weariness of shirt-cutting she grew pale, and the sallow tints upon her face came out; her features sharpened, as they had a way of doing when she was tired; and she had little else to do that evening than think how tired she was, for her husband observing, as he remarked afterwards, that she did not feel like talking, kindly entertained her friend himself.

As they went up stairs for the night, it struck him, for the first time in his life, that Harrie had a snubbed nose. It annoyed him, because she was his wife, and he loved her, and liked to feel that she was as well looking as other women.

"Your friend is a bright girl," he said, encouragingly, when Harrie had hushed a couple of children, and sat wearily down to unbutton her boots.

"I think you will find her more easy to entertain than Cousin Mehitabel."

Then, seeing that Harrie answered absently, and how exhausted she looked,

he expressed his sorrow that she should have worked so long over the shirts, and kissed her as he spoke; while Harrie cried a little, and felt as if she would cut them all over again for that.

The next day Miss Dallas and Mrs. Sharpe sat sewing together; Harrie cramping her shoulders and blackening her hands over a patch on Rocko's rough little trousers; Pauline playing idly with purple and orange wools, — her fingers were white, and she sank with grace into the warm colors of the arm-chair; the door was open into the hall, and Dr. Sharpe passed by, glancing in as he passed.

"Your husband is a very intelligent man, Harrie," observed Miss Dallas, studying her lavenders and lemons thoughtfully. "I was much interested in what he said about pre-Adamic man, last evening."

"Yes," said Harrie, "he knows a great deal. I always thought so." The little trousers slipped from her black fingers by and by, and her eyes wandered out of the window absently.

She did not know anything about pre-Adamic man.

In the afternoon they walked down the beach together, — the Doctor, his wife, and their guest, — accompanied by as few children as circumstances would admit of. Pauline was stately in a beach-dress of bright browns, which shaded softly into one another; it was one of Miss Dallas's peculiarities, that she never wore more than one color or two at the same time. Harrie, as it chanced, wore, over her purple dress (Rocko had tipped over two ink-bottles and a vinegar-cruet on the sack which should have matched it) a dull gray shawl; her bonnet was blue, — it had been a present from Myron's sister, and she had no other way than to wear it. Miss Dallas bounded with pretty feet from rock to rock. Rocko hung heavily to his mother's fingers; she had no gloves, the child would have spoiled them; her dress dragged in the sand, — she could not afford two skirts, and one must be long, — and between Rocko and the wind she held it up awkwardly.

Dr. Sharpe seldom noticed a woman's dress; he could not have told now whether his wife's shawl was sky-blue or pea-green; he knew nothing about the ink-spots; he had never heard of the unfortunate blue bonnet, or the mysteries of short and long skirts. He might have gone to walk with her a dozen times and thought her very pretty and "proper" in her appearance. Now, without the vaguest idea what was the trouble, he understood that something was wrong. A woman would have said, Mrs. Sharpe looks dowdy and old-fashioned; he only considered that Miss Dallas had a pleasant air, like a soft brown picture with crimson lights let in, and that it was an air which his wife lacked. So, when Rocko dragged heavily and more heavily at his mother's skirts, and the Doctor and Pauline wandered off to climb the cliffs, Harrie did not seek to follow or to call them back. She sat down with Rocko on the beach, wrapped herself with a savage hug in the ugly shawl, and wondered with a bitterness with which only women can wonder over such trifles, why God should send Pauline all the pretty beach-dresses and deny them to her, — for Harrie, like many another "dowdy" woman whom you see upon the street, my dear madam, was a woman of fine, keen tastes, and would have appreciated the soft browns no less than yourself. It seemed to her the very sting of poverty, just then, that one must wear purple dresses and blue bonnets.

At the tea-table the Doctor fell to reconstructing the country, and Miss Dallas, who was quite a politician in Miss Dallas's way, observed that the horizon looked brighter since Tennessee's admittance, and that she hoped that the clouds, &c., — and what *did* he think of Brownlow? &c., &c.

"Tennessee!" exclaimed Harrie; "why, how long has Tennessee been in? I did n't know anything about it."

Miss Dallas smiled kindly. Dr. Sharpe bit his lip, and his face flushed.

"Harrie, you really *ought* to read the papers," he said, with some impatience;

"it's no wonder you don't know anything."

"How should I know anything, tied to the children, all day?" Harrie spoke quickly, for the hot tears sprang. "Why did n't you tell me something about Tennessee? You never talk politics with *me*."

This began to be awkward; Miss Dallas, who never interfered — on principle — between husband and wife, gracefully took up the baby, and gracefully swung her dainty Geneva watch for the child's amusement, smiling brilliantly. She could not endure babies, but you would never have suspected it.

In fact, when Pauline had been in the house four or five days, Harrie, who never thought very much of herself, became so painfully alive to her own deficiencies, that she fell into a permanent fit of low spirits, which did not add either to her appearance or her vivacity.

"Pauline is so pretty and bright," she wrote to me, "I always knew I was a little fool. You can be a fool before you're married, just as well as not. Then, when you have three babies to look after, it is too late to make yourself over. I try very hard now to read the newspapers, only Myron does not know it."

One morning something occurred to Mrs. Sharpe. It was simply that her husband had spent every evening at home for a week. She was in the nursery when the thought struck her, rocking slowly in her low sewing-chair, holding the baby on one arm and trying to darn stockings with the other.

Pauline was — she did not really know where. Was not that her voice upon the porch? The rocking-chair stopped sharply, and Harrie looked down through the blinds. The Doctor's horse was tied at the gate. The Doctor sat fanning himself with his hat in one of the garden chairs; Miss Dallas occupied the other; she was chatting, and twisting her golden wools about her fingers, — it was noticeable that she used only golden wools that morning; her dress was pale blue, and the effect of the purples would not have been good.

"I thought your calls were going to take till dinner, Myron," called Harrie, through the blinds.

"I thought so too," said Myron, placidly, "but they do not seem to. Won't you come down?"

Harrie thanked him, saying, in a pleasant, *nonchalant* way, that she could not leave the baby. It was almost the first bit of acting that the child had ever been guilty of,—for the baby was just going to sleep, and she knew it.

She turned away from the window quietly. She could not have been angry, and scolded; or noisy, and cried. She put little Harrie into her cradle, crept upon the bed, and lay perfectly still for a long time.

When the dinner-bell rang, and she got up to brush her hair, that absent, apathetic look of which I have spoken had left her eyes. A stealthy brightness came and went in them, which her husband might have observed if he and Miss Dallas had not been deep in the Woman question. Pauline saw it; Pauline saw everything.

"Why did you not come down and sit with us this morning?" she asked, reproachfully, when she and Harrie were alone after dinner. "I don't want your husband to feel that he must run away from you to entertain me."

"My husband's ideas of hospitality are generous," said Mrs. Sharpe. "I have always found him as ready to make it pleasant here for my company as for his own."

She made this little speech with dignity. Did both women know it for the farce it was? To do Miss Dallas justice,—I am not sure. She was not a bad-hearted woman. She was a handsome woman. She had come to Lime to enjoy herself. Those September days and nights were fair there by the dreamy sea. On the whole, I am inclined to think that she did not know exactly what she was about.

"My perfumery never lasts," said Harrie, once, stooping to pick up Pauline's fine handkerchief, to which a faint scent like unseen heliotrope clung; it clung to everything of Pauline's; you

would never see a heliotrope without thinking of her, as Dr. Sharpe had often said. "Myron used to like good cologne, but I can't afford to buy it, so I make it myself, and use it Sundays, and it's all blown away by the time I get to church. Myron says he is glad of it, for it is more like Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer than anything else. What do you use, Pauline?"

"Sachet powder, of course," said Miss Dallas, smiling.

That evening Harrie stole away by herself to the village apothecary's. Myron should not know for what she went. If it were the breath of a heliotrope, thought foolish Harrie, which made it so pleasant for people to be near Pauline, that was a matter easily remedied. But sachet powder, you should know, is a dollar an ounce, and Harrie must needs content herself with "the American," which could be had for fifty cents; and so, of course, after she had spent her money, and made her little silk bags, and put them away into her bureau drawers, Myron never told *her*, for all her pains, that she reminded him of a heliotrope with the dew on it. One day a pink silk bag fell out from under her dress, where she had tucked it.

"What's all this nonsense, Harrie?" said her husband, in a sharp tone.

At another time, the Doctor and Pauline were driving upon the beach at sunset, when, turning a sudden corner, Miss Dallas cried out, in real delight,—

"See! That beautiful creature! Who can it be?"

And there was Harrie, out on a rock in the opal surf,—a little scarlet mermaid, combing her hair with her thin fingers, from which the water almost washed the wedding ring. It was—who knew how long, since the pretty bathing-suit had been taken down from the garret nails? What sudden yearning for the wash of waves, and the spring of girlhood, and the consciousness that one is fair to see, had overtaken her? She watched through her hair and her fingers for the love in her husband's eyes.

But he waded out to her, ill-pleased.

"Harrie, this is very imprudent,—very! I don't see what could have possessed you!"

Myron Sharpe loved his wife. Of course he did. He began, about this time, to state the fact to himself several times a day. Had she not been all the world to him when he wooed and won her in her rosy, ripening days? Was she not all the world to him now that a bit of serenity had crept upon her, in a married life of eight hard-working years?

That she *had* grown a little sere, he felt somewhat keenly of late. She had a dreary, dragged look at breakfast, after the children had cried at night,—and the nights when Mrs. Sharpe's children did not cry were like angels' visits. It was perhaps the more noticeable, because Miss Dallas had a peculiar color and coolness and sparkle in the morning, like that of opening flowers. *She* had not been up till midnight with a sick baby.

Harrie was apt to be too busy in the kitchen to run and meet him when he came home at dusk. Or, if she came, it was with her sleeves rolled up and an apron on. Miss Dallas sat at the window; the lace curtain waved about her; she nodded and smiled as he walked up the path. In the evening Harrie talked of Rocko, or the price of butter; she did not venture beyond, poor thing! since her experience with Tennessee.

Miss Dallas quoted Browning, and discussed Goethe, and talked Parepa; and they had no lights, and the September moon shone in. Sometimes Mrs. Sharpe had mending to do, and, as she could not sew on her husband's buttons satisfactorily by moonlight, would slip into the dining-room with kerosene and mosquitoes for company. The Doctor may have noticed, or he may not, how comfortably he could, if he made the proper effort, pass the evening without her.

But Myron Sharpe loved his wife. To be sure he did. If his wife doubted it,—but why should she doubt it? Who thought she doubted it? If she did, she

gave no sign. Her eyes, he observed, had brightened of late; and when they went to her from the moonlit parlor, there was such a pretty color upon her cheeks, that he used to stoop and kiss them, while Miss Dallas discreetly occupied herself in killing mosquitoes. Of course he loved his wife!

It was observable that, in proportion to the frequency with which he found it natural to remark his fondness for Harrie, his attentions to her increased. He inquired tenderly after her headaches; he brought her flowers, when he and Miss Dallas walked in the autumn woods; he was particular about her shawls and wraps; he begged her to sail and drive with them; he took pains to draw his chair beside hers on the porch; he patted her hands, and played with her soft hair.

Harrie's clear eyes puzzled over this for a day or two; but by and by it might have been noticed that she refused his rides, shawled herself, was apt to be with the children when he called her, and shrank, in a quiet way, from his touch.

She went into her room one afternoon, and locked the children out. An east wind blew, and the rain fell drearily. The Doctor and Pauline were playing chess down stairs; she should not be missed. She took out her wedding-dress from the drawer where she had laid it tenderly away; the hoarfrost and fretted pearl fell down upon her faded morning-dress; the little creamy gloves hung loosely upon her worn fingers. Poor little gloves! Poor little pearly dress! She felt a kind of pity for their innocence and ignorance and trustfulness. Her hot tears fell and spotted them. What if there were any way of creeping back through them to be little Harrie Bird again? Would she take it?

Her children's voices sounded crying for her in the hall. Three innocent babies—and how many more?—to grow into life under the shadow of a wrecked and loveless home! What had she done? What had they done?

Harrie's was a strong, healthy little

soul, with a strong, healthy love of life; but she fell down there that dreary afternoon, prone upon the nursery floor, among the yellow wedding lace, and prayed God to let her die.

Yet Myron Sharpe loved his wife, you understand. Discussing elective affinities down there over the chess-board with Miss Dallas, — he loved his wife, most certainly; and, pray, why was she not content?

It was quite late when they came up for Harrie. She had fallen into a sleep or faint, and the window had been open all the time. Her eyes burned sharply, and she complained of a chill, which did not leave her the next day nor the next.

One morning, at the breakfast-table, Miss Dallas calmly observed that she should go home on Friday.

Dr. Sharpe dropped his cup; Harrie wiped up the tea.

"My dear Miss Dallas—surely—we cannot let you go yet! Harrie! Can't you keep your friend?"

Harrie said the proper thing in a low tone. Pauline repeated her determination with much decision, and was afraid that her visit had been more of a burden than Harrie, with all her care, was able to bear. Dr. Sharpe pushed back his chair noisily, and left the room.

He went and stood by the parlor window. The man's face was white. What business had the days to close down before him like a granite wall, because a woman with long trains and white hands was going out of them? Harrie's patient voice came in through the open door:—

"Yes, yes, yes, Rocko; mother is tired to-day; wait a minute."

Pauline, sweeping by the piano, brushed the keys a little, and sang:—

"Drifting, drifting on and on,
Mast and oar and rudder gone,
Fatal danger for each one,
We helpless as in dreams."

What had he been about?

The air grew sweet with the sudden scent of heliotrope, and Miss Dallas pushed aside the curtain gently.

"I may have that sail across the bay

before I go? It promises to be fair to-morrow."

He hesitated.

"I suppose it will be our last," said the lady, softly.

She was rather sorry when she had spoken, for she really did not mean anything, and was surprised at the sound of her own voice.

But they took the sail.

Harrie watched them off—her husband did not invite her to go on that occasion—with that stealthy sharpness in her eyes. Her lips and hands and forehead were burning. She had been cold all day. A sound like the tolling of a bell beat in her ears. The children's voices were choked and distant. She wondered if Biddy were drunk, she seemed to dance about so at her ironing-table, and wondered if she must dismiss her, and who could supply her place. She tried to put my room in order, for she was expecting me that night by the last train, but gave up the undertaking in weariness and confusion.

In fact, if Harrie had been one of the Doctor's patients, he would have sent her to bed and prescribed for brain-fever. As she was not a patient, but only his wife, he had not found out that anything ailed her.

Nothing happened while he was gone, except that a friend of Biddy's "dropped in," and Mrs. Sharpe, burning and shivering in her sewing-chair, dreamily caught through the open door, and dreamily repeated to herself, a dozen words of compassionate Irish brogue:—

"Folks as laves folks cryin' to home and goes sailin' round with other women —"

Then the wind latched the door.

The Doctor and Miss Dallas drew in their oars, and floated softly.

There were gray and silver clouds overhead, and all the light upon the sea slanted from low in the west: it was a red light, in which the bay grew warm; it struck across Pauline's hands, which she dipped, as the mood took her, into the waves, leaning upon the side of the

boat, looking down into the water. One other sail only was to be seen upon the bay. They watched it for a while. It dropped into the west, and sunk from sight.

They were silent for a time, and then they talked of friendship, and nature, and eternity, and then were silent for a time again, and then spoke — in a very general and proper way — of separation and communion in spirit, and broke off softly, and the boat rose and fell upon the strong outgoing tide.

"Drifting, drifting on and on,"

hummed Pauline.

The west, paling a little, left a haggard look upon the Doctor's face.

"An honest man," the Doctor was saying, — "an honest man, who loves his wife devotedly, but who cannot find in her that sympathy which his higher nature requires, that comprehension of his intellectual needs, that —"

"I always feel a deep compassion for such a man," interrupted Miss Dallas, gently.

"Such a man," questioned the Doctor in a pensive tone, "need not be debarred, by the shallow conventionalities of an unappreciative world, from a friendship which will rest, strengthen, and ennoble his weary soul?"

"Certainly not," said Pauline, with her eyes upon the water; dull yellow, green, and indigo shades were creeping now upon its ruddiness.

"Pauline," — Dr. Sharpe's voice was low, — "Pauline!"

Pauline turned her beautiful head.

"There are marriages for this world; true and honorable marriages, but for this world. But there is a marriage for eternity, — a marriage of souls."

Now Myron Sharpe is not a fool, but that is precisely what he said to Miss Pauline Dallas, out in the boat on that September night. If wiser men than Myron Sharpe never uttered more unpardonable nonsense under similar circumstances, cast your stones at him.

"Perhaps so," said Miss Dallas with a sigh; "but see! How dark it has grown while we have been talking. We

shall be caught in a squall; but I shall not be at all afraid — with you."

They were caught indeed, not only in a squall, but in the steady force of a driving northeasterly storm setting in doggedly with a very ugly fog. If Miss Dallas was not at all afraid — with him, she was nevertheless not sorry when they grated safely on the dull white beach.

They had had a hard pull in against the tide. Sky and sea were black. The fog crawled like a ghost over flat and cliff and field. The rain beat upon them as they turned to walk up the beach.

Pauline stopped once suddenly.

"What was that?"

"I heard nothing."

"A cry, — I fancied a cry down there in the fog."

They went back, and walked down the slippery shore for a space. Miss Dallas took off her hat to listen.

"You will take cold," said Dr. Sharpe, anxiously. She put it on; she heard nothing, — she was tired and excited, he said.

They walked home together. Miss Dallas had sprained her white wrist, trying to help at the oars; he drew it gently through his arm.

It was quite dark when they reached the house. No lamps were lighted. The parlor window had been left open, and the rain was beating in. "How careless in Harrie!" said her husband, impatiently.

He remembered those words, and the sound of his own voice in saying them, for a long time to come; he remembers them now, indeed, I fancy, on rainy nights when the house is dark.

The hall was cold and dreary. No table was set for supper. The children were all crying. Dr. Sharpe pushed open the kitchen door with a stern face.

"Biddy! Biddy! what does all this mean? Where is Mrs. Sharpe?"

"The Lord only knows what it means, or where is Mrs. Sharpe," said Biddy, sullenly. "It's high time, in me own belaf, for her husband to come ashkin' and inquirin', her close all in a hape on

the floor up stairs, with her bath-dress gone from the nails, and the front door swingin',— me never findin' of it out till it cooms tay-time, with all the children cryin' on me, and me head shplit with the noise, and —"

Dr. Sharpe strode in a bewildered way to the front door. Oddly enough, the first thing he did was to take down the thermometer, and look at it. Gone out to bathe in a temperature like that! His mind ran like lightning, while he hung the thing back upon its nail, over Harrie's ancestry. Was there not a traditionary great-uncle who died in an asylum? The whole future of three children with an insane mother spread itself out before him while he was buttoning his overcoat.

"Shall I go and help you find her?" asked Miss Dallas, tremulously; "or shall I stay and look after hot flannels and — things? What shall I do?"

"I don't care what you do!" said the Doctor, savagely. To his justice be it recorded that he did not. He would not have exchanged one glimpse of Harrie's little homely face just then for an eternity of sunset-sailing with the "friend of his soul." A sudden cold loathing of her possessed him; he hated the sound of her soft voice; he hated the rustle of her garments, as she leaned against the door with her handkerchief at her eyes. Did he remember at that moment an old vow, spoken on an old October day, to that little missing face? Did he comfort himself thus, as he stepped out into the storm, "You have 'trusted her,' Myron Sharpe, as 'your best earthly friend'?"

As luck, or providence, or God — whichever word you prefer — decreed it, the Doctor had but just shut the door when he saw me driving from the station through the rain. I heard enough of the story while he was helping me down the carriage steps. I left my bonnet and bag with Miss Dallas, pulled my waterproof over my head, and we turned our faces to the sea without a word.

The Doctor is a man who thinks and acts rapidly in emergencies, and little

time was lost about help and lights. Yet when all was done which could be done, we stood there upon the slippery, weed-strewn sand, and looked in one another's faces helplessly. Harrie's little boat was gone. The sea thundered out beyond the bar. The fog hung, a dead weight, upon a buried world. Our lanterns cut it for a foot or two in a ghostly way, throwing a pale white light back upon our faces and the weeds and bits of wreck under our feet.

The tide had turned. We put out into the surf, not knowing what else to do, and called for Harrie; we leaned on our oars to listen, and heard the water drip into the boat, and the dull thunder beyond the bar; we called again, and heard a frightened sea-gull scream.

"*This yere 's wastin' valooable time,*" said Hansom, decidedly. I forgot to say that it was George Hansom whom Myron had picked up to help us. Anybody in Lime will tell you who George Hansom is, — a clear-eyed, open-hearted sailor; a man to whom you would turn in trouble as instinctively as a rheumatic man turns to the sun.

I cannot accurately tell you what he did with us that night. I have confused memories of searching shore and cliffs and caves; of touching at little islands and inlets that Harrie fancied; of the peculiar echo which answered our shouting; of the look that settled little by little about Dr. Sharpe's mouth; of the sobbing of the low wind; of the flare of lanterns on gaping, green waves; of spots of foam that writhed like nests of white snakes; of noticing the puddles in the bottom of the boat, and of wondering confusedly what they would do to my travelling-dress, at the very moment when I saw — I was the first to see it — a little empty boat; of our hauling alongside of the tossing, silent thing; of a bit of a red scarf that lay coiled in its stern; of our drifting by, and speaking never a word; of our coasting along after that for a mile down the bay, because there was nothing in the world to take us there but the

dread of seeing the Doctor's eyes when we should turn.

It was there that we heard the first cry.

"It's shoreward!" said Hansom.

"It is seaward!" cried the Doctor.

"It is behind us!" said I.

Where was it? A sharp, sobbing cry, striking the mist three or four times in rapid succession,—hushing suddenly,—breaking into shrieks like a frightened child's,—dying plaintively down.

We struggled desperately after it through the fog. Wind and water took the sound up and tossed it about. Confused and bewildered, we beat about it and about it; it was behind us, before us, at our right, at our left,—crying on in a blind, aimless way, making us no replies,—beckoning us, slipping from us, mocking us utterly.

The Doctor stretched his hands out upon the solid wall of mist; he groped with them like a man struck blind.

"To die there,—in my very hearing,—without a chance—"

And while the words were upon his lips the cries ceased.

He turned a gray face slowly around, shivered a little, then smiled a little, then began to argue with ghastly cheerfulness:—

"It must be only for a moment, you know. We shall hear it again,—I am quite sure we shall hear it again, Hansom!"

Hansom, making a false stroke, I believe for the first time in his life, snapped an oar and overturned a lantern. We put ashore for repairs. The wind was rising fast. Some drift-wood, covered with slimy weeds, washed heavily up at our feet. I remember that a little disabled ground-sparrow, chased by the tide, was fluttering and drowning just in sight, and that Myron drew it out of the water, and held it up for a moment to his cheek.

Bending over the ropes, George spoke between his teeth to me:—

"It may be a night's job on't, findin' of the body."

"The WHAT?"

The poor little sparrow dropped from

Dr. Sharpe's hand. He took a step backward, scanned our faces, sat down dizzily, and fell over upon the sand.

He is a man of good nerves and great self-possession, but he fell like a woman, and lay like the dead.

"It's no place for him," Hansom said, softly. "Get him home. Me and the neighbors can do the rest. Get him home, and put his baby into his arms, and shet the door, and go about your business."

I had left him in the dark on the office floor at last. Miss Dallas and I sat in the cold parlor and looked at each other.

The fire was low and the lamp dull. The rain beat in an uncanny way upon the windows. I never like to hear the rain upon the windows. I liked it less than usual that night, and was just trying to brighten the fire a little when the front door blew open.

"Shut it, please," said I, between the jerks of my poker.

But Miss Dallas looked over her shoulder and shivered.

"Just look at that latch!" I looked at that latch.

It rose and fell in a feeble fluttering way,—was still for a minute,—rose and fell again.

When the door swung in, and Harrie—or the ghost of her—staggered into the chilly room and fell down in a scarlet heap at my feet, Pauline bounded against the wall with a scream which pierced into the dark office where the Doctor lay with his face upon the floor.

It was long before we knew the poor child's story. Indeed, I suppose we have never known it all. How she glided down, a little red wraith, through the dusk and damp to her boat; how she tossed about, with some dim, delirious idea of finding Myron on the ebbing waves; that she found herself stranded and tangled at last in the long, matted grass of that muddy cove, started to wade home, and sunk in the ugly ooze, held, chilled, and scratched by the sharp grass, blinded and frightened by the fog, and calling, as she thought of it, for help;

that in the first shallow wash of the flowing tide she must have struggled free, and found her way home across the fields, — she can tell us, but she can tell no more.

This very morning on which I write, an unknown man, imprisoned in the same spot in the same way overnight, was found by George Hansom dead there from exposure in the salt grass.

It was the walk home, and only that, which could have saved her.

Yet for many weeks we fought, her husband and I, hand to hand with death, seeming to *see* the life slip out of her, and watching for wandering minutes when she might look upon us with sane eyes.

We kept her — just. A mere little wreck, with drawn lips, and great eyes, and shattered nerves, — but we kept her.

I remember one night, when she had fallen into her first healthful nap, that the Doctor came down to rest a few minutes in the parlor where I sat alone. Pauline was washing the tea-things.

He began to pace the room with a weary, abstracted look, — he was much worn by watching, — and, seeing that he was in no mood for words, I took up a book which lay upon the table. It chanced to be one of Alger's, which somebody had lent to the Doctor before Harrie's illness; it was a marked book, and I ran my eye over the pencilled passages. I recollect having been struck with this one: "A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him."

"You believe that?" said Myron, suddenly behind my shoulder.

"I believe that a man's wife ought to be his best friend, — in every sense of the word, his *best friend*, — or she ought never to be his wife."

"And if — there will be differences of temperament, and — other things. If you were a man now, for instance, Miss Hannah —"

I interrupted him with hot cheeks and sudden courage.

"If I were a man, and my wife were *not* the best friend I had or could have

in the world, *nobody should ever know it, — she, least of all, — Myron Sharpe!*"

Young people will bear a great deal of impertinence from an old lady, but we had both gone further than we meant to. I closed Mr. Alger with a snap, and went up to Harrie.

The day that Mrs. Sharpe sat up in the easy-chair for two hours, Miss Dallas, who had felt called upon to stay and nurse her dear Harrie to recovery, and had really been of service, detailed on duty among the babies, went home.

Dr. Sharpe drove her to the station. I accompanied them at his request. Miss Dallas intended, I think, to look a little pensive, but had her lunch to cram into a very full travelling-bag, and forgot it. The Doctor, with clear, courteous eyes, shook hands, and wished her a pleasant journey.

He drove home in silence, and went directly to his wife's room. A bright blaze flickered on the old-fashioned fireplace, and the walls bowed with pretty dancing shadows. Harrie, all alone, turned her face weakly and smiled.

Well, they made no fuss about it after all. Her husband came and stood beside her; a cricket on which one of the baby's dresses had been thrown, lay between them; it seemed, for the moment, as if he dared not cross the tiny barrier. Something of that old fancy about the lights upon the altar may have crossed his thought.

"So Miss Dallas has fairly gone, Harrie," said he, pleasantly, after a pause.

"Yes. She has been very kind to the children while I have been sick."

"Very."

"You must miss her," said poor Harrie, trembling; she was very weak yet.

The Doctor knocked away the cricket, folded his wife's two shadowy hands into his own, and said: —

"Harrie, we have no strength to waste, either of us, upon a scene; but I am sorry, and I love you."

She broke all down at that, and, dear me! they almost had a scene in spite of

themselves. For O, she had always known what a little goose she was; and Pauline never meant any harm, and how handsome she was, you know! only *she* didn't have three babies to look after, nor a snubbed nose either, and the sachet powder was only American, and the very servants knew, and, O Myron! she *had* wanted to be dead so long, and then —

"Harrie!" said the Doctor, at his wits' end, "this will never do in the

world. I believe — I declare! — Miss Hannah! — I believe I must send you to bed."

"And then I'm *SUCH* a little skeleton!" finished Harrie, royally, with a great gulp.

Dr. Sharpe gathered the little skeleton all into a heap in his arms, — it was a very funny heap, by the way, but that does n't matter, — and to the best of my knowledge and belief he cried just about as hard as she did.

EXPECTATION.

THROUGHOUT the lonely house the whole day long
The wind-harp's fitful music sinks and swells;
A cry of pain sometimes, or sad and strong,
Or faint, like broken peals of silver bells.

Across the little garden comes the breeze,
Bows all its cups of flame, and brings to me
Its breath of mignonette and bright sweet peas,
With drowsy murmurs from the encircling sea.

In at the open door a crimson drift
Of fluttering, fading woodbine leaves is blown;
And through the clambering vine the sunbeams sift,
And trembling shadows on the floor are thrown.

I climb the stair and from the window lean,
Seeking thy sail, O love, that still delays,
Longing to catch its glimmer, searching keen
The jealous distance veiled in tender haze.

What care I if the pansies purple be,
Or sweet the wind-harp wails through the slow hours?
Or that the lulling music of the sea
Comes woven with the perfume of the flowers?

Thou comest not! I ponder o'er the leaves,
The crimson drift behind the open door;
Soon shall we listen to a wind that grieves,
Mourning this glad year, dead forevermore.

And, O my love, shall we on some sad day
Find joys and hopes low fallen like the leaves,
Blown by life's chilly autumn wind away
In withered heaps God's eye alone perceives?

Come thou, and save me from my dreary thought!
 Who dares to question Time, what it may bring?
 Yet round us lies the radiant summer, fraught
 With beauty; must we dream of suffering?

Yea, even so. Through this enchanted land,
 This morning-red of life, we go to meet
 The tempest in the desert, hand in hand,
 Along God's paths of pain that seek his feet.

But this one golden moment,—hold it fast!
 The light grows long; low in the west the sun,
 Clear-red and glorious, slowly sinks at last,
 And while I muse the tranquil day is done.

The land-breeze freshens in thy gleaming sail!
 Across the singing waves the shadows creep,
 Under the new moon's thread of silver pale,
 With the first star, thou comest o'er the deep!

SIBERIAN EXILES.

IN the sixteenth century, Russia was far from holding her present rank among the nations of Europe. Poland on the one hand, and Turkey on the other, were formidable opponents; it appeared at that time more than possible that the former would ultimately absorb what has since become the most powerful government in the world. The Mongol hordes that marched westward under Genghis-Khan readily subdued the princes of Muscovy, and met successful resistance only when they had passed through Russia and were waving their banners in Central Europe. The stream of Tartar conquest was impeded when it encountered a barrier of Polish and German breasts; its refluxing course was scarcely less rapid, though more irregular than its advance. Like the wave along the sea-shore, or the flood upon a river's bank, it left enduring traces of its visit. The Tartar districts of many Russian cities, the minarets of mosques that rise along the great road from the Volga to the Ural Mountains, the dialects of Mongolia

heard at the very gates of the Kremlin, and the various Asiatic customs in Russian daily life, perpetuate the memory of the invasion that made all Europe tremble for its safety. Three centuries ago, after a long and difficult campaign, the Czar of Russia stood victorious on the walls of Kazan, the Tartar city that had long been the mistress of the Volga, and compelled the Muscovite princes to bring annual tribute to its king.

The royal crown of Kazan, symbolizing the downfall of Tartar power in Europe, is preserved in the Imperial Treasury at Moscow not less proudly than the throne of Poland, or the standards and other trophies from the decisive field of Pultawa. The capture of Kazan was the beginning of a career of Russian conquest in the East, along the very route followed by the Tartar invaders; to-day the Russian flag is unfurled on the mountains overlooking the valley where Genghis-Khan first saw the light, and fancied he heard a voice from heaven calling him to lead the Mongol shepherds to victorious war.

Ivan the Terrible—to whom Russia owes the city which Nicholas called his third capital—did not get along very well with his subjects. After the conquest of Kazan, he was troubled with local insurrection and defiance of power in various parts of the country he claimed to control. The most turbulent of those who owed him allegiance were the Cossacks of the Don, several of their tribes or clans having openly refused to obey his orders. One of the leaders—Yermak by name—was particularly troublesome, and him Ivan prepared to chastise. Not able to resist successfully, and unwilling to be punished, Yermak very sensibly took himself out of harm's reach, followed by three hundred men of his tribe. He crossed the Volga, and supported himself by a system of robbery and general freebooting in the country between that river and the Ural chain. Ivan sent a military force against him, and Yermak, intent upon having things his own way, crossed the mountains and entered Northern Asia. On the banks of the river Irtysh he founded a fort on the ruins of the Tartar village of Sibeer; from that village the country known as Siberia received its name. Yermak and his adventure-loving followers pushed their conquest with great rapidity, and were victorious in every encounter with the natives. The territory they occupied was proffered to the Czar, who tendered full pardon to the errant Cossacks and their leader; as a mark of special favor, he presented Yermak with a coat of mail which once adorned his royal person, and accompanied the gift with an autograph letter full of complimentary phrases. Proud of his distinction, the Cossack chief donned the armor on the occasion of dining with some Tartar friends who dwelt near his fortress. Returning homeward at night, he fell, or was thrown, into the river; the heavy steel carried him beneath the waters and caused his death.

The discoverers and conquerors of Siberia were at the same time its first exiles. The government turned their conquest to good account, just as it has

since profited by the labors of the men banished for political or criminal offences.

After the death of Yermak, the Cossacks, reinforced and supplied by their friends in Russia, continued to press toward the East; in less than seventy years from the date of the first incursion the authority of the Czar was extended over more than four million square miles of Asiatic territory, and the standard of Muscovy floated in the breeze on the shores of the Ohotsk Sea. The cost of the conquest was borne entirely by individuals, who found sufficient remuneration in the profits of the fur trade. The government which acquired so much was at no expense, either of men or means, and exercised no control over the movements of the adventurous Cossacks. Was there ever a nation that extended its area with greater economy, and experienced so little trouble with its filibusters?

Considering its magnificent distances, its long winters and severe frosts, the rigor of its climate and the general attachment of the Russian people to the places of their birth, Siberia was occupied with surprising rapidity. Tobolsk was founded in 1587; Tomsk, in 1604; Yakutsk, in 1632; Irkutsk, in 1652; and Ohotsk, in 1638. The posts established throughout the country were located less with a view to agricultural advantages than for the purpose of collecting tribute from the natives. Siberia was important on account of its fur product; and, as fast as the aboriginal inhabitants became subject to Russia, they were required to pay an annual tax in furs. In return for this they received the powerful protection of the Czar,—whatever that might be,—and were privileged to trade with the Cossacks, on terms that gave handsome profits to the latter. The system then inaugurated is still in use in most parts of Siberia; the annual tax being payable in furs, though at rates proportioned to the diminished supply and consequent advance in prices. In Kamchatka, the tax for each adult man was one sable-skin; now a skin pays the tribute of four individuals.

Down to the time of Peter the Great, Siberia was colonized by voluntary emigrants, including, of course, a great many individuals who found it convenient to go there, just as some of our own citizens resorted to Texas twenty years ago. The great monarch conceived the idea of making his Asiatic possessions a place of exile for political and criminal offenders, where they make themselves useful, and have little opportunity for wrong-doing. Peter never did anything by halves, and when he began the business of exiling he made no distinctions. Not content with banishing Russians, he made Siberia the home of Polish and Swedish prisoners of war. A great many captives from the battles of Pultawa were among the early exiles, and their graves are still marked and remembered in the cemeteries of the Siberian towns. Turbulent characters in Moscow and elsewhere were sent beyond the Urals; officers and men of unruly regiments, persons suspected of plotting against the state, criminals of all grades, and numerous individuals, either bond or free, whose lives were dissolute, followed the same road. The emigrants, on reaching Siberia, were allotted to various districts, according to the character of their offences and the service required of them. Exiles under sentence of hard labor were employed in mines or upon roads; those condemned to prison were scattered among the larger towns; while those ordered to become colonists found their destination in the districts that most required development. The control of the exiles was lodged with an imperial commission which had full power to regulate local affairs in its own way, but not to change the sentences of the men confided to it. Pardon could only come from the Emperor; but there were frequent opportunities for the Siberian authorities to mitigate punishments and soften the asperities of exile. Everywhere in the world the condition of a prisoner depends much on the humanity, or the lack of it, in the breast of his keeper. Siberia is no exception to the rule.

*Early in 1866 I planned a visit to Siberia, and in the same year my plan was carried out; I entered Asiatic Russia by one of its Pacific-ports, and, after an interesting journey, — which included a sleigh-ride of thirty-six hundred miles, — crossed the Ural Mountains and entered Europe. Years earlier my interest in this far-off country had been awakened by that charming story, "The Exiles of Siberia," written by Madame de Cottin, and adopted as a text-book for American students of the French language. The mention of Siberia generally brought to my mind the picture of Elizabeth, — the patient, loving, and devoted girl, who succeeded by her individual effort in restoring her father to his native land. My interest in Elizabeth was the first prompting of a desire to visit Northern Asia, to see with my own eyes the men whom Russian law had banished, and to learn as much as possible of their condition. I found that the story of that heroic girl was well known, and received no less admiration in Siberia than elsewhere. Russian artists had made it the subject of illustration, as was shown by four steel engravings, bearing the imprint of a Moscow publisher, and depicting as many scenes in Elizabeth's career.

The plan inaugurated by Peter the Great has been followed by all his successors. Crime in Russia is rarely punished with death; many offences which in other countries would demand the execution of the offender are there followed by exile to Siberia. As Russia is but thinly inhabited, her rulers are greatly averse to taking the lives of their subjects; the transfer of an individual from one part of the empire to another is a satisfactory mode of punishment, and gladly practised in a country that has no population to spare. Siberia, with its immense area, has barely four millions of inhabitants, and consequently possesses abundant room for all those who offend against Russian laws. Criminals of various grades become dwellers in Siberia, and very often make excellent citizens; then there are political offenders, banished

for disturbing the peace and dignity of the state, or loving other forms of government better than the Emperor's. Outside of Russia there is a belief, as erroneous as it is general, that the great majority of exiles are *politiques*. Except at the close of the periodic revolutions in Poland, the criminals outnumber the political exiles in the ratio of twenty to one. For a year or more following each struggle of the Poles for their national independence the road to Siberia is travelled to an unusual extent; between the insurrections there is only the regular stream of deported criminals, with here and there a batch of those who plot against the government.

It is easy to go to Siberia; easier, I am told, than to get away from it. Banishment is decreed for various offences, some of them of a very serious character. Many a murderer, who would have been hanged in England or America, has been sent into exile with the opportunity of becoming a free citizen after ten or twenty years of compulsory labor. On the descending scale of culpability there are burglars, street and highway robbers, petty thieves, and so on through a list of namable and nameless offenders. Before the abolition of serfdom, a master could send a serf to Siberia for no other reason than that he chose to do so. The record against the exile stated that he was banished "by the will of his master," but it was not necessary to declare the cause of this exercise of arbitrary power. The plan was instituted to enable land-owners to rid themselves of idle, quarrelsome, or dissolute serfs, whose absence was desirable, but who had committed no offence that the laws could touch. Doubtless it was often abused; and instances are narrated where the best men or women on an estate have been banished upon caprice of their owners, or for worse reasons. Its liability to abuse was checked by the requirement that the master must pay the outfitting and travelling expenses of the exiled serf, and also those of his wife and immature children.

Of political exiles there are the men, and sometimes women, concerned in the various insurrections in Poland, taken with arms in their hands, or involved in conspiracies for Polish independence. Then there are Russian revolutionists, like the Decembrists of 1825, or the restless spirits that now and then declare that the government of the Czar is not the best for their beloved country. In the scale of intelligence, the *politiques* are far above the criminals, and frequently include some of Russia's ablest men.

Theoretically all persons sent into exile—with the exception of the serfs mentioned above—must be tried and convicted before a court, military commission, or some kind of judicial authority. Practically this is not always the case; but instances of arbitrary banishment are far less frequent now than under former rulers. Catharine II. exiled many of her subjects without so much as a hearing, and the Emperor Paul was accustomed to issue orders of deportation for little or no apparent reason. Nicholas, though severe, aimed to be just; and the present Emperor has the reputation of tempering justice with mercy quite as much as could be expected of a despotic monarch. Very likely it occasionally happens that a banished man has no trial, or is unfairly sentenced; but I do not think Russia is any worse in the matter of justice than the average of European governments. Certainly the rule of Alexander is better than that of the Queen of Spain; and, so far as I have knowledge of Austria and France, there is little to choose between them and their rugged Northern antagonist.

A criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony; and the same is the case with the great majority of *politiques*. Where an officer of the army, or other person of note, has been sentenced to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform, and led to a scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the multitude, and of certain officials appointed to execute the sentence, he is

made to kneel. His epaulets and decorations are then torn from his coat, and his sword is broken above his head, to indicate that he no longer possesses rank and title. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated to the Crown; and his wife, if he is married, can consider herself a widow if she so chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey to Siberia. His wife and children, sisters or mother, can follow or accompany him, but only on the condition that they share his banishment, and cannot return to Europe. Children born to him in exile are illegitimate in the eye of the law, and technically, though not practically, are forbidden to bear their family name. They cannot leave Siberia while their father is under sentence; but this regulation is occasionally evaded by daughters' marrying, and travelling under the name of their husbands.

Formerly St. Petersburg and Moscow were the points of departure for exiles on their way to Siberia, most of the convoys being made up at the latter city. Those from St. Petersburg generally passed through Moscow; but sometimes, when great haste was desired, they were sent by a shorter route, and reached the great road at Perm. At present the proper starting-point is at Nijne Novgorod,—the terminus of the railway,—unless the exiles happen to come from the eastern provinces, in which case they are sent to Kazan or Ekaterineburg. Distinctions have always been carefully made between political and criminal offenders. Men of noble birth were allowed to ride, and, while on the road, enjoyed certain privileges which were denied their inferiors. Sometimes, owing to the unusually large numbers going to Siberia, the facilities of transportation were unequal to the demand. It thus happened that individuals entitled to ride were compelled to go on foot, and occasionally, by mistake or the brutality of officials, a *politique* was placed among criminals. Persons of the highest rank were often treated with special deference, and went more like princes

on pleasure-journeys than as men banished from their homes. When brave old Suwaroff, who covered the Russian name with glory, fell under the displeasure of his sovereign, and was ordered to Siberia, a luxurious coach with a guard of honor was assigned to his use. "No," said the aged warrior, as he stepped from his door, and beheld the glittering equipage, "Suwaroff goes not to parade, but to exile." He then commanded a common wagon, like that in general use among the peasantry, and departed with none but his driver, and the soldier who had him in charge.

Of late years the government has increased its facilities of transportation, and assigns vehicles to a much larger proportion than formerly of its travelling exiles. In my winter journey from Lake Baikal westward I met frequent convoys of prisoners, and think that not more than a fifth or a sixth of them were on foot. Those who rode were in the ordinary sleighs of the country, and appeared comfortably protected against the cold,—as much so as travellers in vehicles of the same class. A convoy contained from five to fifteen or twenty sleighs, and generally the first and last sleighs were occupied by the guards. If prisoners were on foot, their guards walked with them, and thus insured their charges against being pressed forward too rapidly. Women accompanying the exiles are always treated with consideration, especially if they happen to be young and pretty: gallantry to the tender sex is not wanting in the Russian breast, whatever some writers may have declared to the contrary. I remember a couple of old ladies accompanying a convoy that I happened to encounter in one of my daily halts. The officers and soldiers were as deferential and kind to them as though they were their own mothers, and attended them into and out of their sleighs with evident desire to make them comfortable. Each convoy of pedestrian prisoners was generally allowed from one to half a dozen vehicles to carry women, baggage, and such of the men as became footsore.

Along the entire line of the great road through Siberia, as well as on the side roads leading to the principal districts, there are stations where exiles are lodged during their nightly halts. These stations are from ten to twenty-five miles apart, and generally just outside the villages where post-horses are changed. They consist of one or more houses surrounded with high fences, containing gateways for men and carriages. Each station is in charge of a resident guard, whose room is near the gate; while the space assigned to prisoners is farther from the place of egress. None of the stations are inviting in point of cleanliness, and the number of fleas which they can and do harbor is not easy to compute. An exile once told me that each station would average ten resident fleas to every lodger, without counting those that belong especially to the travellers, and are carried by them to their places of destination. The stations have theoretical conveniences for cooking, but these are sometimes more imaginary than real. The rations dealt out to the exiles consist of rye bread and cabbage soup,—the national diet of the Russian Empire.

The guards are responsible for the safety of the prisoners confided to them, and are equally culpable whether their charges are lost by accident or escape. Some years ago a Polish lady, on her way into exile, fell from a boat while descending a river, and barely escaped drowning; when she was rescued, the soldier wept for joy, and for some minutes was unable to speak. When his tears were dried, he said to the lady: "I am responsible for you, and shall be severely punished if you are lost; I beg of you, for my sake, not to drown yourself, or fall into the river again."

The rapidity of travel varies according to the character and offence of the prisoner. Distinguished offenders against the state are often sent forward,—in vehicles, of course,—with orders to make no halt except for food and change of horses until they have

reached their journey's end. In 1825 the exiled Decembrists were taken from St. Petersburg to Nerchinsk, on the head-waters of the Amoor, a distance of five thousand miles, in thirty-one days. A few years earlier, several prisoners were sent from Moscow to Kamchatka, nearly ten thousand miles away, and made no unnecessary stoppage on the entire route. Ordinary prisoners transported in vehicles are generally halted at the stations at night, but as they can sleep quite comfortably while on the road, the most of them prefer to make little delay, and finish their journey as soon as possible. Exiles have told me that they petitioned the officers conducting them not to remain over night at the stations, as by constantly travelling they avoided the necessity of lodging in badly ventilated and generally repulsive rooms. The officers were quite willing to grant their request, but sometimes the distances between different convoys forbade the infringement of the general rule. Parties on foot travel two days in succession, and then rest one day,—their day's marches being from one station to the next. If the roads are good, the travel is no more fatiguing than the ordinary march of an army, unless the prisoners happen to wear chains or fetters. The pedestrian prisoners often ask to be excused from halting every third day, as they find the open air greatly preferable to the confinement of the station, and are naturally desirous of making an early end of their travelling life. The journey on foot from Moscow to the mines of Nerchinsk, where the worst criminals are generally sent, requires from ten to fifteen and even twenty months, according to the various contingencies of delay.

The Russian people, the Siberians especially, are very kind to prisoners; when convoys are passing through villages and towns, the inhabitants give liberally of money and provisions, and never seem weary of bestowing charity, even though their means are limited. In each party of prisoners, whatever

may be its size, there is one person to receive for all, the office being changed daily. The guards do not oppose the reception of alms, but, so far as I could observe, always appeared to encourage it. When I was in Irkutsk I was lodged in a house that fronted a prison on the other side of a public square; I used frequently to see parties carrying water from the river to the prison,—each party consisting of two men bearing a large bucket upon a pole, and guarded by two soldiers. One of the twain generally doffed his hat to every person they passed, and solicited “charity to the unfortunate.” When anybody approached them with the evident intention of being benevolent, the guards invariably stopped, to afford opportunity for almsgiving. To satisfy myself, I tried the experiment repeatedly, and always found the soldiers halting as soon as I placed my hand to my pocket. One prisoner received the gift, but both returned thanks, and called for blessings on the head of the giver.

The Russians never apply the name of “prisoner” or “exile” to a banished individual, except in conversation in other languages than their own. The Siberian people invariably call the exiles “unfortunates”; in official documents and verbal communications they are classed as “involuntary emigrants.”

The treatment of an exile varies according to the crime proven or alleged against him, and for which he has received sentence in Russia. The severest penalty is perpetual banishment, with twenty years’ compulsory labor in mines. Hard labor was formerly assigned for life; at present, if a man survives it twenty years, he is then allowed to register himself as a resident of a specified district, and is not liable to be called upon for further service. Below this highest penalty there are sentences to compulsory labor for different terms,—all the way from one year upwards. The exiles condemned to long terms of servitude are generally sent to the district of Nerchinsk beyond Lake Baikal; technically they are required to labor underground, but

practically they are employed on or below the surface, just as their superintendents may direct. Formerly all convicts sentenced to labor for life had their nostrils slit, and were branded on the forehead; this practice was abandoned nearly twenty years ago, so that few persons thus mutilated are now seen. A great many prisoners are kept in chains, which they wear day and night, whether working or lying idle; I could never hear the clanking of chains without a shudder, and, according to my observation, the Russians did not consider it a cheerful sound. By regulation the weight of the chain must not exceed five pounds, and the links are not less than a certain specified number. Some convicts wear chains, and others do not; the same is the case among the *politiques*: I was unable to learn where and why the line of fettering or non-fettering was drawn. None of the pedestrian exiles I met on the road were in chains, and I was told that the worst offenders are allowed full use of their limbs while travelling.

The exiles sentenced to forced labor (*Katorga*) are ordinarily but a small proportion—five or ten per cent—of the whole number; possibly the ratio is larger now than under previous emperors, as the emancipation of the serfs has done away with banishment “by the will of the master.” The lowest sentence now given is that of simple deportation, the exile having full liberty to go where he chooses, unless it be out of the country. He may live in any province or district, engage in whatever honest business he finds profitable and agreeable, and have pretty much his own way in everything. The prohibition to return is for a specified time, and, as it gives him the range of a country larger than the United States, he has plenty of room for stretching his limbs. Less happy are the exiles confined to specified provinces, districts, towns, or villages, and required to report to the police at stated intervals. Some of them must report daily, others every third day, others once a week, and so on

through an increasing scale of time ; between the intervals of reporting they can absent themselves from home either with or without special permission. Some of the simple *détenus* can engage in any business they fancy, while others are restricted as to their employments. Many exiles are condemned to be colonists, generally in the northern parts of Siberia ; they are furnished with the means for building houses, and receive allotments of land to clear and cultivate. They can employ their surplus time in hunting, fishing, or any other occupation not incompatible with the life of a backwoodsman. It is not an agreeable fate to be sentenced to become a colonist in Siberia, especially if one has been tenderly reared, and knows nothing of manual labor until the time of his banishment.

Many exiles are "drafted into the army," and assigned to duty as common soldiers. They receive soldiers' pay and rations, and have the possibility of promotion, if their conduct is meritorious. They are generally assigned to regiments on the frontier of the Kirghese country, or in Circassia, where the opportunities for desertion and escape are very slight. The regulations forbid more than a certain proportion of such men in each regiment, and these are always well distributed among the faithful. In some instances revolts have occurred among the drafted men, but I never heard that they were successful. Desertions are occasional ; but as the deserters generally flee to the countries beyond the border, they find, when too late, that they have exchanged their frying-pan for a very hot fire. The Kirghese, Turcomans, and other barbarous Asiatics, have an unpleasant habit of making slaves of stray foreigners who enter their country without proper authority ; to prevent escape, they insert a horse-hair into a small incision in a prisoner's heel, and cripple him for life. He is thus secured against walking away, and they take good care that he does not have access to a horse.

The exiles in Asiatic Russia are far less numerous than the descendants of

exiles, who form a considerable proportion of the population. Eastern Siberia is mainly peopled by involuntary emigrants, and their second and third generations ; while Western Siberia is very largely so. The ordinary deportation across the Ural Mountains is about ten thousand a year, nearly all of them being offenders against the civil laws. Each revolt in Poland makes a large number of exiles, who are not counted in the regular supply. From the revolution of 1863 twenty-four thousand Poles were banished beyond the Urals, — ten thousand being sent to Eastern Siberia, and the balance to the Western Provinces. Many of these men were liberated by the ukase of 1867, and others have been allowed to transfer their banishment to countries outside of Russia. Quite recently I met in New York a young Pole who went to Siberia in 1865, and was permitted in the following year to exchange that country for America. It is hardly necessary to say that he promptly embraced the opportunity, and does not regret doing so.

Exiles are found in so many occupations in Siberia, that it would be hard to mention anything in which they are not engaged, unless it be holding high official position. Many subordinate offices are filled by them, and I believe they do their duty quite as well as the average of the rest of mankind. It was not unusual in my journey to find them in charge of post-stations, and I was told that many exiles were in service as government clerks, messengers, and employees of various grades. During a month's stay at Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, I encountered a fair number of men I knew to be exiles, and probably a great many more of the same class whose condition was not mentioned to me. The clerk of the principal hotel was an exile, and so was one of the waiters ; an officer who dined there with me said the clerk was his schoolmate, and graduated in his class. A merchant, of whom I used to buy my cigarettes, was an involuntary emigrant ; and I believe that the man who fabri-

cated them, and whose shop was near my lodgings, journeyed to Siberia against his will. My fur clothing was made by an exiled tailor; my boots were repaired by a banished cobbler, and my morning beefsteak and potatoes were prepared by a cook who left St. Petersburg with the aid of the police. A gentleman of my acquaintance frequently placed his carriage at my service, and with it a driver who pleased me with his skill and dash. One night this driver was a little intoxicated, and amused me and a friend at my side by his somewhat reckless driving. We commented in French upon his condition, and laughed a little at the situation; when he set us down at our door, he protested that he was perfectly sober, and hoped we would not say to his master what we had talked between ourselves. He happened to be an exile from St. Petersburg, where he had been coachman to a French family, and learned something of the French language.

I met at Irkutsk a Polish gentleman who was exiled for taking part in the revolution of 1863; he was formerly connected with the University at Warsaw, spoke French with ease and correctness, and, at the time I saw him, was in charge of the Museum of the Siberian Geographical Society. As a taxidermist, he possessed unusual skill, and was then engaged in making a collection of Siberian birds. Two Polish physicians were practising at Irkutsk; one of them was in high repute, and I was told that his services were more in demand than those of any Russian competitor in the city.

I reached the Trans-Baikal district of Siberia too late in the season to visit the mines where convicts are employed, and am therefore unable to speak of their condition from personal observation. I passed through the town of Nerchinsk, which lies two hundred miles north of Nerchinsk Zavod, the centre of the mining works of that region. English and German travellers who have visited the Zavod do not agree as to the treatment of the prisoners, — one averring that he found many evi-

dences of cruelty on the part of keepers, and another declaring that everything appeared satisfactory. I presume the management had changed between the visits of these gentlemen, — a harsh and un pitying keeper having made way for a lenient one. From all I could learn, I infer that the truthful history of the Nerchinsk mines would contain many accounts of oppression on the part of unscrupulous managers, who cared less for the sufferings of prisoners than for the gold to be wrung from their labor. The only persons from whom I obtained information of the present condition of the mines were interested parties, and their testimony would go for nothing in a court of law. As the present Governor-General of Eastern Siberia is a man of tender heart, and very earnest in promoting the comfort of his subjects, I conclude that the prisoners in the mines are treated no worse than the average of hard-labor convicts elsewhere. I saw and heard many evidences of his enlightened and generous spirit, and believe he would not permit the oppression of unfortunates, or confide them to men less merciful than himself.

Most of the exiles, condemned to be colonists are sent to the provinces of Yakutsk and Yeneseisk, where they are little likely to be seen by strangers. I saw very few of those now colonizing Siberia by involuntary emigration, not enough to enable me to form an opinion from my own knowledge. I think, however, that my comment and conclusion regarding the convicts in the mines will apply very fairly to this other class of laborers.

We come now to the exiles, pure and simple. If a man can forget that he is deprived of liberty, he is not under ordinary circumstances very badly off in Siberia. He leads a more independent life — unless under the special eye of the police — than in European Russia, and has a better prospect of wealth and social advancement. If a laboring man, he can generally be more certain of employment than in the region whence he came, and, except in times of special scarcity, can purchase food quite as

cheaply as where the population is more dense. Everybody around him is oblivious of the fault that led to his exile, and he is afforded full opportunity for reformation. If a farmer, he cultivates his land, sells his surplus crops, and sits in his own house, with no fear that he will be disturbed for past offences. If he brought no family with him, he is permitted and encouraged to marry, though not required to do so. The authorities know very well that he who has wife and children is more a fixture in the country than one who has not; and hence their readiness to permit an exile to take his family to Siberia, and their encouragement for him to commit matrimony if he goes there unmarried.

Exiles to Siberia, especially those who marry there, and are not cursed by fortune, frequently become as much attached to the country as the men who visit California or the West intending to stay but a few years, and never finding a suitable time to return. Many exiles remain in Siberia after their terms of banishment are ended, especially if they have been long in the country, and hesitate to return to Russia and find themselves forgotten. Some men consider their banishment a piece of good-fortune, as it enabled them to accomplish what they never could have done in the old country. Especially is this the case among the serfs, banished "at the will of their masters." Every exiled serf became a free peasant as soon as he entered Siberia, and no law existed whereby he could be re-enslaved. His children were free, and enjoyed a condition far superior to that of the serf, under the system prevalent before 1859. Many descendants of exiles have become wealthy through gold-mining, commerce, and agriculture, and occupy high civil positions. I know a merchant whose fortune is counted by millions, and who is famous through Siberia for his enterprise and generosity; he is the son of an exiled serf, and has risen by his own ability. Since I left Siberia, I learn with pleasure that the Em-

peror has honored him with a decoration,—the boon so priceless to every Russian heart. Many prominent merchants and proprietary miners were mentioned to me as examples of the prosperity of the second and third generations from banished men. I was told of a wealthy gold-miner, whose evening of life is cheered by an ample fortune and two well-educated children. Forty years ago his master gave him a start in life by capriciously sending him to Siberia; had the man remained in Europe, the chances are more than even that he would have died unnoticed and unknown.

Some of the political exiles — Poles and Russians — who remain voluntarily in Siberia say they were drawn unwillingly into the acts that caused their banishment, and may suffer again in the same way if they go home. In Siberia they are removed from all disturbing influences, while at home they are at the mercy of uneasy revolutionists, and are often led to commit acts they do not really approve. All the Poles now in Asiatic Russia, from the insurrection of 1831, are at liberty to return; I was told that less than half the prisoners liberated by the pardon ukase at the coronation of Alexander II. availed themselves of its privileges. Long absence from their old homes, and attachment to the new, caused them to give preference to the latter.

"Are you endeavoring to prove," some one may ask, "that exile is desirable, and the intended punishment really a benefit to the offender?" Not a bit of it; don't understand me to say anything of the kind. I only wish to show that banishment to Siberia is less terrible than generally supposed. While some choose to remain in that country when their terms of exile are ended, a great many others embrace the earliest opportunity to quit it, and are careful not to risk going there again. It depends very much upon a man's association, fortune, and the treatment he receives, whether he will think well or ill of any place that he visits or resides in. While Siberia is

cheerless, desolate, and every way disagreeable to one man, it is fertile, prosperous, and happy in the opinion of another; every country in the world could produce witnesses to testify in all sincerity that it was the best—or the worst—inhabited by mankind.

A traveller in Northern Asia hears frequent mention of the unfortunates of the 14th of December, and their influence upon the country. The attempted revolution on that memorable day in 1825 was caused by a variety of evils, some of them real, and others imaginary. In the early part of the present century Russia was by no means happy. The Emperor Paul, called to the throne at the death of Catharine II., displayed anything but ability; what his mother had done for the country he was inclined to undo, regardless of the results. He displayed a tyrannical disposition, and issued many orders as arbitrary as they were unjust; not content with these, he put forth manifestoes of a whimsical character, one of which was directed against round hats, and another against shoe-strings. The glaring colors now used upon bridges, sentry-boxes, and other imperial property were of his selection, and so numerous were his eccentricities that he was declared of unsound mind. In March, 1801, he was smothered in the palace he had just completed. It is said that, within an hour after the fact of his death was known, round hats appeared on the streets in considerable numbers.

Alexander I. endeavored to repair some of the evils of his father's reign. He recalled many exiles from Siberia, abolished the secret inquisition, and restored many rights that had been taken from the people. In the wars with France he displayed his greatest abilities, and, after the general peace, devoted himself to inspecting and developing the resources of the country. He was the first, and thus far the only, Emperor of Russia to cross the Ural Mountains and visit the mines of that region, and his death occurred during a tour in the southern provinces of the empire. Some of his reforms were

based upon the principles of other European governments, which he endeavored to study. It is related that, on his return from England, he told his council that the best thing he saw there was the opposition in Parliament. He innocently thought it a part of the government machinery, and regretted it could not be introduced in Russia.

Constantine, the eldest brother of Alexander I., had relinquished his right to the crown, thus breaking the regular succession. From the time of Paul, a revolutionary party existed in Russia, and once, at least, it plotted Alexander's assassination. There was an interregnum of three weeks between the death of Alexander and the assumption of power by his second brother, Nicholas; the change of succession strengthened the revolutionists, and they employed the interregnum to organize a conspiracy for seizing the government. The conspiracy was widespread, and included many able men; the army was seriously implicated, particularly the regiments nearest the person of Nicholas. The revolutionists desired a constitutional government, but they did not consider it prudent to intrust their secret to the rank and file, who supposed they were to fight for Constantine, and the regular succession to the throne. The rallying cry "CONSTITUTION" was explained to the soldiers as the name of Constantine's wife.

Nicholas learned of the conspiracy, the day before his accession. The imperial guard was changed during the night, and replaced by a battalion from Finland. On receiving intelligence of the assembling of the insurgents, Nicholas called his wife to the chapel of the palace, where he spent a few moments in prayer; then taking his son, the present Emperor, he led him to the soldiers of the new guard, confided him to their protection, and departed for St. Isaac's Square to suppress the revolt. The soldiers kept the boy till the Emperor's return, and would not even surrender him to his tutor. The conspiracy was so extended that its organizers had every hope of suc-

cess; but whole regiments backed out at the last moment, and left only a forlorn hope to begin the struggle. Nicholas rode with his officers to St. Isaac's Square and twice commanded the assembled insurgents to surrender. They refused, and were then saluted with "the last argument of kings." A storm of grape-shot and a charge of cavalry, the latter, continued through many streets and lanes of St. Petersburg, ended the insurrection.

A long and searching investigation followed, disclosing all the ramifications of the plot; the conspirators declared they were led to what they undertook by the unfortunate condition of the country, and the hope of improving it. Nicholas, concealed behind a screen, heard most of the testimony and confessions, and learned therefrom a very wholesome lesson. The end of the affair was the execution of five principal conspirators, and the banishment of many others to Siberia. Within six months from the day of the insurrection most of the banished men had reached their destination; they were sent to different districts, some to labor in mines, and others to become colonists.

The Decembrists included some of the ablest men in Russia; they were of the best families, and, though quite young, most of them were married or betrothed. By law they were considered dead, and their wives were theoretical widows; to the credit of Russian women be it said, not one of these exiles' wives availed herself of the privilege of staying in Russia and marrying again. I was told that every married Decembrist was followed by his wife, and some who were single were afterwards joined by their mothers and sisters.

The sentence to hard labor in the mines was not rigorously carried out in the case of these unfortunates. For two years the letter of the law was enforced, but at the end of that time a change of keepers operated greatly to the advantage of the prisoners. They were then employed at indoor work of different kinds, much of it being more

nominal than real; and as time wore on and passion subsided, they were allowed to select residences in villages. Very soon they were permitted to go to the larger towns; and, once there, those whose wives possessed property in their own right built themselves elegant houses, and took the position to which their abilities entitled them. They became the leaders in society, and their influence upon the Siberian people was highly beneficial. I repeatedly heard the present polish of manner and general intelligence among the native Siberians ascribed to the Decembrists and their families. General Korsackoff, the present Governor-General, told me that when he first went to serve in Siberia there was a ball one evening at the house of a high official. Observing a man who danced the Mazurka to perfection, he whispered to General Mouravieff, and asked the name of the stranger. "That," said Mouravieff, "is a revolutionist of 1825; he is one of the best men of society in Irkutsk."

After their first few years of exile the Decembrists had little to complain of, except the prohibition to return to Europe; to men whose youth was passed amid the gayeties of the capitals, Siberian life was irksome, and they earnestly desired to abandon it. Year after year passed away, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their exile they looked for pardon, but were disappointed. Nicholas had no forgiving disposition, and those who plotted his overthrow were little likely to obtain favor, even though a quarter of a century had elapsed since their crime. It was not until the death of Nicholas and the coronation of Alexander II. that they were fully pardoned, restored to all their political rights, and permitted to go where they wished. But when pardon came it was less a boon than they expected; some of them did not wish to return to a society from which they had been absent thirty years, and where they could hardly expect to meet acquaintances. Others who were unmarried when they went to Siberia had become heads of families,

and were thus fastened to the country ; all were so near the end of life, that the hardship of the journey would quite likely outweigh the pleasure of going home. Not more than half the Decembrists who were living at the time of Alexander's coronation availed themselves of his permission to return to Europe.

The princes Troubetskoi and Volbonskoi hesitated for some time, but at length determined to return ; both died in Europe quite recently. Their departure was greatly regretted by many persons in Irkutsk, as their absence was a considerable loss to society. Both the princes and their wives paid great attention to educating their children, and fitting them for ultimate position in St. Petersburg society. One of the princes was not in complete harmony with his wife ; and I was told that the latter, with the children and servants, occupied the large and elegant man-

sion, while the prince lived in a small house in the court-yard. He had a farm near town, and used to sell the various products to his wife, who conducted her household as if she had no husband at all.

While in Irkutsk I saw one of the Decembrists, who had grown wealthy as a wine-merchant ; another of these exiles was living in the city, but I did not meet him. Others were residing at various points in the governments of Irkutsk and Yeneseisk, but I believe the whole number of these unfortunates then in Siberia was less than a dozen. Forty-one years had brought them to the brink of the grave ; as I write these lines, I hear that one of their number has died since my journey, and another cannot long survive. Very soon the active spirits of that unhappy revolt will have passed away, but their memory will long be cherished in the hearts of their many Siberian friends.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning rose clear, almost unclouded. The gray twilight, hanging like a pale shadow over the dim expanse of sea, and the roofs and gables of the sleeping town, grows paler and paler, and the crescent moon and her one attendant star are fading to the westward in the growing light. The heavens are calm and fresh with the eternal beauty of morning. The wind has died away ; and though the sea still swells and rolls sonorously up the beach, this is but the unspent agitation of yesterday's tumult, and each wave, as it comes to shore, is more languid than the last. In the town all is still ; there is nothing to tell of the past storm but the washed look of the streets, a shutter off its hinges at the little Hôtel des Étrangers on the wharf,

a few boughs and leaves torn from the great elm-trees of the Place St. Jacques. The little light of the Madonna, in the Rue St. Remi, twinkles feebly and more feebly as the daylight grows. Suddenly the topmost pinnacle of the Church of St. Jacques is touched with golden light, and almost at that sign the herald swallows slide from their high homes beneath the eaves, and dart with ringing cries across the place. Down towards the fountain, then upward again, past the closed windows of the houses, sounding their shrill alarms to the sleeping folk within, catching, as they fly, gleams of golden light on their delicate white breasts, they skim, and veer, and dart about the pinnacles and buttresses of the church, their pointed wings flashing blue like burnished steel.

It is early yet, but the day has begun

in Dieppe. Shutters are beginning to be opened, stray people are about the streets, the sound of sabots is heard on the wharf, the great bell of the Seminaire is beginning to ring, and, already, old Defère and his partner, Robbe, and François Milette are on their way down to the wharf to examine into the condition of *La Sainte Perpetua*. The result of this examination we may as well state in a few words. The boat was in much better condition than they had supposed she would be after her rough fight with the storm. A few hours' work would be sufficient to put her into complete trim, and the journey down to Verangeville after the new rudder was consequently abandoned. François Milette blessed his good patron saint more than once for this pleasant turn of fortune, and sprang lightly up the ladder on the dock wall, as he thought of another day in Dieppe, and the expedition to the Citadelle, or to le Parc aux huîtres, that he would certainly take that evening with Marie Robbe.

Gabriel Ducrés did not start early this morning on his walk to Arques, as Jeanne had supposed. He followed François down to the dock, helped in the work on the boat, and, after that was done, went up to Jean Farge's, ostensibly to make further inquiries about the road to Arques, but perhaps also with some uncertain hope of seeing or hearing something of his cousin. But if this were his object, he was disappointed. Jeanne had already started on her journey back to Verangeville, and Épiphanie had accompanied her as far as the end of the Rue de la Barre. Gabriel found Madame Farge entertaining company. On the long wooden bench that stood against the wall under the rows of shining tin and copper pans sat a fat little man, with sleek black hair, a high, bald forehead, and a somewhat pompous expression of countenance. He was dressed in a black coat, snuff-colored trousers, and a black satin waistcoat. He was further adorned with a pink cotton necktie, and wore two thick gold rings on his fat brown hands. By his side, her

face flushed, and her black eyes sparkling with the keenest animation, sat Marie Robbe, twisting the folds of her heavy *jupon* in her restless fingers.

"Gabriel," said Madame Farge, "behold our neighbor Bouffle, and Marie Robbe, whom you know, to be sure. Monsieur;" (addressing the neighbor Bouffle.) "this is my third cousin, Gabriel Ducrés, son of Marie Farge, who married the *fermier* Ducrés. It is he of whom you heard just now, and of whom I have been telling you."

The little man bounded to his feet, and bowed with the utmost solemnity. "Madame, I am delighted to make Monsieur your third cousin's acquaintance," said he.

"It is quite droll," said Madame Farge; "Monsieur Bouffle was just saying he had heard of thee, Gabriel."

"Exactly, Madame," said the little man; "it is very droll. Mademoiselle and I, we make a little course this morning. I make her acquainted with some of the beauties of our town,—not all, I assure you, Mademoiselle,—by no means *all*,"—turning to Marie. "We visit the Plage, the Faubourg de la Barre; we meet a friend here, a friend there, who relates of this or that of the storm of yesterday,—two men drowned a little way down the coast, the bodies to be quite agreeably seen at the hospital. Also of a young man from the country, who saves a boat with courage and sagacity. And then, Mademoiselle and I, we call on Madame Farge to say un petit bon jour, and find there this young man, who is Madame's third cousin. Voilà une circonstance particulière!"

Gabriel changed color, and for a moment his heart beat more quickly as he thought of that adventure of the previous night, undertaken in such better heart, being the common talk of the streets to-day; not that Gabriel cared more than others for the praise of men, but he had a foolish fancy that it might reach the ears of some one who had been all too deaf to *his* words, and had once, as we know, cruelly told him to spend his ill-humor on the sea.

"Gabriel," said Madame Farge, "and

where hast thou been this morning? I thought thou wast going to Arques, and I told Épiphanie Milette just now, when she came in, and was asking where thou wast, that thou hadst already started."

"What did Épiphanie want with me?" said Gabriel, with some eagerness.

"I know not, my son. Most likely to give thee a message from Jeanne or Uncle Deféré; nothing of consequence, I think, or she would have left the message with me to give to thee, without doubt. My cousin," continued Madame Farge, addressing Bouffle, "has come up about the sale of the lavender, grown on their farm, and takes a little pleasure while he is in town. It is well for a young man to see something of life from time to time."

"Precisely, Madame, precisely! That is just my argument. Exactly what I observed to Mademoiselle here, as we walked. 'If,' I said to Mademoiselle, — 'if one is not to enjoy one's self sometimes, if one is not to see a little of the world, of life, of society, of the town in fact, mais, mon Dieu! one might as well be a good *religieux* at once! Mademoiselle agrees with me, n'est ce pas?' — turning towards Marie.

"I — I detest the country!" replied Marie, glancing sidewise at her neighbor, whose expression of bland contentment deepened and broadened under the momentary flash.

"You see a good deal of the world, yourself, Neighbor Bouffle," said Madame Farge; "your bathing-houses give you great opportunity of seeing the gay people in the season."

"Madame is right," said Monsieur Bouffle; "my little property on the Plage introduces me, I may say, to all the world. Indeed, what a life does one not have in the season! With the bathers what trouble! When one has the confidence of the public, one is the slave of the public. I go down to the beach early in the morning, to find a crowd there already. The most beautifully dressed ladies are on every side, who call me, and gather round me to

drive me to despair. 'Have you a house for me, Monsieur Bouffle?' 'Monsieur Bouffle, you have not forgotten me!' 'Dear Monsieur Bouffle, you must not refuse us a bathing-house,' they all cry. And I — I do my best, but I cannot serve all. Some must always be disappointed. Then in the balls one must do one's possible to accommodate the public also. Mademoiselle knows not, perhaps, that I am the proprietor of two hundred and ten chairs, to let in the Établissement where are held the balls!"

"Can you see the dancing?" said Marie, eagerly.

"Certainly! one can see admirably through the end-windows of the Établissement, when one has *interest*, it must be understood, sufficient to get the places," said Monsieur Bouffle, with impressive distinctness, — "when one has interest."

Marie gave a sigh of mingled satisfaction and envy over the recital. "Ce serait magnifique!" she said.

"Bagatelles, Mademoiselle, bagatelles!" said Monsieur Bouffle. "I will not say that Dieppe is the finest watering-place in France, but we do things very well here, I will not deny."

"I was here at the Fête of the Great Cross on the Plage," said Marie; "but that *was* beautiful!"

"Hum!" said Monsieur Bouffle, in a tone of quiet tolerance, "a religious ceremony is very well, and I know the country people always come in to see it; but in what does it consist? Monsieur le vicaire with the priests, the Religieuses from the Hôtel de Dieu, sixty jeunes gens from the college communal, some young persons from the Séminaire, a few flowers, — *viola tout!* But when their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, honor Dieppe with a visit, c'est une chose à voir! Monsieur le préfet, Monsieur le maire, all the municipal council, are engaged to arrange the affair. We have then a ball at the Établissement, or the Hôtel Royal, the cliffs illuminated with red and blue lights, fireworks, cannons firing at each instant; but, Mademoi-

selle," says Monsieur Bouffle, impressively, "without being a resident in Dieppe, one can have no idea of it."

Marie laughed coquettishly, and gave her head a little toss. Madame Farge lifted her bright old face. "Ah, ha! Marie," she said to herself; "so that is the way it is going,—is it? Voisin Bouffle has long been looking out for a wife, they say. Hum, hum, hum! Well, I wish him well with his bargain! But they do not make a bad pair after all." But aloud she simply said, being a wise woman, "And when are you going home, Marie?"

"I don't know," said Marie; "I have not made up my mind yet." And for some reason her eyes wandered over to Gabriel. He had taken no part in the conversation, being busy enough with his own thoughts. He sat in the window, with one arm spread on the window-sill, and his eyes wandering continually to the scene on the wharf outside.

Marie Robbe was something more than a mere coquette; she was shrewd and discerning as far as her own interests were concerned, and far from being carried away by impetuous feeling either in speech or action. She usually had, at least, two meanings in everything she said or did. She had a natural dislike of truth, as some people have of cold water. She was afraid of a clear statement of facts. It might get her into trouble, it might lead to such unforeseen circumstances. "As long as you represent things in your own way," she argued, "you have a hold on them, as it were, and they cannot get the better of you. And then, without positively lying (which has its drawbacks, it must be owned), think how many natural means of getting out of scrapes, and of managing things to suit your purposes, a kind Providence has given you! Can you not shake your head, or open your eyes wide, or laugh in the right place, or shrug your shoulders, when hearing or telling things, and then let ignorant people take the responsibility of believing what they like?"

That was Marie's logic, and one, it must be owned, calculated to produce great serenity of character and assured self-trust. It is true, in emergencies, she usually committed her affairs to the care of the saints, and had a general belief that they helped her as well as they could. In case of her schemes failing, however, she did not hesitate to lay the blame where she considered it due, and limited the number of her votive offerings at their shrines, and probably, had she been sufficiently enlightened, might have turned Protestant out of pure spite!

While Monsieur Bouffle was descanting on the glories of Dieppe, and the privilege of being a resident in that favored centre of worldly splendor, Marie was turning over one or two questions in her judicious mind. Why was Gabriel Ducré's still in Dieppe when his uncle and Jeanne had both left? Perhaps he did not care to go with Jeanne after all; one does not care for people one has in the house with one all day; and there was so little variety about Jeanne Defère. She wondered what Gabriel's plans were. She wished he would ask her to go back to Verangeville with him now, while Monsieur Bouffle was by. Not that she had any intention of leaving Dieppe for several days to come.

"I don't know when I shall go," repeated Marie, getting up, and slowly crossing the room towards the little mirror that hung between the two windows. "Some of the Verangeville folk are going back to-morrow, and two or three have asked me to go with them."

"But I suppose thou wilt prefer to stay in town," said Madame Farge. "Eh?"

"That depends," said Marie, "whether I find town as pleasant as they say it is"; and she slung a glance towards the bench and Monsieur Bouffle. "I am not in such a hurry to run away as some are," she continued, looking at herself first over one shoulder and then over the other. "This detestable wind blows one all to pieces! I met Jeanne Defère this morning,"—looking down

at Gabriel, who leaned his elbow on the little table below the looking-glass, and watched her somewhat listlessly; "she was mounted upon her donkey, and looked as solemn as Mid-lent; and when I said, quite pleasantly, 'I suppose you have got some great business on hand, Jeanne, that you are in such a hurry to leave Dieppe,' she turns quite sharply, and says, 'Yes; I am going to look after my own business, and I advise you to do the same by yours.' Mais, grâce à Dieu!" continued Marie, devoutly, "I have no business to occupy me for a week or more!"

"Neighbor Bouffle will, without doubt, do what he can to amuse thee while thou art here, Marie," said Madame Farge.

"Most certainly," replied the loquacious Bouffle; "and there is always amusement here for those who understand how to arrive at it. People come here from the country; they walk up and down the streets. What is that? Nothing at all. They wander here, they wander there. 'Where is the Citadelle?' they inquire; they are informed. They walk, walk, walk. Behold them tired, in despair, arrive at the steep ascent of the Citadelle at the wrong side! On the contrary, one who knows makes a charming little course down the Grande Rue, sees the handsomest shops where one may buy this or that by the way, then along the Plage to see the new fort and the Emperor, the Hôtel Royal, and the new residences. A little review of the troops takes place while we are there; *bien!* we see that. And then, a little cup of coffee, a morsel of sucre de pomme, and we are refreshed. We ascend, we arrive at the Citadelle with a heart gay — content."

During this speech Marie continued to smooth and plume herself with quick, ungraceful movements. She twisted the chain about her throat; she retied the ribbons of her bodice and pulled out the bows; then, bending towards the glass as if to examine them more closely, but with her black eyes bent full on Gabriel, she said, "And when are you

going to Verangeville, Gabriel Ducrès? Are you going alone?"

"I don't know," said Gabriel; "I am going to Arques to-day, — or may be I shall not go till to-morrow, — and that will keep me a day longer in Dieppe, and I shall go on Sunday to Verangeville."

"Perhaps I may go then," she said. "I have not made up my mind altogether."

Monsieur Bouffle was by this time beginning to show signs of uneasiness at the low-toned conversation at the window, and every moment that foolish Marie lingered there a cloud was drawing nearer and nearer that threatened to bring a tempest into the peaceful kitchen of Madame Farge. She stood still, leaning awkwardly against the table, and said: —

"You are going to Arques! And that was the reason you stayed after the others. Eh, Gabriel Ducrès?"

"Yes," said Gabriel, with provoking dulness of apprehension. "But there will still be several going then. Was any one going with Jeanne, Marie?"

"How should I know?" said Marie, sharply. "Yes, there was," she added, with an instinctive flash of feeling that it might be disagreeable news to Gabriel. "When I saw her she had with her *Épiphanie* Milette and *Pierre Lenet!*" and she flung herself from him, and was turning to go to her place on the bench by Monsieur Bouffle, when she was stopped half-way.

There was a sound of feet on the steps, a brisk knock at the door, and, before Madame Farge had time to say "Entrez," the door opened, and François Milette burst in. In his haste he tripped his foot in the doorway, and stumbled forward towards Marie, who jumped back with a little scream. The rest of the company thought she was afraid of being jostled by the clumsy young man who plunged in so unceremoniously; but the fact is, that François Milette, appearing in any way at that moment, would have wrung a cry of impatience from Marie Robbe; and his awkwardness in this case was the on-

ly thing she had to thank him for, inasmuch as it furnished a cause for her sudden dismay at the sight of him. François's face flushed as he caught sight of Marie; and it must be confessed her cheeks glowed with a deeper color as the young man, regaining his balance, quickly said, with a pleasant laugh, "Here thou art, after all!"

But it was no honest emotion that tinged *her* cheeks, as we know. She, for some reason best known to herself, became suddenly cross. She pouted, hardly looked at François, and sauntered back to her place on the bench by Monsieur Bouffle.

"Ah, François," said the old woman, after the first greetings were over, "thou art not in luck to stumble at the threshold! Where hast thou been?"

But François stood dumbfounded by Marie's manner, and looked with much perplexity and discomfiture at her and little fat Monsieur Bouffle by turns.

"I have been looking for Marie Robbe," he said. "I went up to thy uncle's, Marie," he continued, turning to her with a smile, — he was beginning to persuade himself that he was mistaken already, and that Marie's pouting meant nothing after all, — "but they could tell me nothing of thee but that thou hadst gone out. Where in the world hast thou been all the morning?" and he went towards her.

There was no room on the bench, and no seat near; so François, totally unconscious of the indignant glances of Monsieur Bouffle, seated himself on the arm of the settle by Marie, leaning towards her as he rested his hand on the back.

"We found it was not necessary to go down to Verangeville," said François in a cheerful tone, "so I have another day in Dieppe after all."

"O," replied Marie.

"What made you come down here, Marie?" said François, lowering his voice; "and who is *that*?" he said, indicating the scowling Bouffle with his thumb, but without looking at him.

Marie tilted her shoulder away from

François, and listened attentively to Madame Farge, who was discussing the wholesomeness of some dish with Monsieur Bouffle.

"What is the matter, Marie?" said François. "What ails thee? Art thou angry with me?"

No answer.

"Marie, what have I done to vex thee?" he said, gently. Marie laughed vivaciously at a remark of Bouffle, but took no notice of François.

"Diantre, Marie! Must I stay here like a donkey outside the stable-door?" said François in an angry whisper.

"Just as you please," she said, with a quick glance, — the first she had vouchsafed him. If he had been cool enough to read its meaning, he would have seen little in it to flatter the heart of a lover. The black eyes were bright, cold, and hard as flint stones.

"Thou art treating me badly," said he. "I cannot bear it!"

No answer, except as much as is conveyed in a one-sided shrug of the shoulder nearest to him.

François's impatience rose. "Betise!" he said. "Who is that fat man, Marie? He looks like a porpoise. Is it because of him that thou art so little amiable towards me?"

"Little amiable!" said Marie, regarding him with a cold stare. "Indeed, François Milette, you are polite, — very polite and very obliging!"

"So is thy new friend, I observe; *very* polite and *very* obliging, and thou also, but only towards one side, I perceive," said François. "Dost thou do this merely to torment me, or not?" he continued, with a sudden gust of impatience and anger.

Marie looked up at him again. Tears of vexation had sprung to her eyes, for the unsubdued tone in which François had made this last remark, and the uncontrollable state upon which it showed him to be verging, was most exasperating, and filled her with dismay. Fortunately, tears do not always betray the exact emotions from which they spring; and Marie's tears, trembling in her upturned eyes, only gave a softened and

supplicating expression to her face, and François, though by no means satisfied, was entirely disarmed by this tearful glance.

Madame Farge was now talking earnestly to Bouffle, who turned his head, first to one side and then to the other, anxious to catch the first pause in the old woman's talk, that he might take the lead in the conversation himself, and at the same time tormented by the desire to listen to the whispered remarks passing between Marie and this audacious young man, who sat down on the arm of the bench in such an unconcerned manner, behaving as if Marie belonged to him entirely, and as if *he*, Bouffle, proprietor of bathing-machines, two hundred and ten chairs to let, and an interest in the *Établissement*, existed no more!

Marie sat now with her eyes cast down, and tapping her foot impatiently on the floor. She longed to be gone. She wished she had never come to Madame Farge's to get herself into this detestable trap. It was Monsieur Bouffle's fault. Did he not *insist* upon coming? And Gabriel Ducrés, — a stupid, awkward fellow without sense, who could not say a word to occupy Monsieur Bouffle or divert François! Why could not Madame Farge listen with civility to Bouffle, and mind her spinning, instead of keeping her sharp old eyes so constantly on her and François? And what right had François to come down there just at this time, to upset all one's plans, instead of keeping his word of going to Verangeville? Liar!

In Marie, feelings of animosity towards each person in the company were rapidly rising, as you see. She had reasons for disliking them all. Gabriel, because he was a fool; Madame Farge, because she was *not* a fool; and François, — any one can see that she had reason enough for regarding him somewhat malevolently, it being always hard to feel humanely towards those whom we have wronged.

François sat for several minutes, swinging his foot listlessly, and whis-

ting softly to himself (that unfailing sign of a troubled spirit-in man). He had had some uneasy suspicions as to Marie's constancy, but never before of her temper. If she had seemed to him occasionally too amiable towards others, she had never been anything but honey-eyed sweetness to himself. He was troubled and perplexed and angry; sickening misgivings were creeping into his heart, which he tried manfully to smother with sophisms.

Marie was angry, without doubt; she was vexed at him for something he had done, or not done, and she was simply using that obnoxious fat man as a means of punishment. *He* could not have done so by *her*, he said to himself, but then people are different, and she herself had said she did not take things so "exactly" as he did. In what could it be that he had offended her? Could it be anything he had said last night? Could it be, — but no! that was impossible. She could not have said "Good night" so pleasantly, as she turned into the house, if she had been offended at *that*! She looked troubled at this moment, and there were tears in her eyes when she looked up just now, *pauvre petite*!

So he went on, deluding himself with what he half knew were delusions; for, without doubt, he loved the little black head with its shining hair, turned so obstinately away from him and towards the loquacious Bouffle, and, at this moment of insanity, would have given any good thing he possessed to have had the little faithless face turned towards him, and the black eyes looking up to him, and Marie, with all her smiles and deceitful blushes, and glances, his own once more, spite of her crossness, spite of his doubts of her good faith and all his suspicions. So, instead of going out and thinking it over like a sensible fellow, he leaned down towards her once more, and said softly and gently: —

"If I have offended thee, Marie, I ask thy pardon. Make it up now, and say thou wilt go to the Citadelle with me this evening. Eh, Marie?" And

he tried to catch a glimpse of her face. But she turned farther away from him, and unfortunately Monsieur Bouffle was just beyond, and naturally and fatally François's eager gaze fell upon that portly form, and a very singular change took place in the expression of his face as it did so. His eyes expanded, his lips opened; it was as if he saw a ghost.

"Diantre!" shouted François, springing to his feet,—an expression which made the company generally start and look at each other, and the young man, who, on his part, seemed to care very little what the direction of their eyes might be. His own were fixed, strange to say, not upon the face of the amazed and gasping Bouffle, but upon his *black satin waistcoat*! He even took a step towards the object of his scrutiny, as if uncertain of the testimony of his own eyes at the distance of two yards. Then he turned upon Marie: "I admire your economy,—your good economy in making gifts to your friend, Marie Robbe! Take this also, and use it in the same way; it will probably do to be worn on Sunday when you go to *Arques*! I have no further use for it." And he tore from his button-hole a little knot of ribbon that the faithless Marie had tied there herself, and flung it at her feet.

"Mais ma foi! what is this? Voilà un beau venez-y-voir!" said the astonished Bouffle. "Is Monsieur in his right senses, or is he mad?"

"Less mad than he has been for some time," said François, looking straight at Marie, with a laugh which seemed ready to end in something else, poor fellow! Marie had turned pale, and sat trembling before this outburst; but at these last words of François she looked up at him, and certainly the expression of her countenance contained as much anger as fear, and was unsoftened by even a gleam of pity.

"Never fear," said François, "that I will disturb such pleasant company further. I am going." And he rushed out, and Gabriel jumped up and ran after him.

"Méchant!" said Marie, in a burst of tears, holding her apron to her eyes.

"This is very extraordinary," said Monsieur Bouffle, shaking his head,— "very extraordinary! I must beg of Mademoiselle to give me some explanation of this."

"I hate him!" was Marie's not very satisfactory reply.

"I should have imagined that he hated you, Mademoiselle, from his manner, and me also," said Monsieur Bouffle.

"Gamin!" sobbed Marie, behind her apron.

"His manner of regarding my person was most extraordinary. It made my blood run cold! What an expression! An eye of savage, a laugh of devils!"

"What was it that made him angry?" said Madame Farge.

"Because I would not go to the Citadelle with him, and was tired of—of his foo-foo-lish talk," sobbed Marie.

"Hadst thou promised to go with him?" said shrewd Madame Farge.

"Promised!" said Marie, quickly, and snatching her apron from her face, "he always thinks I promise him things; and Monsieur knows I am going with him to take supper with Mesdemoiselles his sis-sis-sisters, and when he heard that, he began to—to call Monsieur names, and—"

"Started up and rushed towards me," burst in the little man,—"me, who sat here tranquil, without offence to any one; shouts like a madman; regards my person," says Monsieur Bouffle, striking his black satin waistcoat with a dignified violence, "as if I were something very astounding. Ma foi, Madame! and this impertinent is one whom you cherish, whom you load with favors!" fumed Monsieur Bouffle, who somehow concluded that Madame Farge was in sympathy, if not in league, with François.

The old woman nodded her head with some vivacity. "He is a good lad," she said, and her eyes flashed threateningly under her bushy eyebrows,— "a good lad, and may be he has had good cause to be angry!"

Monsieur Bouffle wiped his brow, and looked with a distracted countenance first at Madame Farge and then at Marie, in the hope of receiving some explanation. Marie knew it was wisest not to array herself against Madame Farge, so she merely continued to cry, which was simply a defensive measure, calculated to ward off attacks and afford a reason for silence. But if it did anything to conciliate the old woman, this mode of defence had quite a contrary effect on Monsieur Bouffle. He was in the dark. What did it all mean? There was something going on which he could not understand. Marie certainly knew all about it, and Madame Farge showed by her remarks that she had some ideas on the subject, and, as Monsieur Bouffle had *not*, he naturally felt impatient.

"Voilà les femmes," said Monsieur Bouffle, in the depths of his harassed spirit, "elles se fâchent toujours de rien. If Mademoiselle would but say something, — give some explanation," he continued aloud, "to let one know what all this stamping, shouting, calling of names, and — crying (Monsieur Bouffle, like a person of delicacy, hesitated a moment before the word *crying*, but he said it at last, though it might sound a little severe) — and *crying* is about."

"I don't know at all," said Marie, looking up over her apron.

"But who is this young man? that is what I demand, Mademoiselle," said Monsieur Bouffle, with some heat and categorical distinctness.

"François Milette; he is a neighbor of ours at Verangeville. He knows my father, and comes sometimes to our house. But why he was so enraged just now I know not. I simply wanted to listen to what you, Monsieur, were saying, when he begins to talk at the same time, and when I do not answer him, — one cannot listen to two at the same time," says Marie, looking up with an expression of innocent appeal, — "he becomes at once enraged."

"Ah!" said Monsieur Bouffle, thoughtfully.

"Makes himself a lion to devour me when I say I prefer to go with Monsieur."

"C'est ça, — c'est ça! I divine the meaning of this little affair. When one has a little penetration it is no longer mysterious," said Monsieur Bouffle to himself, nodding his head, while something like a relenting smile softened the severity of his countenance.

"When I said I tired myself of his bêtise, he began to call Monsieur names — to —"

"I comprehend — I comprehend — calm yourself, my friend," said the little man, laying his hand on her shoulder, "dry your tears, and we will continue our way."

And Monsieur Bouffle positively proffered the use of his red cotton pocket-handkerchief to his friend, who accepted this singular token of good-will, and after wiping her eyes, and generally smoothing her ruffled plumes, folded it neatly into a square, and returned it to him again. After this little scene of mutual regard and confidence, the pair went out together.

Now, though Marie's explanation of François's violent behavior was entirely satisfactory to Monsieur Bouffle, we know that it was not her refusal to go to the Citadelle with him that had caused this outbreak on François's part. And however angry her bad treatment of him during this interview might have made him, it need not have caused a breach impassable by the bridge of reconciliation. There was probably much combustible matter in the way of suspicion and misgiving already filling his mind, but that sudden explosion was caused by something more positive, a red-hot flash of conviction and of pain that set him in a blaze, and burst from his lips in that mad "*Diantre!*" that had startled the company, as we have seen.

Two months before, one pleasant summer evening, François gave Marie a chain which he had carved for her out of the smooth, hard shells of hazel-nuts. The work was delicate and pretty, and Marie was pleased enough with it, and wore it constantly for a time. After one

of her recent visits to Dieppe, however, she had returned with a silver chain, — a gift from her well-to-do uncle, no doubt, who had no children of his own, and always made much of his pretty niece, and frequently gave her presents. After this, François saw no more of his chain; and though he was too proud to ask Marie anything about it, he felt a little sore in observing that even on working days, when the gayer ornament was laid by, his poor little gift was still slighted. Now, as he sat on the end of the settle by Marie, and made a last attempt to get a friendly glance or word from her, his eyes fell upon Monsieur Bouffle. In that moment down toppled all poor

François's simple fabric of faith and happiness in one heap of ruin; for there across the black satin waistcoat, attached to a big silver watch, was his own little nutshell chain, — identical, unmistakable, — hopelessly convincing of treachery! And now we know why it was that he made such a scene, and behaved so badly; and perhaps we may forgive him, and feel some sympathy with him, even though, like those farsighted moralists who are always able to find some consoling lesson in the misfortunes of their friends, we can easily see that this painful opening of poor François's eyes was "all for his good."

ON THE MODERN METHODS OF STUDYING POISONS.

A POISON has, for people in general, the interest which belongs to all things that combine the qualities of mystery and power. With this conception is also associated the idea of ability for good as well as for evil, and the not unjust belief that such agents, like fire, are good slaves, but bad masters, and may be as useful in small amounts as they are hurtful in large ones.

Among civilized people, therefore, deadly substances, such as opium, arsenic, and nux vomica, have been recognized as means of good when rightly employed; and although held in dread as medicines by many, are yet among the safest of all drugs, because, when they begin to cause evil in the body, they announce their effects in the shape of symptoms so decisive as at once to lead to their abandonment. At the same time, it may be said of them again, that, like fire, or rather heat, they so vary in influence according to the quantity used, that with one or another dose they become, as it were, altogether different in the results they bring about; for just as heat may, according to amount, warm your hands, cook your

meats, or burn your house down, so arsenic is in minute dose an efficient tonic, in larger dose a powerful alterative, and in still greater amount a horrible poison; while just the same account may be rendered of nux vomica, or its active principle, strychnia.

Barbarous nations seem to know of these agents only for the chase, or for evil in some shape, and use them to make deadly their arrows, to destroy a foe, or in the trial by ordeal, of which Mr. Lea has given so admirable a description in his recent work on "Superstition and Force."

These uses of poisons by savages have been the chief means of attracting the attention of travellers to certain substances which, in one way or another, have proved of the utmost value, when, from the hands of the barbarian, they have passed into the busy fingers, and under the acute eye, of the civilized man of science. As instances of this, the famous woorara of South America, and the Calabar bean, may be cited. The first, an arrow poison, used throughout Brazil and Guiana, has come to be an indispensable agent in the physio-

logical laboratory; and the latter, an ordeal poison, has been shown to possess, almost alone, the power to contract the pupil of the eye, just as belladonna has been longer known to have the ability to cause its dilatation or enlargement, — both being thus of value in certain diseases of the eye.

A vast amount of ingenious care has been spent upon the definition of poisons; and with every descriptive phrase of them all it is easy enough to find a cause of quarrel, while few will really differ as to what are truly poisons. As a general rule, the body contains, in uncombined form, none of the poisonous substances known to outside nature. Phosphorus exists as phosphoric acid in union with alkaline bases, and is only poisonous when isolated. Carbonic acid, a poison when inhaled, is found in limited amount in the body; but with these exceptions, and that of a minute quantity of the salts of copper in the bile, or of this metal and of lead in the blood, the rule holds good; so that a poison might be aptly defined as an agent which has no normal existence in the body of man.

If any reader be curious enough to look at the older classifications of poisons, he will find that the more ancient toxicologies divide them into irritants, narcotics, and acro-narcotics.

This answered well enough when but little was known as to these agents, except that they gave rise to certain general effects, which are rudely indicated in the arrangements above referred to. Modern toxicology, of which Orfila and Christison were the parents, has utterly destroyed the value of these classifications; but, while it has brought to light a vast amount of fruitful knowledge, it has only introduced confusion into every new effort at so relating them to one another as to make possible a distinct classification. The chief obstacle lies in the fact, that almost every poison acts, not on one, but on numerous organs of the body; so that it is anything but easy to decide either the order in which different vital parts undergo attack, or which organ when

injured is most potent in occasioning the fatal result. Besides this, so small a number of poisons have been thoroughly studied, that it is only a very few as to which we are at all well informed. The difficulties to which I allude will be much more readily understood, as I proceed to describe how certain poisons have been investigated, and the results of these researches; so that I shall not attempt to point out further the annoyances of the classifier.

My chief object is briefly to sketch the history of three well-known poisons, and to explain, as clearly as may be, the methods by which the modern toxicologist attempts to discover upon what organs they act, and how they affect them.

For this purpose, let us select a nerve poison, a muscle poison, and a blood poison.

Nerve poisons may very well be represented by the most famous of them all, — the well-known woorara, or woorali, of South America. The ever-blessed adventurer who is said to have given to Europe the potato and the pipe was also the first to describe woorara, which he speaks of as follows: —

“There was nothing whereof I was more curious, than to finde out the true remedies of these poisonous arrowes; for besides the mortallitie of the wound they make, the partie shot indureth the most insufferable torment in the world, and abideth a most ugle and lamentable death, sometimes dying starke mad, sometimes their bowels breaking out of their bellies, and are presently discoloured as blacke as pitch, and so unsavoury as no man can endure to cure or attend them, and it is more strange to know that in all this time there was never Spaniard, either by gift or torment that could attaine to the true knowledge of the cure, although they have martyred and put to invented torture I know not how many of them. But every one of these Indians know it not, no, not one among thousands, but their soothsaiers and priests who do conceale it and only teache it from the father to the sonne.”

Later travellers, as De la Condamine and Bancroft, gave more explicit accounts of this agent; but, as usual, Humboldt's statements have been proved to be the most reliable.

All over South America and the Isthmus the natives employ certain weeds whose juices they boil, in combination with numerous inert materials, until a thick extract is obtained, which is known as *woorara*, *curare*, *wourali*, and the like. That made on the Isthmus is a poison for the muscular tissue of the heart, and is also called *corroval*, whilst all of the Brazilian arrow poisons are of a different nature, and act chiefly on the nerves of motion. It is with these latter poisons that we propose first to deal. They reach Europe in gourds or little earthen pots, some of which are now before me, as well as on the points of arrows or spears dipped in the fresh extract and allowed to dry. The extract itself is a resinous-looking substance, in appearance resembling aloes.

Let us suppose such a material to have been placed in our hands for examination. How shall we treat it in order to discover its powers as a poison?—a simple matter it may seem to some of my readers, but one as regards this agent which has occupied the careful attention of several of the first intellects of the day. Let us see how our present knowledge about it was reached. De la Condamine, and all the observers up to the time of Fontana, merely recorded the obvious external effects on animals, and this was what they saw.

A morsel of *woorara* is introduced under the skin of an animal, as a rabbit. In a minute the creature lies down, too weak to walk, then the head falls, the hind legs become useless; the fore legs are next palsied, the rabbit rolls over. The breath becomes quick and labored, and within a few minutes the animal dies, usually without convulsions, more rarely with them. The outward phenomena tell us only that we are dealing with an active and probably a painless poison.

Fontana began to analyze the symp-

toms more closely, but was wrong in his final conclusion, that it destroys the power of the muscles to respond by movement to stimulus, or, as we would say, deprives them of irritability. In 1811 the famous Sir Benjamin Brodie discovered that, if an animal be poisoned with *woorara*, the heart continues to beat for a time after other movements cease; and that, if then we imitate breathing by blowing air at intervals into the lungs, the heart may keep on pulsating for hours, or even so long that, the poison being filtered out of the body by the excretions, life may finally be preserved. Now here was the needed clew, since it thus became clear that the heart ceased to beat in this poisoning, not because it was directly attacked, but because something had interfered with the power to breathe, which in warm-blooded beings is instantly essential to the motion of the heart.

Two German physicians, one of whom, Virchow, is now among the first savans and politicians of Prussia, next pointed out that *woorara* destroys primarily the activity of the voluntary muscles, but leaves untouched that of the involuntary ones, as the heart. This was only a step towards generalizing the facts; it brought nothing new.

Kölliker, and, about the same time, Claude Bernard, the greatest name in living physiology, at length solved the problem, and showed that in reality this poison only seems to palsy the muscles because it kills the nerves of motion.

Let us run over the evidence which has brought us to this point. The instrument we use, if I may so call it, is the frog, which possesses a value for physiological investigation quite incalculable. Depopulate the frog-ponds of Europe, and the toxicologist would almost lose his science. This little creature has for him these useful peculiarities,—it is cold-blooded and tenacious of life; its functions are more independent than those of warm-blooded animals, so that when one, as breathing, ceases, the others are not at once annihilated. There are three reasons for this: first, the individuality of function

which is shown by the heart continuing to beat for hours after excision; and second, as I think the fact, that whereas in mammals all the blood goes from the heart through the lungs, and is checked more or less when breathing stops, in reptiles only a part takes this channel, so that we have a possible circulation, even when respiration is at an end. Finally, in the frog, the skin is an active agent in carrying on respiration, and enables it to survive a long time the loss of its lungs. The extent to which these peculiarities protect is seen best in the snapping-turtle, which can hardly be killed by woorara. Respiration stops, but the heart goes on acting, and after several days the flaccid mass becomes alive and vicious as before.

A recent writer has shown, that, comparing the rabbit and turtle, it takes only one ninety-sixth of a grain of woorara per pound of the animal to insure death in the rabbit, whilst in the turtle not less than the seventh of a grain per pound of the reptile's weight must be directly injected into the veins in order to make very improbable its return to life. On one occasion three grains having been cast into the blood of a snapper weighing twenty-two pounds, it suddenly became feeble, and, extending its claws, lay still. During fifty-nine hours it was supposed to be dead; but at the close of this time, to the observers' amazement, feeble motions were seen, and within a few hours it was to appearance as well as ever, and both able and willing to justify its fame as the most savage of the dwellers in creek or mill-pond.

If, then, we stop the heart of a warm-blooded creature, respiration ceases. Let breathing terminate, and the heart quits beating. Whereas in a reptile only the former is true, and that not always, or of necessity, since in the alligator respiration may go on long after the heart is at rest. Mindful of these facts, we take a frog, and put under its skin a morsel of woorara. The symptoms are the same as in the rabbit; but if, just before a general relax-

ation of the limbs announces the coming of death, we open the chest, and expose the heart, we shall see it beating quietly, and continuing to do so for one or more hours after breathing has ceased. We are thus at once made sure that woorara does not act primarily on the heart. To vary the proof, we may blow now and then a little air into the lungs, and we shall find the flagging heart, under the influence of a properly aerated blood, at once quickening its beat anew; so that we are now doubly certain that the poison has not hurt this organ at least. Let us next expose in the hind legs the large nerve which conveys from the brain to the muscles the excitations which induce motion. We pinch or galvanize the nerve, but cause no muscular twitchings, as we may do for many hours in a frog killed by some other means, such as decapitation. We have learned thus that woorara poisons the nerves of motion, so that, as it assumes control, all movements except those of the heart at once cease and the will in vain calls upon the muscles to act when the nerves are made unable to carry its orders. Breathing depends on the regular action of muscles, to which an order to move is momentarily conveyed by nerves from certain parts of the brain. The poison cuts these nerve wires, if you like so to call them, and presently the breath goes in and out no longer, and the animal dies.

Meanwhile if we apply to the muscles themselves the irritations which have failed to influence them through their nerves, we see the part on a sudden convulsed. If we touch them, they move; if we galvanize them, they twitch; so that the muscles, it would seem, are themselves unpoisoned. We have learned, therefore, that the nerves of motion have been injured so as to act no longer, and that the muscles are intact. A little closer examination makes us suspect also that the irritability of the muscular fibres is increased and prolonged, rather than lessened.

We want next to ascertain if the

nerves of sensation, or those of touch and pain, be altered as are the nerves of movement; but this is not easy to do, because the only mode of expressing pain is by some form of motion, as a leap or a cry, and these are impossible, owing to the palsy of the motor nerves. The brain may be clear, the power of feeling perfect, and even the muscles healthy, but if you have not a channel for conveying messages of movement to the latter, there is left no means of outwardly expressing pain.

We reach a certainty in the following way: The arteries in one hind leg, we will say the left, having been tied so that it has no communication by bloodvessels with the rest of the body, we put under the skin of the back a morsel of woorara. Presently the animal becomes paralyzed; all its motor nerves being out of action excepting those of the left leg, into which none of the poison can enter. Now it is known that this agent acts from without inwards, so that the spinal centres and those of the brain die last. We irritate the spine with a needle, and the left leg twitches, showing that its nerves of motion are healthy. But there is another less direct way to excite the spine, namely, by irritating a nerve of sensation; and if this be unpoisoned, and able to carry a message, we shall find that the spine will show the irritation by making the unpalsied left leg move. We pinch, therefore, the right leg, and suddenly the left leg jumps or moves; and so we learn that in the right leg (poisoned) the nerves of sense can carry to the spine and brain the irritation, and that this expresses itself by motion in the left leg, the only unpoisoned part.

The condition of a creature thus affected seems to us to touch the extreme of horror, since for a time the brain may remain clear, the power to feel be perfect, and the capacity for escape or expression of feeling absolutely annihilated. In man this would hardly be the case, because the loss of breathing power would almost immediately kill by interfering with the heart's ac-

tion. We have learned, then, that this potent poison first kills the nerves of motion; that this soon in a warm-blooded, and much later in a cold-blooded animal stops the heart; that the nerves of feeling do not suffer from the poison, but only after a time from the checked circulation and the consequent want of blood to nourish and vivify them; and, finally, that the poison kills from circumference to centre. It only remains for the chemist to analyze the material used, and to extract a crystalline alkaloid, which is easily proved to be its active principle, and we shall have learned all that is now known as regards this most interesting poison.

We turn next, of course, to ask what uses this knowledge may be put to. The physiologist's answer is satisfactory, the physician's rather less so. There are many occasions in the laboratory where it is highly useful to possess an agent which has power to kill without disturbing the heart,—as when, for instance, we desire to exhibit the action of this organ to a class. All we have, then, to do is to give woorara, and keep up artificial breathing. We may then open the chest, and demonstrate the heart's motions in such a way as forever to impress upon the memory of the student most important, nay, vital truths in medicine.

As to the use of woorara as a drug, there is in our minds a good deal of doubt. Given to persons who have lockjaw, it certainly stops, or may be made to stop, the awful convulsions of that disease; but as their cause lies only in the spine, and as woorara palsies the motor nerves alone, it seems likely that we are merely suppressing a symptom, and not altering the malady itself. If, however, as sometimes is the case, lockjaw proves fatal by the spasm it causes in the muscles with which we breathe, it seems possible that a limited use of the drug might so diminish this evil as to allow life to go on, and thus give added chances to the sufferer. Hitherto our experience is inconclusive, and the right-minded doctor, being of

all folks the most sceptical, is thus far unconvinced of its value, and awaits the results of a larger number of cases; feeling, meanwhile, at full freedom to test its possible utility in a disease so unconquerable by ordinary methods.

The poisonous agents which have power to destroy life by acting directly on the heart are numerous. Among them we find aconite and digitalis well known as medicines, and useful to control tumultuous or over-excited activity in this essential organ. Several, also, of the Eastern arrow poisons belong to this class, — as the upas, of Dorneo; and, finally, the corroval, an arrow poison of the Isthmus of Panama.

To point out precisely in what way these various agents influence the heart would require us to explain at length the whole physiology of this organ, and to discuss the function of the different nerves which enter it. We shall therefore content ourselves with relating what is known in regard to corroval, — a poison which thus far has been investigated only by two American toxicologists. Like woorara, this substance is a resinous-looking material, which is certainly of vegetable origin. It is used as an arrow poison by the dwellers on the Rio Darien, but of the nature of the plants which yield it we know absolutely nothing. Thus far it is known only to savages, and to two or three students of poisons, nor, if it were used to kill man, would it be possible to detect it in the tissues. As in the case of woorara, let us relate briefly how the toxic characters of corroval were first investigated.

A frog was held while the operator placed a morsel of poison in a wound made in the back. In ten or twelve minutes it showed signs of lassitude, and in half an hour was totally motionless and dead. Nothing was seen to lead to the belief that the toxicologist was dealing with a substance differing from common woorara. The outward signs were alike. A second frog was then poisoned, after a little V-shaped opening had been so made as to expose the heart, whose natural beat

was noted as being forty-five to the minute. In three minutes it was unaltered as to number, but had become irregular. Then it began to fail, beating thirty at the fifth minute, and ceasing half a minute later, the auricles continuing somewhat longer. As the organ failed, a strange fact was noted; at the instant when the great cavity of the heart — the ventricle — contracted so as to expel the blood into the arteries, it was observed that here and there on its surface little prominences arose, which were presumed to be due to these parts being palsied so that they yielded under the pressure from within. That this was a true view of the case was shown by pinching or galvanizing minute portions of a healthy, active heart, when the same appearances were noted at the points enfeebled by the over-stimulation to which they had been thus mechanically subjected. When the heart stopped, it could not be re-excited by a touch, or by electric currents, as was the case in woorara poisoning, or in death from violence.

During all of this time, and for twenty minutes after the heart ceased to beat, the frog leaped about with readiness and ease, so that it seemed pretty clear that corroval was a poison which paralyzed directly the tissues of the heart, without at first influencing any other portion of the economy. To put this beyond doubt, the experimenter tried to keep up the circulation by causing artificial breathing, which in the case of woorara was competent to sustain the heart's action. Here, however, the heart stopped, as though no such means had been used. The same observation may be better made on the young alligator, because in this creature the breathing continues for some twenty minutes after the heart has ceased to pulsate, thus making it still more clear that the heart does not die owing to defect of respiration. Lastly, it was shown that when in a healthy frog the heart is cut out, or its vessels tied, voluntary and reflex motion disappear at about the same period as they do when corroval has been given; whence it was inferred that this agent

destroys the general movements only because it first interrupts the circulation of the blood, without which they soon cease to be possible.

The contrast between woorara and corroval is very striking, since in the former the heart dies last, and in the latter it is the first organ to suffer.

We are aware thus far of scarcely a poison which acts entirely on a single organ. In every case it has been found that the noxious effects are finally felt by other parts in turn; and, so far as we can gather, these secondary poisonings are direct effects of the poison in many cases, and not merely results of the death of the organs first injured. Thus, while pointing out that in the reptile voluntary motion exists after the heart stops, but soon ceases on account of the arrest of circulation, we might have added, that, by a variation in the mode of experimenting, it can be made clear, that where, owing to a small dose of the poison, death comes slowly, the sensitive nerves first, and then the motor nerves, and last the muscles, are all directly and in turn affected by the poison. Finally let us add, that, given by the mouth, this agent usually causes convulsions, such as do not appear if the poison be put under the skin,—a fact for which we cannot in any way account, but which aptly illustrates how easy it is to deceive one's self where such variations may arise in the symptoms caused by one and the same poison.

As an apt illustration of the difficulties which surround this study, it may not be out of place to mention the following incident. During the study of corroval it became desirable to learn the rate at which this material could be absorbed from the stomach. Accordingly a weighed morsel was pushed down the wide gullet of a large frog and into its stomach. The animal being left in a vase with a half-inch of water, the next day it was alive and well, to the operator's surprise. Repeating the experiment, the frog was left under a bell-glass, on a dry plate. This time the corroval was found on the plate, so that

it seemed to have been vomited, as to which operation as possible in a frog nothing had been hitherto known. The following day a full dose of corroval in a little alcohol and water was poured through a tube into the stomach, when instantly this organ was inverted, and pushed up through the wide gullet and outside of the mouth, where the frog presently cleaned it most expertly with its fore legs. Its return was gradual, and over this act the creature seemed to possess no voluntary control.

As the power to turn the stomach inside out is rarely exercised, and therefore not anticipated, the reader may understand how easily it might deceive, if a poison having been given it were thus disposed of in the experimenter's absence.

A favorite mode of suicide in France is to breathe a confined atmosphere in which is burning a pan of charcoal. For a long time it was supposed that, under these circumstances, the death which ensued was due to the carbonic acid set free as one of the products of combustion, in which case we should have asphyxia from deficiency of oxygen and excess of carbonic acid,—a mode of death as well understood as any death can at present be.

When, however, attention was called to the presence of another gas, in the mixed products of incomplete combustion, the toxic characters of this agent, now known as carbonic oxide, became subjects of inquiry. After several theories had been set forth, only to be pushed aside by the next comer, Claude Bernard re-investigated the matter, and, with his usual happiness in discovery, pointed out what is, at least for the present, a well-accepted explanation of the mode in which this gas poisons.

Here for the first time we deal with an agent which enters the blood through the lung. Six hundredths of the volume of an atmosphere, the rest of which is common air, is fatal to a bird confined within it. The death is rapid, and usually convulsive. Upon examining the body of the poisoned animal, we are

struck with the brilliant red color of the blood; and if at the same time we compare the appearances seen in a bird killed by carbonic-acid gas, we shall be still more impressed with the difference, because this latter gas colors the blood of a very dark hue.

To make clear what is to follow, the reader should carry in mind the following facts. The blood, in circulating, goes through the lung, and there gives up carbonic acid, and, receiving oxygen from the air, becomes bright red. Thus altered it is forced by the heart along the great arteries, until, finally entering the minute vessels called capillaries, it has between it and the tissues only walls of the utmost thinness. This vast mesh of tiny tubes makes the great markets of the body, in which occur a host of exchanges, of givings and gettings on the part alike of blood and tissues, such as muscle, nerve, and bone. The most important of these is the taking of oxygen by the tissues, and the giving up of carbonic-acid gas to the blood. The first gas is needful for a multitude of purposes, without which life must cease; the second, when retained, is poisonous; and, as the interchange depends for existence upon there being *two* gases, the loss of a hurtful one is made subservient to the getting of a useful one. Moreover, as the little blood rivers flow by nerve and bone, the materials which these must get rid of as the results of their waste are cast for the most part into the general volume of these streams; but, as regards the gases, we find them transported chiefly on or in the blood-globules, which float in myriads along these tiny streamlets. In the tissues they each get a load of carbonic acid, of which they lose the most in the lungs, replacing it with oxygen, and so are continually voyaging to and fro betwixt the sources of supply and demand. Imagine for a moment these millions of little carriers become incapable of transporting their destined freights, and such precisely is what occurs when an animal is made to breathe carbonic oxide gas.

Healthy blood shaken with carbonic acid becomes dark, and fresh contact with the air will redden it again. When once it has been poisoned by carbonic oxide, such changes are no longer possible, simply because the blood-globules have grown incapable of taking up any gas but the one which has poisoned them.

Neither can we cause them in any way to give up the hurtful carbonic oxide which has taken possession of them. A fatal attachment has been formed, and they refuse to return to their everyday duty.

The careful and elaborate series of analyses and experiments which brought Bernard to this conclusion it would be folly to attempt to make clear to any but the physiological chemist. So far they have not been set aside by any more authoritative verdict.

Here, then, we have the curious case of asphyxia, or death from want of oxygen, not because the lungs have ceased to present it to the blood, but because that fluid has become unable to accept the gift. Hence results sudden cessation of every function which demands for its continuance unceasing change in the tissues which effect it, and so death follows as a matter of course.

I cannot hope that to any but very careful readers I may have been so happy as to make clear the history of these three poisons, as they act within the body, and sunder one or another of the many essential links which make the complete chain of life. One abolishes the power of the nerves of motion; one palsies the muscles of the heart, and one annihilates the function of the red blood-globules. These diverse modes of destructive activity are but instances of the wonderful variety of modes in which the fortress of life may be assailed.

The reader will not fail to have noticed that two of the three poisons here discussed are of comparatively recent introduction. The same statement applies to the two best-known kinds of upas, and to a third, admirably studied by Dr. William A. Hammond, while the

same may be said of Calabar bean and other poisons used by savage tribes. Scarcely one of these could as yet be detected in the body of man, were it employed to destroy life; so that it is as well that these dangerous agents should be carefully guarded by the toxicologists into whose hands they may chance to fall. A recent writer in these pages, alluding to this subject, also points out that the same difficulty in detection applies to many of the poisonous substances which every year are made by chemists engaged in the study of complex organic compounds. Some of the bodies thus discovered are of the most deadly character; so that here again it is well that the awful power which they give should rest in the keeping of the trustworthy men of science whose industry has brought them to light. Poisoning, as a rule, has been a crime of the intelligent classes, rather than of the poor, or of those whose passions, being under less certain government, are apt to seek gratification by the most direct means. Of late, however, it has become so well known to educated persons, that the more ac-

cessible poisons are sure to be detected by the chemist, that I have no doubt this alone has tended to lessen their fatal use. The question of the relative ease with which poisonous drugs may be obtained leads to some reflections which have especial application in our own country.

In Europe, and particularly on the Continent, the sale of poisons is surrounded by the most stringent precautions, so that it is very difficult to procure them without a physician's prescription; the doctor, as it were, coming between the apothecary and the public, to guard the latter from crime or injury. Here, however, the utmost laxity prevails, and although in some States rigid laws on the subject exist, they are daily disobeyed by almost every druggist, — the slightest excuse enabling almost any one to buy corrosive sublimate, arsenic, or opium. It is time that some effective measures be taken to check this evil, which not only invites to crime but removes all restraint from those who desire to intoxicate themselves with opiates, ether, or chloroform.

IN VACATION.

THE sun has marked me for his own;
I'm growing browner day by day:
I cannot leave the fields alone;
I bring their breath away.

I put aside the forms of men,
And shun the world's consuming care.
Come, green and honest hills again!
For ye are free and fair.

How wonderful this pilgrimage!
On every side new worlds appear.
I weigh the wisdom of the sage,
And find it wanting here.

I crave the tongues that Adam knew,
To question and discourse with these,—
To taunt the jay with jacket blue,
And quarrel with the bees.

To answer when the grossbeak calls
His mate; to mock the catbird's screech;
The sloven crow's, with nasal drawls,
The oriole's golden speech.

Now through the pasture, and across
The brook, while flocks of sparrows try
To quit the world, and wildly toss
Their forms against the sky.

A small owl from the thistle-tops
Makes eyes at me, with blank distrust,
Tips off upon the air, and drops,
Flat-footed, in the dust.

The meadow-lark lifts shoulder-high
Above the sward, and, quivering
With broken notes of ecstasy,
Slants forth on curv'd wing.

The patient barn-fowls strut about,
Intent on nothing every one.
A tall cock hails a cock without,
A grave hen eyes the sun.

The gobbler swells his shaggy coat,
Portentous of a conquest sure;
His *houris* pipe their treble note,
Round-shouldered and demure.

The clear-eyed cattle calmly stop
To munch the dry husk in the rack;
Or stretch their solid necks, and crop
The fringes of the stack.

But night is coming, as I think;
The moving air is growing cool;
I hear the hoarse frog's hollow chink
Around the weedy pool.

The sun is down, the clouds are gray,
The cricket lifts his trembling voice.
Come back again, O happy day,
And bid my heart rejoice!

SIDNEY AND RALEIGH.

THE characteristic of a good prose style is, that, while it mirrors or embodies the mind that uses it, it also gives pleasure in itself. The quality which decides on its fulfilment of these conditions is commonly called taste.

Though taste is properly under law, and should, if pressed, give reasons for its decisions, many of its most authoritative judgments come from taste deciding by instinct, or insight, rather than taste deciding by rule. Indeed, the fine feeling of the beauty, melody, fitness, and vitality of words is often wanting in men who are dexterous in the application of the principles of style; and some of the most philosophic treatises on aesthetics betray a lack of that deep internal sense which directly perceives the objects and qualities whose validity it is the office of the understanding laboriously to demonstrate.

But whether we judge of style by our perceptions or by principles, we all feel that there is a distinction between persons who write books, and writers whose books belong to literature. There is something in the mere wording of a description of a triviality of dress or manner, by Addison or Steele, which gives greater mental delight than the description of a campaign or a revolution by Alison. The principle that style is thus a vital element in the expression of thought and emotion, that it not only measures the quality and quantity of the mind it conveys, but has a charm in itself, makes the task of an historian of literature less difficult than it at first appears. Among the prose-writers of the Age of Elizabeth we accordingly do not include all who wrote in prose, but those in whom prose composition was laboring to fulfil the conditions of art. In many cases this endeavor resulted in the substitution of artifice for art; and the bond which connects the invisible thought with the visible word, and through which the word is sur-

charged with the life of the thought, being thus severed, the effect was to produce a factitious dignity, sweetness, and elegance by mental sleight of hand, and tricks of modulation and antithesis.

In one of the earliest prose-writers of the reign of Elizabeth, John Lylye, we perceive how easily the demand in the cultivated classes for what is fine in diction may degenerate into admiration of what is superfine; how elegant imbecility may pass itself off for elegance; and how hypocrisy and grimace may become a fashion in that high society which constitutes itself the arbiter of taste. Lylye, a scholar of some beauty, and more ingenuity, of fancy, was especially calculated to corrupt a language whose rude masculine vigor was beginning to be softened into harmony and elegance; for he was one of those effeminate spirits whose felicity it is to be born affected, and who can violate general nature without doing injustice to their own. The Court of Elizabeth, full of highly educated men and women, were greatly pleased with the fopperies of diction and sentiment, the dainty verbal confectionery of his so-called classic plays; and they seem to have been entirely carried away by his prose romance of "Euphues and his England," first published in 1579. Here persons of fashion might congratulate themselves that they could find a language which was not spoken by the vulgar. The nation, Sir Henry Blunt tells us, were in debt to him for a new English which he taught them; "all our ladies were his scholars"; and that beauty in court was disregarded "who could not parley Euphuism, that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure and reformed English." Those who have studied the jargon of Holofernes in Shakespeare's "Love's Labor's Lost," of Fastidious Brisk in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," and, later still, of Sir Piercie

Shafston, in Scott's novel of "The Monastery," can form some idea of this "pure and reformed English," the peculiarities of which have been happily characterized to consist in "pedantic and far-fetched allusion, elaborate indirectness, a cloying smoothness and monotony of diction," and great fertility in "alliteration and punning." Even when Lylye seems really sweet, elegant, and eloquent, he evinces a natural suspicion of the graces of nature, and contrives to divorce his rhetoric from all sincerity of utterance. There is something pretty and puerile even in his expression of heroism; and to say a good thing in a way it ought not to be said was to realize his highest idea of art. His attitude towards what was natural had a touch of that condescending commiseration which Colman's perfumed, embroidered, and mannered coxcomb extended to the blooming country girl he stooped to admire: "Ah, my dear! Nature is very well, for she made you; but then Nature could not have made me!"

This infection of the superfine in composition was felt even by writers for the multitude; and in the romances of Greene and Lodge we have euphuism as an affectation of an affectation. Even their habits of vulgar dissipation could not altogether keep them loyal to the comparative purity of the vulgar language. The fashion subtly affected even the style of Sidney, conscious as he was of its more obvious fooleries; and to this day every man who has anything of the coxcomb in his brain, who desires a dress for his thought more splendid than his thought, slides naturally into euphuism.

The name of Sir Philip Sidney stands in the English imagination for more than his writings, more than his actions, more than his character,—for more, we had almost said, than the qualities of his soul. The English race, compound of Saxon and Norman, has been fertile in great generals, great statesmen, great poets, great heroes, saints, and martyrs, but it has not been fertile in great gentlemen; and Mr. Bull, ple-

thoric with power, but scant in courtesy, recognizes, with mingled feelings of surprise and delight, his great ornamental production in Sidney. He does not read the sonnets or the Arcadia of his cherished darling; he long left to an accomplished American lady the grateful task of writing an adequate biography of the phenomenon; but he gazes with a certain pathetic wonder on the one renowned gentleman of his illustrious house; speculates curiously how he came into the family; and would perhaps rather part with Shakespeare and Milton, with Bacon and Locke, with Burleigh and Somers, with Marlborough and Wellington, with Latimer and Ridley, than with this chivalrous youth, whose "high-erected thoughts" were "seated in a heart of courtesy." It is not for superior moral or mental qualities that he especially prizes his favorite, for he has had children who have exceeded Sidney in both; but he feels that in Philip alone has equal genius and goodness been expressed in *behavior*.

Sidney was born on the 29th of November, 1554. His father was Sir Henry Sidney, a statesman of ability and integrity. His mother was Mary, sister of Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. No care was spared in the harmonious development of his powers, physical, mental, and moral; and his instructors were fortunate in a pupil blessed, not only with the love of knowledge, but with the love of that virtue which he considered the proper end of knowledge. He was intended for public life; and, leaving the university at the age of seventeen, he shortly after was sent abroad to study the languages, observe the manners, and mingle in the society of the Continent. He went nowhere that he did not win the hearts of those with whom he associated. Scholars, philosophers, artists, and men of letters, all were charmed with the ingenuous and high-spirited English youth, who visited foreign countries, not like the majority of his young countrymen, to partake of their dissipations and become initiated in

their vices, but to fill and enlarge his understanding, and ennoble his soul. Hubert Languet, a scholar of whom it is recorded "that he lived as the best of men should die," was especially captivated by Philip, became through life his adviser and friend, and said, "That day on which I first beheld him with my eyes shone propitious to me!"

After about three years' absence Sidney returned to England variously accomplished beyond any man of his years: brave, honorable, and just; ambitious of political, of military, of literary distinction, and with powerful connections, competent, it might be supposed, to aid him in any public career on which his energies should be concentrated. But his very perfections seem to have stood in the way of his advancement. Such a combination of the scholar, the poet, and the knight-errant, one so full of learning, of lofty imagination, of chivalrous sentiment, was too precious as a courtier to be employed as a man of affairs; and Elizabeth admired, petted, praised, but hesitated to promote him. So fine an ornament of the nation could not be spared for its defence. Even his uncle Leicester, all-powerful as he seemed, failed in his attempts to aid the kinsman who was perhaps the only man that could rouse in his dark and scheming soul the feeling of affection. Sidney, who did not lack the knowledge—I had almost said the conceit—of his own merits, and whose temper was naturally impetuous, was far from being contented with the lot which was to make him the "mirror of courtesy," the observed and loved of all beholders, the Beau Brummel of the Age of Elizabeth, but which was to shut him out from the nobler ambitions of his manly and ardent nature, and prevent his taking that part which, both as a Protestant and patriot, he ached to perform in the stirring contests and enterprises of the time. Still, he submitted and waited; and the result is, that the incidents of the career of this man, born a hero and educated a statesman, were ludicrously disproportioned to his own

expectations and to his fame. In 1576 he was sent on an ornamental embassy to the Emperor, of Germany. Soon after his return he successfully vindicated his father, who was Governor of Ireland, from some aspersions which had excited the anger of Elizabeth; and threatened his father's secretary, whom he suspected of opening his own letters to Sir Henry, that he would thrust his dagger into him if the treachery was repeated; "and trust to it," he adds, "I speak it in earnest." He wrote a bold letter to the Queen, against her projected matrimonial alliance with the little French duke, on whose villanous person, and still more villanous soul, this "imperial votaress," so long walking the earth

"In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

had pretended to fix her virgin affections. He was shortly after, while playing tennis, called a puppy by the Earl of Oxford; and it is a curious illustration of the aristocratic temper of the times, that our Philip, who saw no obstacles in the way of thrusting his dagger, without the form of duel, into the suspected heart of his father's secretary, could not force this haughty and insolent Earl to accept his challenge; and the Queen put an end to the quarrel by informing him that there was a great difference in degree between earls and private gentlemen, and that princes were bound to support the nobility, and to insist on their being treated with proper respect.

Wearied with court life, he now retired to Wilton, the seat of his famous sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and there embodied in his romance of the *Arcadia* the thoughts, sentiments, and aspirations he could not realize in practice. Campbell has said that Sidney's life "was poetry expressed in action"; but up to this time it had been poetry expressed in character, and denied an outlet in action. It now found an outlet in literature. Day after day he wrote under the eye of his beloved sister, with no thought of publication, the pages of this goodly folio. The form

of the *Arcadia*, it must be confessed, is somewhat fantastic, and the story tedious; but it is still so sound at the core, so pure, strong, and vital in the soul that animates it, and so much inward freshness and beauty are revealed the moment we pierce its outward crust of affectation, that no changes in the fashions of literature have ever been able to dislodge it from its eminence of place. There we may still learn the sweet lore of friendship and love; there we may still feed the heart's hunger, equally for scenes of pastoral innocence and heroic daring. A ray of

"The light that never was, on sea or land,"

gleams here and there over its descriptions, and proclaims the poet. The style of the book, in its good elements, was the best prose style which had yet appeared, — vigorous, harmonious, figurative, and condensed. In the characterizations of feminine beauty and excellence Spenser and Shakespeare are anticipated, if not sometimes rivalled. But all these merits are apt to be lost on the modern reader, owing to the fact that, though Sidney's thoughts were noble and his feelings genuine, his fancy was artificial, and incessantly labored to provide his rhetoric with stilts. It will not trust Nature in her "homely russet brown," but bedizens her in court trappings, belaces and embroiders her, is sceptical of everything in sentiment and passion which is easily great, and sometimes so elaborates all life out of expression, that language is converted from the temple of thought into its stately mausoleum. It cannot, we fear, be doubted that Sidney's court life had made him a little affected and conceited on the surface of his fine nature, if not in its substance. The *Arcadia* is rich in imagery, but in the same sentence we often find images that glitter like dew-drops followed by images that glitter like icicles; and there is every evidence that to his taste the icicles were finer than the dew-drops.

It may not here be out of place to say, that though we commonly think of Sidney as beautiful in face no less than

in behavior, he was not, in fact, a comely gentleman. Ben Jonson told Drummond that he "was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, of high blood, and long."

In 1581 we find Sidney in Parliament. Shortly after he wrote his "Defence of Poesy," in which, assuming that the object of knowledge is right action, he attempted to prove the superiority of poetry to all other branches of knowledge, on the ground that, while the other branches merely coldly pointed the way to virtue, poetry enticed, animated, inspired the soul to pursue it. Fine as this defence of poetry is, the best defence of poetry is to write that which is good. In 1583 he was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. As his whole heart and imagination were at this time absorbed by the Stella of his sonnets, the beautiful Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, and as his passion does not appear to have abated after her marriage with Lord Rich, Sidney must be considered to have failed in love as in ambition, marrying the woman he respected, and losing the woman he adored. And it is curious that the woman he did marry, soon after his death, married the Earl of Essex, brother of the woman he so much desired to marry.

In 1585 the Queen, having decided to assist the United Provinces, in their war against Philip of Spain, with an English army, under the command of Leicester, gratified Sidney's long thirst for honorable action by appointing him Governor of Flushing. In this post, and as general of cavalry, he did all that valor and sagacity could do to repair the blunders and mischiefs which inevitably resulted from the cowardice, arrogance, knavery, and military impotence of Leicester. On the 22d of September, 1586, in a desperate engagement near Zutphen, he was dangerously wounded in attempting to rescue a friend hemmed in by the enemy; and, as he was carried bleeding from the field, he performed the crowning act of his life. The cup of water, which his

lips ached to touch, but which he passed to the dying soldier with the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," — this beautiful deed, worth a thousand defences of poetry, will consecrate his memory in the hearts of millions who will never read the *Arcadia*.

Sidney lay many days in great agony. The prospect of his death stirred Leicester into unwonted emotion. "This young man," he writes, "he was my greatest comfort, next her Majesty, of all the world; and if I could buy his life with all I have, to my shirt, I would give it." The account of his death, by his chaplain, is inexpressibly affecting. When the good man, to use his own words, "proved to him out of the Scriptures, that, though his understanding and senses should fail, yet that faith which he had now could not fail, he did, with a cheerful and smiling countenance, put forth his hand, and slapped me softly on the cheeks. Not long after he lifted up his eyes and hands, uttering these words, 'I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.' . . . Having made a comparison of God's grace now in him, his former virtues seemed to be nothing; for he wholly condemned his former life. 'All things in it,' he said, 'have been vain, vain, vain.'"

His sufferings were brought to a close on the 17th of October, 1586. Among the throng of testimonials to his excellence called forth by his death, only two were worthy of the occasion. The first was the simple remark of Lord Buckhurst, that "he hath had as great love in this life, and as many tears for his death, as ever any had." The second is a stanza from an anonymous poem, usually printed with the elaborate, but cold and pedantic, eulogy of Spenser, whose tears for his friend and patron seemed to freeze in their passage into words. The stanza has been often quoted, but rarely in connection with the person it characterizes:—

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel Books."

In passing from Sidney to Raleigh, we pass to a less beautiful and engaging, but far more potent and comprehensive spirit. We despair of doing justice to the various efficiency of this most splendid of adventurers, all of whose talents were abilities, and all of whose abilities were accomplishments; whose vigorous and elastic nature could adapt itself to all occasions and all pursuits, and who as soldier, sailor, courtier, colonizer, statesman, historian, and poet, seemed specially gifted to do the thing which absorbed him at the moment. Born in 1552, and the son of a Devonshire gentleman of ancient family, straitened income, and numerous children, fortune denied him wealth, only to lavish on him all the powers by which wealth is acquired. In his case, one of the most happily constituted of human intellects was lodged in a physical frame of perfect soundness and strength, so that at all periods of his life, in the phrase of the spiteful and sickly Cecil, he could "toil terribly." Action, adventure, was the necessity of his being. Imaginative and thoughtful as he was, the vision of imagination, the suggestion of thought, went equally to enlighten and energize his will. Whatever appeared possible to his brain he ached to make actual with his hand. Though distinguished at the university, he left it on the first opportunity for active life presented to him, and at the age of seventeen joined the band of gentleman volunteers who went to France to fight on the Protestant side in the civil war by which that kingdom was convulsed. In this rough work he passed five educating years. Shortly after his return, in 1580, an Irish rebellion broke out; and Raleigh, as captain of a company of English troops, engaged in the ruthless business of putting it down. A dispute having occurred between him and the Lord Deputy Greys, it was referred to the Council Board in England. Raleigh, determined, if possible, to escape from the squalid, cruel, and disgusting drudgery of an Irish war, exerted every resource of his pliant genius to ingratiate himself with Elizabeth; and urged his

own views with such consummate art that he got, says the chronicler, "the Queen's ear in a trice." His graces of person took her fancy, as much as his ready intelligence, his plausible elocution, and his available union of the large conceptions of the statesman with the intrepidity of the soldier, impressed her discerning mind. Here, at least, was a thoroughly able man. The story that he first attracted her regard by casting his rich cloak into a puddle to save the royal feet from contaminating mud, though characteristic, is one of those stories which are too good to be true. His promotion was as rapid as Sidney's was slow; for he had a mind which, on all occasions, darted at once to the best thing to be done; and not content with deserving to be advanced, he outwitted all who intrigued against his advancement. He was knighted, made Captain of the Guard, Seneschal of the County of Cornwall, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and received a large grant of land in Ireland, in less than three years after his victorious appearance at the Council Board. Though now enabled to gratify those luxurious tastes which poverty had heretofore mortified, and though so susceptible to all that can charm the senses through the imagination, that his friend Spenser described him as a man

"In whose high thoughts Pleasure had built her bower,"

still pleasure, though intensely enjoyed, had no allurements to weaken the insatiable activity of his spirit, or moderate the audacity of his ambition. Patriot as well as courtier, and statesman as well as adventurer, with an intelligence so flexible that it could grasp great designs as easily as it could manage petty intrigues, and stirred with an impatient feeling that he was the ablest man of the nation, in virtue of individualizing most thoroughly the spirit and aspirations of the people and the time, he now engaged in those great maritime enterprises, inseparably associated with his name, to found a colonial empire for England, and to break down the

power and humble the pride of Spain. In 1585 he obtained a patent from the Queen "to appropriate, plant, and govern any territorial possessions he might acquire in the unoccupied portions of North America." The result was the first settlement of Virginia, which failed from the misconduct of the colonists and the hostility of the Indians. He then engaged extensively in those privateering—those somewhat buccaneering—expeditions against the commerce and colonies of Spain which can be justified on no general principles, but which the instinct of English people, hating Spaniards, hating Popery, and conscious that real war existed under formal peace, both stimulated and sanctioned. Spain, to Raleigh, was a nation to be detested and warred against by every honest Englishman, for—to use his own words—"her bloody and injurious designs, purposed and practised against Christian princes, over all of whom she seeks unlawful and ungodly rule and empire."

In the height of Raleigh's favor with the Queen the discovery of his intrigue with one of her maids of honor, and subsequent private marriage, brought down on his head the full storm of the royal virago's wrath. He was deprived of all the offices which gave him admission to her august presence, and imprisoned with his wife in the Tower. Any other man would have been hopelessly ruined; but by counterfeiting the most romantic despair at the Queen's displeasure, and by representing his whole misery to proceed from being deprived of the sight of her divine person, he was, in two or three weeks, released from imprisonment. When free, he performed such important parliamentary services that he partially regained her favor, and he managed so well as to induce her to grant him the manor of Sherborne. As this was church property, and as Raleigh was accused by his enemies of being an atheist, the grant occasioned great scandal. His disgrace and imprisonment had filled his rivals with hope. They naturally thought that his offence, which mort-

fied the coquette's vanity as well as the sovereign's pride, was of such a nature that even Raleigh's management could not gloss it over; but now they trembled with apprehensions of his complete restoration to favor. One of them writes: "It is feared of all honest men, that Sir Walter Raleigh shall presently come to court; and yet it is well withstood. God grant him some further resistance, and that place he better deserveth if he had his right."

Raleigh, unsuccessful in regaining the affection and esteem of his royal mistress, now thought to dazzle her imagination with a shining enterprise. He believed, with millions of others, in the fable of El Dorado, and conceived it to lie somewhere in Guiana, in the region between the Orinoco and the Amazon. His imagination was fired with the thought of penetrating to the capital city, where the houses were roofed with gold, where the common sand glistened, and the very rocks shone, with the precious deposit. Should he succeed, the consequences would be immense wealth and fame for himself, and immense addition to the power and glory of England; and as he purposed to induce the native chiefs to swear allegiance to the Queen, and eventually to establish an English colony in the country, he flattered himself, in Mr. Napier's words, "that he would be able, by the acquisition of Guiana, vastly to extend the sphere of English industry and commerce, to render London the mart of the choicest productions of the New World, and to annex to the Crown a region which, besides its great colonial recommendations, would enable it to command the chief possessions of its greatest enemy, and from which its principal resources were derived." Possessed by these kindling ideas, and with the personal magnetism to make them infectious, Raleigh does not seem to have found any difficulty in obtaining money and men to carry them out; and in February, 1595, with a fleet of five ships, he set out for the land of gold. The enterprise was, of course, unsuccessful, for no El Dorado existed; but

on his return, at the close of the summer, he published his account of "The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana," in which the failure of the expedition is recorded in connection with a profession of undisturbed faith in the reality of its object; and some astounding stories are told concerning which it is now difficult to decide whether they belong to the class of credulous beliefs or deliberate lies. It was his intention to renew the search at once; but the Queen, having by this time nearly forgiven his offence, his ambition was stimulated by objects nearer home, and the quest of El Dorado was postponed to a more convenient season.

In 1596 he won great fame for his intrepidity and skill as Rear Admiral of the fleet which took Cadiz; and in 1597 he further distinguished himself by the capture of Fayal. Restored to his office of Captain of the Guard, he was again seen by envious rivals in personal attendance on the Queen. Between the court factions of Essex and Cecil he first tried to mediate; but being hated by Essex, he joined Cecil for the purpose of crushing the enemy of both. The intention of Cecil was to use Raleigh to depress Essex, and then to betray his own instrument. Essex fell; but, as long as Elizabeth lived, Raleigh was safe. Cecil, however, took care to poison in advance the mind of her successor with suspicions of Raleigh; and, on James's accession to the throne, Raleigh discovered that he was distrusted, and would probably be disgraced. Such a man was not likely to give up his offices and abdicate his power without a struggle; and, as he could hope for no favor, he tried the desperate expedient of making himself powerful by making himself feared. In our time he would "have gone into opposition"; in the time of James the First "His Majesty's Opposition" did not exist; and he became connected with a mysterious plot to raise Arabella Stuart to the English throne,—trusting, as we cannot but think, in his own sagacity to avoid the appearance and evidence of treason, and to use the folly

of the real conspirators as a means of forcing his claims on the attention of James. In this game, however, Cecil proved himself a more astute and unscrupulous politician than his late accomplice. The plot was discovered; Raleigh was tried on a charge of treason; the jury, being managed by the government, found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death. The sentence, however, was so palpably against the law and evidence that it was not executed. By the exceeding grace of the good King, Raleigh was only plundered of his estate, sent to the Tower, and confined there for thirteen years.

The restless activity of his mind now found a vent in experimental science and in literature; and, taking a theme as large as the scope of his own mind, he set himself resolutely to work to write the *History of the World*. Meanwhile he spared no arts of influence, bribery, and flattery of the King to get his liberty; and at last, in March, 1615, was released, without being pardoned, on his tempting the cupidity of James with circumstantial details of the mineral wealth of Guiana, and by offering to conduct an expedition there to open a gold-mine. With a fleet of thirteen ships he set sail, arrived on the coast in November, and sent a large party up the Orinoco, who, after having attacked and burnt the Spanish town of St. Thomas,—an engagement in which Raleigh's eldest son lost his life,—returned to their sick and mortified commander with the intelligence that they had failed to discover the mine. The accounts of what afterwards occurred in this ill-fated expedition are so confused and contradictory, that it is difficult to obtain a clear idea of the facts. It is sufficient that Raleigh returned to England, laboring under imputations of falsehood, treachery, and contemplated treason and piracy; and that he there found the Spanish ambassador clamoring in the court of James for his life. His ruin was resolved upon; and, as he never had been pardoned, it was thought more convenient to execute him on the old sentence than

to run the risk of a new trial for his alleged offences since. In other words, it was resolved to use the technicalities of law to violate its essence, and to employ certain legal refinements as instruments of murder. On the 29th of October, 1618, he was accordingly beheaded. His behavior on the scaffold was what might have been expected from the dauntless spirit which, in its experience of nearly the whole circle of human emotions, had never felt the sensation of fear. After vindicating his conduct in a manly and dignified speech to the spectators, he desired the headsman to show him the axe, which not being done at once, he said, "I pray thee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" After he had taken it in his hand, he felt curiously along the edge, and then smilingly remarked to the sheriff: "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases." After he had laid his head on the block, he was requested to turn it on the other side. "So the heart be right," he replied, "it is no matter which way the head lieth." After forgiving the headsman, and praying a few moments, the signal was made, which not being immediately followed by the stroke, Raleigh said to the executioner: "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" Two strokes of the axe, under which his frame did not shrink or move, severed his head from his body. The immense effusion of blood, in a man of sixty-six, amazed everybody that saw it. "Who would have thought," King James might have said, with another distinguished ornament of the royal house of Scotland, "that the old man had so much blood in him!" Yes, blood enough in his veins, and thought enough in his head, and heroism enough in his soul, to have served England for twenty years more, had folly and baseness not otherwise willed it!

The superabundant physical and mental vitality of this extraordinary man is seen almost equally in his actions and his writings. A courtier, riding abroad with the Queen in his

suit of silver armor, or in attendance at her court, dressed, as the antiquary tells us, in "a white satin doublet all embroidered with white pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck," he was still not imprisoned by these magnificent vanities, but could abandon them joyfully to encounter pestilential climates, and lead desperate maritime enterprises. As an orator he was not only powerful in the Commons, but persuasive with individuals. Nobody could resist his tongue. The Queen, we are told, "was much taken with his elocution, loved to hear his reasons, and took him for a kind of oracle." To his counsel, more than to any other man's, England was indebted for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. He spoke and wrote wisely and vigorously on policy and government, on naval architecture and naval tactics. Among his public services we may rank his claim to be considered the introducer into Europe of tobacco and the potato. In political economy, he anticipated the modern doctrine of free trade and freedom of industry; he first stated also the theory regarding population which is associated with the name of Malthus; and, though himself a gold-seeker, he saw clearly that gold had no peculiar preciousness beyond any other commodity, and that it was the value of what a nation derived from its colonies, and not the kind of value, which made colonies important. In intellectual philosophy Dugald Stewart admits that he anticipated his own leading doctrine in respect to "the fundamental laws of human belief." His curious and practical intellect, stung by all secrets, showed also an aptitude for the experimental investigation of natural phenomena.

And he was likewise a poet. It was one of his intentions to write an English epic; but his busy life only allowed him leisure for some miscellaneous pieces. Among these, his sonnet on his friend Spenser's "*Faery Queene*" would alone be sufficient to demonstrate the depth of his sentiment and the strength of his imagination:—

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;
(For they this Queen attended); in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse;
Hersat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief."

But his great literary work was his "*History of the World*," written during his imprisonment in the Tower. As might be supposed, his restless, insatiable, capacious, and audacious mind could not be content with the modern practice, even as followed by philosophical historians, of narrating events and elucidating laws. He began with the Creator and the creation, pressing into his service all the theology, the philosophy, and the metaphysics of his time, and boldly grappling with the most insoluble problems, even that of the Divine Essence. Nearly a half of the immense folio is confined to sacred history; and though the remaining portions, devoted to the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, are commonly considered the most readable, inasmuch as they exhibit Raleigh, the statesman and warrior, sociably treating of statesmen and warriors,—Raleigh, who had lived history, penetrating into the life of historical events,—we must confess to be more attracted by the earlier portions, which show us Raleigh the scholar, philosopher, and divine, in his attempts to probe the deepest secrets of existence, his brain crowded with all the foolish and all the wise sayings of Pagan philosophers and Christian fathers and schoolmen, and throwing his own judgments, with a quaint simplicity and a quaint audacity, into the general mass of theological and philosophical guessing he has accumulated. The style of the book is excellent,—clear, sweet, flexible, straightforward and business-like, discussing the question of the locality of Paradise as he would have discussed the question of an expedition

against Spain at the council-table of Elizabeth. There is an apocryphal story of his having completed another volume of the "History of the World," but on learning that his publisher had lost money by the first, he burnt his manuscript, not willing that so good a man should suffer any further harm through him. But the story must be false; for such tenderness to a publisher is equally against human nature and author nature.

The defect of Raleigh's character, even when his ends were patriotic and noble, was unscrupulousness, — a flashing impatience with all moral obstacles obtruded in the path of his designs. He had a too confident belief in the resources of his wit and courage, in the infallibility of his insight, foresight, and power of combination, in the unflagging vigor by which he had so often made

his will march abreast of his swiftest thought; and in carrying out his projects he sometimes risked his conscience with almost the same joyous recklessness with which he risked his life. The noblest passage in his "History of the World," that in which he condenses in the bold and striking image of a majestic tree the power of Rome, has some application to his own splendid rise and terrible fall. "We have left Rome," he says, "flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off; her limbs wither; and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field and cut her down."

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in peoples' eyes,
With H O N. and L L D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow! off they go! —
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;

You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I, are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF CHANCE.

FEW words, as commonly used, are so entirely false and misapplied as the word "chance." Sorrow and joy, health and sickness, success and failure, life and death, the most trifling as well as the most important events of life, are familiarly referred to chance. To the same cause the gamester ascribes his gains or losses, and the unbeliever the origin and continuance of the universe. I chanced, he chanced, it chanced,—all the inflections of the word are among the most common expressions of the language. Yet there is, there can be, no such thing as chance. Nothing ever chanced to happen. Whatever occurs is due to the antecedent operations of immutable law. Whatever takes place is the result of a cause, and can, therefore, in no way, be a chance occurrence. For an event to chance implies at once no cause. If it had a cause, it did not chance. The inquiring minds of this age are earnestly engaged in exploring natural law, and in tracing out its *modus operandi*. But the unphilosophic, or rather the unthinking, do not connect man's actions, sensations, emotions, and thoughts with the same far-reaching causes which make the earth revolve and the dew fall. Prepossessed with the idea of man's free-will, they are unable to connect his passions, appetites, aspirations, conceptions, with co-relations of forces in nature. All this is physical, earthy, belonging to matter; but man's mind, his impulses, his actions resulting from the impulses, are something very different and quite apart from such physical law.

Supposing this to be the case, that all these exhibitions of human power are *sui generis*, they are all as directly traceable to a cause as rain-drops to the cloud whence they fall,—directly, but not always readily traceable. The apparently causeless occurrence of events gives rise to the familiar thought

of chance. The hidden causes from which those events result may extend far into the past, may be manifold and vast in their workings. Human intelligence may not be able to trace them; their wonderful complexity and scope may altogether transcend man's limited comprehension. But the simplest, the most apparently fortuitous event is directly the result of forces coexistent with the universe. This may be called fatalism; but, style it as we may, such is the simple truth, and fatalism is only an equivalent term for the working of inevitable law governing the universe. Whatever man may reserve to himself as the motive of his own actions, certainly the events which occur without him, not emanating from him, result from the laws of nature, and are inevitable, because beyond his control. And these outer events influence him in every way: they are incentives to his actions, they sway his thoughts, impulses, and emotions.

Let us take a simple instance, and follow up a few of the antecedent causes of what seems to be mere chance. I chance to be struck on the head and killed by a brick falling from the hand of a mason, as I walk along the street. Here is certainly what may be called a chance occurrence. But what a multiplicity of causes combine directly and indirectly to produce this result. The brick fell because the support of the mason's hand was removed from beneath it,—one instance of the ever-acting law of gravitation. The mason dropped it because of the previous night's excess, which made him trembling and uncertain,—and here I might follow up the causes which led him to commit excesses, such as example, suffering, disappointments; and the causes which led the builder to undertake the erection of that house. I might go far back and trace the causes which led men to build brick houses. I was there

at that unfamiliar spot, at that time, because I was seeking a doctor for my child, who had slipped on an orange-peel and had broken his arm. Here is another series of secondary causes. The cause of his fall was the importation of a certain orange from Sicily. It was imported because oranges are edible, and he slipped because orange-peel is soft and yielding. I might go further than this, and trace the causes of ship-building, and thence to the cause of the turning of the magnetic needle to the north. Certainly the falling of the brick results from the force of gravity, the use of bricks in house-building, the use of the compass in sailing vessels. All these causes, which might be indefinitely extended, combine to make a direct series, without which the event could never have occurred. I was not there by chance, the mason was not there, the brick was not there, the orange-peel was not there, by chance. Their existence and influence, extending to the results of my death, were due to a wonderfully complex and far-reaching action of natural laws.

This is an event occurring outside of man's individuality, resulting in a consequence to him. When a similar occurrence results in protection or preservation of life, it is called providential. That is, Providence, the Deity, is supposed to come to rescue a human being from the results of his own laws. A boat's company is upset. All are drowned but one man, who has made a providential escape. The safety of that man is as directly due to laws governing the action of matter as the death resulting from the fall of the brick. But no one ever says providential death. An oar, being made of wood lighter than water, floats, — gravity again. The man was taught by his father to swim, because that father had lost a father by drowning, — other instances of gravity. He swims to the oar, and is buoyed up thereby. A vessel sails by, likewise enabled to sail by the force of gravity. The vessel was despatched by a merchant to a foreign port, the cause of the voyage being the deposi-

tion of guano on a Peruvian island. Guano is wanted because ammonia fertilizes plants. Now the safety of that man is directly traceable to the visits of certain sea-birds, years before, to a desert island. The laws which saved him were a combination of the different gravities of certain substances, the chemical action of ammonia on vegetation, the force of the wind that bore on the vessel, the desire of gain in the merchant, the nervous shock of the father who suffered the loss of his parent, and all the mingling ramifications, which might be traced indefinitely. The providential escape, that is, the chance safety, is as simply a result of cause as sunlight is the result of the sun. If these things be readily accounted for, it is because we can easily trace the primal influences to those ends. If we cannot explain others, it is because our imperfect powers fail to detect the antecedent, hidden causes, which are too complex, remote, and inappreciable. Cause is only antecedent action of persistent force, and nothing can take place which is not the result of it. Were it not so, every event would be something outside of and apart from nature, and therefore miraculous. We need scarcely recur to miracles, however, to explain occurrences which are obviously natural in their sequences. The more we know of Nature, the better we comprehend her workings, the more we discard the possibility of miracles. But, with all of our knowledge, the ignorance of men is surprising. In our own day recourse is had to the supernatural to account for novel phenomena, which, could we only trace them to their origin, would be found to be as simply natural as any familiar occurrence. From the earliest period of recorded history, ignorant men have looked outside of nature for the cause of what they could not understand. The savages were terrified at an eclipse, and thought their Great Spirit was angry. We might just as well say that the earth chances to come between the sun and the moon, every now and then, as to maintain that any of the co-ordina-

tions of events in life chance to occur. Had Adam possessed the necessary powers, he could have calculated the fall of that brick and the overturning of that boat as accurately as an astronomer to-day will calculate an eclipse which will be seen by the inhabitants of the earth thousands of years hence. We are able to calculate the orbits of the heavenly bodies; but the inconceivably complex workings of the forces of matter are infinitely beyond our petty powers. Yet, being eternal, they must ever work undeviatingly; and, consequently, their results are calculable, though not by finite human faculties.

Do these laws then rule over the minds of men as they do over their bodies? Is the will of man an exception to the influence of those far-reaching forces which sway matter with immutable certainty? Does a man chance to think, chance to feel, chance to desire? Free-will is chance. Because if thoughts, feelings, and desires do not arise from some stimulus, some incentive, some outer influence, then they chance to occur. As in the physical world nothing occurs without antecedent impulse, so mind must remain inert, or else be moved by either antecedent impulse or chance. If those thoughts and feelings have no cause, then they certainly chance to exist. Let us, as before, take an example. I am asked to take a glass of wine. Certainly, if I have free-will, I can elect to say yes or no. No simpler exercise of free-will could well be given. And yet the answer will be a direct, irresistible result of antecedent cause utterly beyond my control. My head aches badly; I say no. I am perfectly well; I say yes. I dislike wine; I say no. I like it, and say yes. Here my differing physical state dictates the reply. I have an engagement, and cannot stop; I say no. I am at leisure, and say yes. I am fond of wine, but my brother was a drunkard, and the trouble I have endured influences me to shun the temptation; I say no. I never saw a man drunk, and say yes. I have promised my parents not to drink wine; I say

no. My parents offer it to me freely; I say yes. Here previous pain and previous resolution, my connection with others, compel the negative answer. I neither dislike nor like wine, I am not biassed in any way, I have perfect freedom to decide; but I dislike you, and do not wish to accept your politeness. My enmity overbears my courtesy, or I don't like wine, but I wish to please you; I have a motive for being agreeable. My impulse of friendship towards you is stronger than my impulse of aversion to the wine. In all these cases, and they might be extensively multiplied, my simple yes or no is directly determined by some physical status, some antecedent impulse, some mental stimulus. My feeling, my thought, and my decision are results which may go far back in time and to remote place to seek their cause. Indeed, we cannot imagine a state of the mind or body not the direct result of long antecedent influence.

All thought is a result. It is never original, never self-existent, self-beginning. More delicate than grosser physical phenomena, thought and its consequent action are as directly derivative from incident stimulus as the electric current is from chemical dissolution. Though it is difficult, impossible, to trace thought back to its remote or immediate stimulus, it is evident, from the manifold cases in which such tracing can be made, that the impossible cases are those in which the stimulus is recondite and hidden. Free-will is either a chance mental impulse, having no dependence upon antecedent stimulus or impulse, or else it creates itself out of nothing with a motive. If it have a motive, it is no longer free-will; for it is the result of something impelling the impulse. Thus free-will is an impossible thing in a being whose mental, as well as physical, attributes are derivative, and are swayed in their slightest action by the influences of inheritance and environment. All thought is but a reflex of previous sensation. The wildest fancy, the most soaring imagination, only reproduce in

memory sensations previously experienced. Such faculties never create,—they reassemble. The reassemblage may be heterogeneous; parts of many images may be combined in a new whole; but the new images are all made up of previously experienced cerebral sensations. If it were not so, the poet's page and the painter's canvas would be utterly incomprehensible to others. An object portrayed and a thought expressed must represent what is known, to possess any meaning. The mind cannot conceive anything which has not, in its ultimate detail, a prototype in nature. We cannot imagine anything out of nature. The Devil may be figured with horns, hoofs, and tail. No such creature is known to exist; but horns, hoofs, and tails are all common in the animal creation. We may collect in strange groupings the images of things which are novel in such groupings; but analyze them, and we shall find that the component parts are all reproductions of more or less familiar forms. It is the same with abstract thought, which we cannot free from its dependence on memory. Without memory there is no thought. What is memory, but a cerebral sensation reiterated under the same repeated stimulus, or awakened, secondarily, by a chain of stimuli which act mnemonically? Thought and memory are, to a certain extent, identical; a reproduction of cerebral sensations previously felt, but mingling in new combinations. Insanity furnishes many illustrations of a confused memory assembling a strange, incoherent, because unnatural, combination of previously experienced brain motions. Dreams are likewise unnatural series of faint sensations occurring in meaningless sequence,—meaningless, because different from their combination in the actual occurrences which they distortedly reproduce. An insane fancy and a strange dream are like the scrap-work, once common, in which all sorts of figures are pasted together in every conceivable position, having no natural connection with each other, and mingled in a

chaotic manner. Thought is a cerebral sensation, of an infinitely delicate and mobile character, responding to the touch of some stimulus, often recognized, oftener hidden. Long trains of sequential thoughts are as directly initiated by a sight, a sound, or an odor, as a magnetic current is by the touch of a magnet; the sequences being identical with those which before answered to the same influence. Memory thus becomes a reiteration of previously experienced sensations. Our thoughts are often so strongly sensations that we cannot rid ourselves of them, any more than we can of disease. They infest us, and defy our will. They well up within us like spasms of pain. They sway our bodies with their sympathetic action. Fear, love, jealousy, and anger are thoughts, and the influence they exert on our bodies, by communicated nervous force, is as powerful as that produced by drugs. We sit alone in solitude, and memory is aroused, not from outer stimulus, but from coincident brain motion. We feel the same as we previously felt, our nerves are vibrated as they were at the sight of the loved or the hated. As time elapses, these sensations become fainter, from the inability of the brain to react upon the impulse, until they are only experienced at wide intervals, as some more powerful stimulus than usual is applied, which may come in a sight or a sound or an odor. Finally, utter forgetfulness ensues, when the brain refuses to respond to the stimulus. What our brains have recently felt, they are readiest to repeat. We therefore remember distinctly a recently seen or often-seen object. For an instant after an object is removed we see it almost as clearly as before. If we shut our eyes suddenly, after gazing at it, we retain the full sensation that it makes on our brain for a recognizable time; this continuance being the unexpired motion of the nerves, originating in the light from the object which touches them. So with our thoughts. They fade away with the lapse of time; and, if some remain

more permanently than others, it is because the brain, for some unknown reason, answers longer and more readily to the stimulus which awakens them. We retain the sensations aroused by an exciting scene with great freshness, and recall it with great vividness; but gradually the newer sensations, aroused by later influences, occupy the brain. Gradually our ability to experience them passes away, and no stimulus can recall them. The poignant grief of youth cannot be reawakened in age by any mnemonic stimulus. The time arrives when all ability to recall the event which caused it disappears. When we reflect upon the myriad brain sensations, the thoughts and emotions of our past lives, of which so few now remain or can be recalled, and what a vast number have passed away, utterly beyond the power of repetition, we can understand that these thoughts and emotions are states of our nervous structures, which disappear when their causes are removed, which reappear when those causes are repeated,—if our structure remains identical, if we have not too much changed,—and which cannot be reiterated when our substance has so far differentiated that the same incident force cannot produce the same result as at first.

The incident force which initiates all these changes of thought, as well as the vast ramifications of all the physical and psychical phenomena of nature, is fixed in immutable law. As no change in the physical status of nature takes place without a cause, so no

change in the mind of man occurs without a cause. We may not detect it; but it exists. The action of the human brain is no exception to the laws which govern matter. If it thinks, it is because something made it think. It answers to some direct stimulus, and the answer is thought.

It may be said that chance exists in the reference of one event to another. The falling of the brick had no connection with the child's broken arm; it was therefore a chance occurrence in that relationship of events. But this is merely our finite ignorance. If I had perceptions and power to grasp all the ramifications of all the forces of nature, I should have traced out the coincident fall of the brick with my unusual walk as readily as I trace the passing of the earth between the sun and the moon on such a year, hour, minute, second. The only difference is that in the first case the workings of those laws are far beyond the measure of my faculties. The great motive-powers of the universe all move in obedience to eternal law, out of the action of which has arisen the present status of that universe. There is no exception. If there seem to be, it is because of human ignorance and weakness. The deeper we examine into these laws, the more wonderfully comprehensive they appear, holding the great host of suns in their orbits, and inciting the human brain to a thought of love. The idea of chance vanishes from us in the contemplation of their vast complexity and invariable action.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year of our Lord 1845, I, William Ayres, formerly Surgeon of the —th Regiment H. E. I. C. S., resigned my commission; packed up my worldly possessions, which are few; bade farewell to my friends, who are numerous; and sailed in the steamer *Vivid*, Belknap commander, for London. The cause of my departure was threefold: firstly, I was too old for the service; secondly, I was weary of it; thirdly, it was, as I had good reason to suppose, weary of me. And I had seen enough of life to enable me to appreciate the advantages to be derived from a graceful withdrawal from office, while still capable of doing some good and inspiring some regret; I had a very strong dislike and dread of lingering until younger and better men were impatient to step into my shoes, and even my best friends were led to wish that I could realize my advancing infirmities.

Such, briefly stated, were the reasons for my resignation. I landed in England in the summer of 1845, and in the following autumn took up my abode at No. 9 Lansdowne Crescent, Cheltenham, in company with my old friend and comrade, Major Buckstone, also of the —th, who is, like myself, verging upon seventy, gray-haired, and a bachelor.

We live very comfortably together; so comfortably that we are no more inclined than was that most genial of bachelors, Charles Lamb, to go out upon the mountains and bewail our celibacy. I have not taken up my pen to-day, however (and for the convenience of the reader I will inform him that I am writing on the fourth day of August, 1846), — I have not taken up my pen to-day, I repeat, for the purpose of dwelling upon the history or habits of two quiet old men, neither of whom can make any pretensions to a claim upon public in-

terest. But I was reminded, not long since, of a singular event in my life, which I have often thought of committing to paper, when I had the leisure and the disposition to do so; and just now I have both.

I was strolling leisurely about town the other day, enjoying my cigar and the shop windows, when I was attracted by a water-color drawing of the quaint old town and Abbey of Tewkesbury. How familiar to me were those gray walls; the tall tower, on the very top of which the wall-flowers wave, just as those others did, upon which, as a boy, I often cast a longing eye; those low, moss-grown headstones, slanting in all possible and impossible directions; and, beyond, the sunny meadows. A fair, peaceful spot, but one which I will never willingly visit again, easy of access and pleasant as it is.

Writing on this quiet summer morning, with the sun shining through the open windows, and, distinctly audible, the shrill chattering of old Lady Scrampton's parrot two doors off, and the scarcely less shrill voices of two dowagers who have stopped their Bath chairs beneath my window, and are arguing volubly, — even now a strange terror possesses me as I recall what I once saw and heard in Tewkesbury more than forty years ago. Those scenes have been long absent from my memory. I have striven to forget them altogether, but in vain; and I will no longer hesitate about giving them to the world.

Early on the morning of the 4th of December, 1799, I arrived at Tewkesbury in a violent snow-storm, and put up at the Angel, intending to remain there through the day, and go on to Gloucester by the night mail. From Gloucester I intended to go to Laceham on a visit to a married sister who lived there, and from Laceham to London, where I had already begun life as a surgeon. I had business to transact which took me

to a certain village near Tewkesbury, and it was late in the day when I began my walk back. As I made my way through the deep snow, however, I came to the conclusion that it would be impassable for a coach and four; and I was confirmed in my opinion by the landlord of the Angel, who was evidently much relieved by my arrival, and who at once declared that there was small prospect of my getting away from the Angel for two days at least.

"I never saw such a storm in my life, sir," he concluded. "The snow is near two feet deep already, and falling fast."

After spending two hours in pacing the bar-room, looking at my watch, comparing it with the inn clock, and then running to the door to see if there were any signs of the coach, by which means I increased my impatience tenfold, I decided to make the best of my situation, and retired to a private room, called for some gin and hot water, put my feet into slippers, and settled myself comfortably for the evening. I was the more disposed to be contented, as the storm had increased in violence, the snow was deepening fast, and it was so bitterly cold and dreary without as to enhance my sense of the warmth and comfort within. The room in which I was seated was a small parlor on the ground-floor of the Angel, with casement windows, a tolerably large fireplace in which a generous fire was blazing, a dining-table, a large easy-chair, and last, though not least, an ample screen, so placed as to exclude the draughts of air which swept under the door. I was comfortable enough, with one exception. I had neglected to put a book in my portmanteau, and an examination of the stores of the Angel resulted in the discovery of a torn copy of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," which I had read several times, and a soiled file of country newspapers, none less than a year old. I looked them over carelessly, as they lay on the table, and was pushing them away in disgust, when it occurred to me that they might at least serve to keep me awake, and I accordingly se-

lected one and began to read. But the comfortable fire, the good dinner, and the gin I had taken were too much for me, and in five minutes I was asleep. I woke up in about half an hour with a sudden start, and, highly disgusted with myself for my weakness, fixed my eyes on the paper, determined to read steadily for an hour. But my mind wandered, and my eyelids drooped in spite of my efforts. I did indeed keep my eyes open, but they fixed themselves vaguely on the paper, and for five minutes I had been staring at the same column, when a paragraph caught my eye, and I was suddenly roused to a full consciousness of what I had been reading. It was headed "Shocking Occurrence," and ran as follows: "The distinguished member for Cumberland, the Right Honorable Harrington Carteret Huntingdon of Huntingdon Hall and Averdean Manor, Cumberland, was found murdered at the latter residence on the 24th of September last. It will doubtless be recollected that for the past two weeks public curiosity has been much excited relative to the disappearance of the unfortunate gentleman, and it may be a melancholy satisfaction to his numerous friends and admirers to be informed of the few particulars connected with his disastrous fate. On Friday, the 8th of September, Mr. Huntingdon left home on horseback, to attend a public meeting at Cleveham, ten miles away. He declined the attendance of his groom, saying that he should probably not be at home until late, and that he preferred to ride alone. He arrived at Cleveham at eight o'clock, took the chair of the meeting, and, after having discharged the business of the evening with his accustomed clearness and despatch, delivered a brief but forcible address, and left early, alleging, as an excuse for his abrupt departure, the fact that he had business at home, and wished to return as early as possible. That home he never again entered. His horse was found the next morning wandering on Maxon Moor, on the other side of the county; and no one, it seems, had seen Mr. Huntingdon after

he quitted Cleveham on the previous night. The animal, though spirited and powerful, was completely under the control of his distinguished master, who possessed in a remarkable degree the rare and enviable *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Any supposition, therefore, that Mr. Huntingdon was killed by a fall from his horse was groundless; and although a search was at once instituted, and conducted by Messrs. Smith and Belrow, of London, with their usual skill and perseverance, nothing whatever was discovered, and his untimely fate might ever have remained a mystery, had it not been discovered by an accident. A laborer employed on the Clareville estate, which joins Averdean Manor, had occasion to pass through Averdean, and, on passing the manor-house, noticed, to his surprise, that the hall door was open, and had evidently been open for some time, as a quantity of dried leaves had drifted in, and were strewn over the hall. He was the more surprised as he recollected the fact that the manor-house had been closed for many years, having never been occupied during the lifetime of the present possessor or his father. The man, influenced by the curiosity peculiar to his class, proceeded to examine the house. At the end of one of the four corridors which lead from the great hall of Averdean to different parts of the house, he perceived an open door. As he approached nearer, he saw Mr. Huntingdon seated at a table, and apparently engaged in writing. His horror may be imagined when the lamented gentleman was found to be a corpse. The table was strewn with writing-materials, and the unfortunate gentleman had been engaged in writing a notice of the death of his wife, who expired, it seems, on the 20th of August, at Hyères, in France. In all probability the assassin approached from behind, and struck Mr. Huntingdon while absorbed in writing. The wound was in the jugular vein, and the weapon with which it was inflicted—a small Italian stiletto—was found in the corridor, having evidently

been thrown away by the assassin in his flight. The house was searched, but no further trace of the murderer was discovered, nor did there seem to have been any attempt to rifle the body, which, though much decomposed, was found evidently in the attitude which Mr. Huntingdon had assumed before he was struck, and one which was very common with him. His right hand still held the pen, and rested on the table; the left was thrust into his breast. Everything seems to indicate the fact that the murderer fled the moment the horrible deed was committed, probably alarmed by some sound. A purse containing forty sovereigns was found in the pocket of Mr. Huntingdon's coat; and his signet-ring, a large and valuable emerald, with the Huntingdon coat of arms deeply engraven upon it, on the little finger of his right hand. His overcoat, hat, and whip were thrown on a chair, near the door, together with the report of a benevolent society in which he was interested, and which Mr. Barton of Cleveham recollects having handed him on the evening he was last seen. Mr. Huntingdon appears to have used this room—the only one at Averdean which bears any traces of habitation—as a place where he could write, undisturbed by the interruptions to which he was liable at Huntingdon. The table was littered with the proof-sheets of a political pamphlet, written with his accustomed ability. The deepest interest has been felt in his unhappy end, and immense rewards are offered for the discovery of the murderer. The funeral is to take place on Monday next, and a large concourse of the nobility and gentry of the county will probably be present. Mr. Huntingdon was particularly distinguished for his interest in benevolent pursuits, and for the remarkable, we had almost said magical, influence which he obtained over individuals as well as masses. Death has put an untimely end to his illustrious, useful, and honorable career. His late wife was the only child of the Right Honorable Charles Huntingdon Cartaret, of Carteret Castle, and Branthope

Grange, Cumberland, and of the Countess Alixe La Baume de Lascours. She was her husband's first-cousin, and by her death he became her heir. As the unfortunate couple have left no children, the vast estates of Huntingdon and Carteret, in default of heirs, pass to the Crown."

By the time I had finished this extract I was thoroughly awake. I sat leaning over the soiled, crumpled paper, and mentally living over the horrible tragedy which it depicted in such set and stilted phrases. I thought of the murdered man waiting in his dreary, empty house, — waiting through long days and nights, until some one came to give rest to his dishonored dust and avenge his death. I pictured to myself the assassin creeping stealthily down the dark corridor, and nearer and nearer the unconscious victim, whom a glance, a breath, a footfall, might have saved. I was dwelling upon all this with an intensity which was far from soothing to my nerves, when a light tap on the window behind me brought me to my feet with a bound. I went to the window, lifted the curtain, and looked out, but saw nothing but the snow already piled on the outer sill, and the fast-falling flakes driven against it by the violence of the wind. I dropped the curtain, and after walking round the room on a tour of inspection, of which I was somewhat ashamed, came to the conclusion that my nerves had played me a trick, and, taking my post before the fire, resolutely turned my thoughts in a different channel. Some fifteen minutes elapsed, during which time I had (mentally) arrived in London, become a distinguished practitioner, and was just about setting up a genteel brougham, with a man in livery, when the silence of the house was suddenly broken. Steps stamped along the narrow passage which led to my room. There was a confusion of voices, a rush, a sharp, terrified cry; then the slamming of a door, and silence once more. Soon after, the landlord presented himself at my door, candle in hand.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you,

Doctor, I'm sure," he began in rather a tremulous tone; "but there's a poor cretur in the kitchen, — Lord knows where she's come from, but she seems quite wild like, — and being as how she's unwilling to let the women come anigh her, perhaps you would see what you can do."

I went forthwith to the kitchen. A group of servants were huddled near the door, and in the farthest corner of the room, crouched down with her back to the wall, and her pale face and terrified dark eyes turned with a mixture of fear and menace towards them, was a tall and powerfully formed woman. Her profuse dark hair, already streaked with gray, clung wet and dishevelled about her shoulders. Her features — finely moulded and beautiful they must have been once — were sharpened by an agony of fear which I have never seen before or since in any human creature. I did not wonder that the landlady, half compassionate and half frightened, stood near the door, dreading the menace which such supreme terror invariably conveys, and that the maids and men were equally afraid to approach.

As I advanced, followed by the landlady, she rose slowly from her crouching attitude and surveyed me. I paused within a few steps of her, that she might see that I had no evil intentions regarding her, and spoke.

"Do not be frightened," said I, gently, "we mean you no harm; but you must not crouch in the corner there: come out and let the landlady make you comfortable. You are cold and wet, and must be hungry too, I'm sure."

She still gazed at me without speaking, or relaxing in the least her look of terror.

"Come," said I, gently, approaching still nearer, and extending my hand, — "come, let me take you to the fire."

She made no reply; and, as I again paused, I had a full opportunity to observe her. She was, as I have said, remarkably tall, large, and, as I now saw, symmetrically formed. Her feet were bare and bleeding, but so delicate

and beautiful as alone to give an idea of her rank, even if that had not been already visible in every attitude and feature. Her dress hung in rags about her, wet, soiled, and defaced, but enough of its former character remained to show that it had been rich and dainty; and over her shoulders hung a coarse black cloak, like those worn by the Sisters of Mercy in Belgium; her right hand was busily searching among the folds of her dress.

"Come," I repeated, approaching still nearer, and laying my hand on her shoulder.

A wild cry burst from her lips, and with a bound she eluded my grasp and made for the door; but the landlord placed himself in her way, and, suddenly turning back, she sprang upon me, clasping me close with her left hand, while her right still sought something in the folds of her dress.

"It is *gone!*" she screamed, suddenly relaxing her hold of me and sinking down on the floor,—"it is *gone!* I remember I threw it away,—it is *gone!*"

Now that she had spoken, I felt that it was safe to proceed to action; and, with the help of the landlord and Boots, I lifted and carried her, still struggling and screaming, to a room which had been hastily prepared for her. It was a small room with a fireplace, a mantel-piece, over which hung a small oval looking-glass, a window, and a low flock-bed. Plain and simple as it was, and so small as to be fully lit by the fire, and the lamp which burned on the mantel-piece, it seemed to inspire the poor, delirious creature with new terror. We laid her upon the bed, where presently she had to be held by two strong men; and I took my position beside her to wait and watch. As her ravings and delirious strength increased, her terror of us visibly diminished. Soon she was blind to everything but the dark shadows of her own tortured fancy, and deaf to any voice from the outer world; but she struggled with fearful strength, and her restless, disjointed talk, made up of French and English, and with a

continual, agonized, terrified reference to the something she had lost,—*what* it was she never mentioned,—went on unceasingly through the long winter night. I soon saw plainly enough that she was no maniac. Hers was as clear a case of brain-fever as I ever saw in my life; brought on, doubtless, in the first instance, by some shock, and aggravated by subsequent privation, exposure, and an habitual dread, which was plainly evident in all she dropped in her delirium. I have said that it was a clear case of brain-fever; it was also the most acute that I have ever seen in my life. Since then I have seen some terrible cases, though then it was the first I had ever come in contact with, of any severity at least, and I was proportionably interested in it. I doubted my power to save this poor wanderer, but she was an interesting study to me, and I was not quite free from a desire to know something of her history; so that when the cold gray dawn of the winter morning drew on, and showed no abatement of the storm, I was rather relieved than otherwise by the landlord's prophecy that the coach would not be able to come through that day. His prophecy proved correct; and, before the day drew to its close, I was far too much interested to relinquish my patient. I resolved, therefore, to abandon my visit to Laceyham, and to remain at Tewkesbury until forced to fulfil my engagements in London. Henceforth, for several days and nights, my interests were bounded by the narrow pallet where the poor stricken wanderer tossed and raved. The fever burned fiercely for ten days, and before they had passed I had abandoned all hope of saving her; but I knew that when the fire had burned out, when the delirium was spent, when the storm was lulled, some calm moments would follow before the final silence, and for those I resolved to wait. For this woman, coming out of the darkness on that dreary December night, must have had a history, and a tragical one. Some terrible grief had driven her forth upon the wide world, pursued by—WHAT?

That I could not yet discover. At last, after the tenth day, when the fever had spent itself, and she lay still and silent, the nurse came to me as I sat dozing from sheer fatigue in my chair by the fire.

"She's awake, sir, now, and sensible, I think."

I went to the bed; the patient lay quite still, her dark eyes wide open, and calm save for the hovering fear which always dwelt there.

"Where am I?" said she, as I approached her. "Where are the Sisters?"

"They are not here," said I, gently. "I am your physician, and I am glad to see you looking so well."

The dread already visible in her face increased; she made an ineffectual effort to raise her head from the pillow, but, finding herself too weak, let it fall back with an impatient sigh, still looking at me with parted lips, as if longing, yet fearing, to speak.

"You may go now," I said, turning to the nurse, "and I will send for you if I want you."

She went, closed the door, and left us alone together.

"You wanted to ask me some question?" said I, turning back to the bed.

"Yes; sit down, if you please"; and she motioned to the chair beside her.

"Where am I?" she repeated.

"At the Angel, in Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire," said I, surprised, in spite of myself, at her evident ignorance of the locality.

"Who brought me here?" she continued.

"No one," said I. "You were found wandering in the streets on the night of the 4th of December, nearly two weeks ago."

Again she opened her lips to speak, and again closed them; finally she said, "Who are you?"

"Your physician, Dr. Ayres," said I, reassuringly; for I saw that she still felt a certain dread of me. "I happened to be staying here when you were brought in, and you have since

been so ill that I have not been disposed to leave you."

Her brows contracted, and her dark eyes dilated, as I said this.

"Did *he* send you?" she asked, raising herself on her elbow, and looking me full in the face with a sudden return of the terror I had witnessed on the night of her arrival.

"No," said I, "certainly not; I do not know whom you mean. You forget that I neither know your name, nor anything about you."

She had lain down again as I spoke.

"Ah! but he has been here," she murmured half to herself. "He is never long away. I can never, never, never escape!" Her voice rose to a hoarse shriek as she said this.

"You only do yourself harm by such excitement," said I, authoritatively. "Lie down again, and I promise that he shall not hurt you. You are quite safe here."

"Safe!" she repeated with the strangest laugh,—"safe! Charlotte Cartret will never be safe or quiet even in the grave. Have you not seen him? he has been here,—he is gone now, but he will come again. O, he will,—he will,—or is he dead?"

"He shall not see you, he shall not hurt you," I answered; "I promise to protect you."

"Protect me!" she repeated, with a sigh as dreary as her laugh had been strange. "None living can do that."

I was about to reply, but she stopped me by a slight wave of the hand, and, fixing her dark eyes on the opposite wall, seemed to make an effort to recall something. She lay a long time thus. At length she murmured, "I see now; I remember all,—all. I know—" Then suddenly interrupting herself, and bending a calm, intelligent glance upon me, "I have been very ill,—have I not?"

"Very ill."

"Am I better now? I feel quite calm and free from pain."

I paused; there was no hope of recovery for her, no prospect even of lingering on the journey on which she

was bound; a few hours, a day or two at most, was all left to her of life, but I shrank from saying so.

My patient aided me. "Must I die? Am I dying now?"

She answered my silence, "I must."

"How soon, Doctor?"

"You may live several days yet."

"Then I have something to do. Get pen and paper, Doctor."

I went to my portfolio, which lay in the window-seat, selected some writing-materials, and sat down beside her.

"What time is it?" said she.

"It is late in the afternoon."

"And how long can I live?—until midnight?"

"Yes."

"Proceed then, Doctor; write as I tell you; put the date."

I wrote it.

"Now write, This is my true confession. Now, Doctor, give me the paper,—no, not this sheet, but all. I will write my name here at the end; my

hand may not be strong enough by and by."

I held the paper for her, but her hand, already weak and trembling, refused to perform its office. "Lift me higher," she said, impatiently; "give me some cordial, Doctor. I must write my name there,—*I must*, I tell you."

I brought more pillows, lifted her up, and, after administering a strengthening draught, again held the paper for her, while she slowly and painfully wrote her name. Bending over her shoulder I read:—

"Charlotte Alixe La Baume Huntingdon,
née De Lascours Carteret."

"Now," she said, when she had relinquished the pen and lain down again,—"now write,—write quickly; it is a long story and the time is short,—*Very* short; make haste, Doctor."

I began to write at once; and every word of that story, and the tones of her voice as she told it, are fresh in my memory still.

THE ISLAND OF MADDALENA.

WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF CAPRERA.

BEFORE leaving Florence for a trip to Corsica, in which I intended to include, if possible, the island of Sardinia, I noticed that the Rubattino steamers touched at Maddalena, on their way from Bastia to Porto Torres. The island of Maddalena, I knew, lay directly over against Caprera, separated by a strait not more than two or three miles in breadth, and thus a convenient opportunity was offered of visiting the owner and resident of the latter island, the illustrious General Giuseppe Garibaldi. I have no special passion for making the personal acquaintance of distinguished men, unless it happens that there is some point of mutual inter-

est concerning which intelligence may be given or received. In this case, I imagined there was such a point of contact. Having followed the fortunes of Italy for the past twenty years, with the keen sympathy which springs from a love for the land, and having been so near the events of the last unfortunate expedition against Rome as to feel from day to day the reflection of those events in the temper of the Italian people, I had learned, during a subsequent residence in Rome, certain facts which added to the interest of the question, while they seemed still more to complicate its solution. There were some things I felt an explanation of which (so far as he

would be able to give it) might be asked of Garibaldi without impropriety, and which he could communicate without any necessity of reserve.

Another and natural sentiment was mingled with my desire to meet the hero of Italian unity. I knew how shamefully he had been deceived in certain respects, before undertaking the expedition which terminated so fruitlessly at Mentana, and could, therefore, guess the mortification which accompanied him in his imprisonment (for such it virtually is) at Caprera. While, therefore, I should not have sought an interview after the glorious Sicilian and Calabrian campaign, or when the still excited world was reading Nélaton's bulletins from Spezzia, — so confounding myself with the multitude who always admire the hero of the day, and risk their necks to shake hands with him, — I felt a strong desire to testify such respect as the visit of a stranger implies, in Garibaldi's day of defeat and neglect.

"I did not praise thee, when the crowd,
Witched with the moment's inspiration,
Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud,
And stamped their dusty adoration." *

Of all the people who crowded to see him at Spezzia in such throngs that a false Garibaldi, with bandaged foot, was arranged to receive the most of them, there is no trace now. The same Americans who come from Paris chanting pæans to Napoleon III., go to Rome and are instantly stricken with sympathy for Pius IX., and a certain respect for the Papacy, temporal power included. They give Caprera a wide berth. Two or three steadfast English friends do what they can to make the hero's solitude pleasant, and he has still, as always, the small troop of Italian followers, who never forsake him, because they live from his substance.

Before deciding to visit Caprera, I asked the candid advice of some of the General's most intimate friends in Florence. They assured me that scarcely any one had gone to see him for months past; that a visit from an American, who sympathized with the great and

generous aims to which he has devoted his life, could not be otherwise than welcome; and, while offering me cordial letters of introduction, declared that this formality was really unnecessary. It was pleasant to hear him spoken of as a man whose refined amiability of manner was equal to his unselfish patriotism, and who was as simple, unpretending, and accessible personally, as he was rigorously democratic in his political utterances.

I purposely shortened my tour in Corsica, in order to take the Italian steamer which touches at Bastia, on its way to Maddalena. Half smothered in the sultry heat, we watched the distant smoke rounding the rocks of Capraja, and the steamer had no sooner anchored outside the mole, than we made haste to embark. The cloth was already spread over the skylight on the quarter-deck, and seven plates denoted six fellow-passengers. Two of these were ladies, two Italians, with an old gentleman, who proved to be English, although he looked the least like it, and an unmistakable Garibaldian, in a red shirt. The latter was my *vis-à-vis* at table, and it was not long before he startled the company by exclaiming: "In fifty years we shall have the Universal Republic!"

After looking around the table, he fixed his eyes on me, as if challenging assent.

"In five hundred years, perhaps," I said.

"But the priests will go down soon!" he shouted; "and as for that brute," (pointing with his fork towards Corsica,) "who rules there, his time is soon up."

As nobody seemed inclined to reply, he continued: "Since the coming of the second Jesus Christ, Garibaldi, the work goes on like lightning. As soon as the priests are down, the Republic will come."

This man, so one of the passengers informed me, had come on board *en bourgeois*, but, as the steamer approached Corsica, he suddenly appeared on deck in his red shirt. After we left Bastia, he resumed his former costume. In

* Lowell, Ode to Lamartine.

the capacity to swagger, he surpassed any man I had seen since leaving home. His hair hung about his ears, his nose was long, his beard thick and black, and he had the air of a priest rather than a soldier, — but it was an air which pompously announced to everybody: "Garibaldi is the Second Christ, and I am his Prophet!"

Over the smooth sea we sped down the picturesque Corsican coast. An indentation in the grand mountain chain showed us the valley of the Golo; then came the heights of Vescovato, where Filippini wrote the history of the island, and Murat took refuge after losing his Neapolitan kingdom; then, Cervione, where the fantastic King Theodore, the First and Last, held his capital; after which night fell upon the shores, and we saw only mountain phantoms in the moonlight.

At sunrise the steward called me.

"We are passing the *bocca*," — the Straits of Bonifacio, — said he, "and will soon be at Maddalena."

It was an archipelago of rocks in which the steamer was entangled. All around us, huge gray masses, with scarcely a trace of vegetation, rose from the wave; in front, the lofty, dark-blue, serrated mountains of Sardinia pierced the sky, and far to the right faded the southern shores of Corsica. But, bleak and forsaken as was the scene, it had a curious historical interest. As an opening between the islands disclosed the white rocks, citadel, and town of Bonifacio, some fifteen miles distant, I remembered the first important episode in the life of Napoleon. It was in the year 1792, while Pascal Paoli was still President of Corsica. An expedition against Sardinia having been determined upon by the Republic, Napoleon, after, perhaps, the severest struggle of his life, was elected second in command of the battalion of Ajaccio. A work* written by M. Nasica, of the latter place, gives a singular picture of the fierce family feuds which preceded the election. It was the commence-

ment of that truly Corsican *vendetta* between Pozzo di Borgo and the future emperor, which only terminated when the latter was able to say, after Waterloo: "I have not killed Napoleon, but I have thrown the last shovelful of earth upon him."

The first attempt of the expedition was to be directed against the island of Maddalena. A battery was planted on the uninhabited rock of Santa Teresa (beside which we passed), and Maddalena was bombarded, but without effect. Napoleon prepared a plan for its capture, but Colonna, the first in command, refused to allow him to make the attempt. A heated discussion took place in the presence of the other officers, and Napoleon, becoming at last indignant and impatient, turned to the latter, and said: "He does n't know what I mean."

"You are an insolent fellow," retorted Colonna.

Napoleon muttered, as he turned away: "We have only a *cheval de parade* for commander."

At Bonifacio, afterwards, his career came near being suddenly terminated. Some Marseilles marines who landed there provoked a quarrel with the soldiers of the Corsican battalion. Napoleon interfered to restore order, whereupon he was seized by the fierce Marseillaise, who would have hung him to a lamp-post, but for the timely aid of the civil authorities. The disfavor of Paoli, who was at that time under the control of Pozzo di Borgo, finally drove Napoleon from Corsica; so that the machinations of his bitterest enemy really forced him into the field where he was so suddenly and splendidly successful.

While we were recalling this fateful fragment of history, the steamer entered the narrow strait between Maddalena and the main-land of Sardinia, and at the same moment two stately French vessels made their appearance, crossing tracks on the route between Marseilles and the Orient. The rocky island of San Stefano, lying opposite Maddalena, forms a sheltered harbor, which Caprera,

* *Mémoires sur l'enfance et la jeunesse de Napoléon*. Ajaccio, 1853.

rising eastward against the sea, renders completely landlocked. But what a wild, torn, distorted, desolate panorama! A thin sprinkling of lavender, rosemary, and myrtle serves but to set off the cold gray of the granite rocks; the summits rise in natural bastions, or thrust out huge fangs or twisted horns. There is nowhere any softening of these violent outlines. They print themselves on the farthest distance, and one is not surprised that the little village of Maddalena, the white house on Caprera, and two or three fishing-huts on the Sardinian shore, are the only signs of human habitation.

Beside the village, however, there was a little valley, near the head of which a cool, white villa, perched on a mass of rocks, shone against the rugged background.

"That is my place," said the old Englishman, "and I shall be happy to see you there."

"I shall certainly come, if we have time enough after visiting Caprera," I replied.

The Englishman, an entire stranger, was very kind in his offers of service; the Garibaldian was so pompous and arrogant in his manner, that I soon perceived that no assistance could be expected from him. Nevertheless, chance threw us into the same boat, on landing in the little harbor. I had ascertained that there was a hotel, kept by one Remigio, in Maddalena; and although one of "our mutual friends" had advised me to go directly to Caprera, — Garibaldi's hospitality being as certain as sunrise, or the change of the tide, — I determined to stop with Remigio, and forward my letters. When the Prophet of the Second Coming stepped on shore, he was accosted by an old veteran, who wore a red shirt and blue goggles. They embraced and kissed each other, and presently came up another weather-beaten person, with an unmistakably honest and amiable face, who was hailed with the name of "Basso!"

I knew the name as that of one of Garibaldi's most faithful followers, and as the boat, meanwhile, had been re-

tained to convey the party to Caprera, I stepped up to Basso and the Prophet and asked: "Will one of you be good enough to take these letters to General Garibaldi, and let the boatman bring me word when it will be convenient for him to receive me?"

"Certainly," said the Prophet, taking the letters, and remarking, as he pointed to Basso, "*this is the General's secretary.*"

The latter made a modest gesture, disclaiming the honor, and said: "No; *you know* that you are really his secretary."

The boat shoved off with them. "It is a queer company," I said to myself, "and perhaps I ought not to have intrusted the letters to their care." One letter was from a gentleman in a high diplomatic position, whose reputation as a scholar is world-wide, and who possesses the most generous, and at the same time the most intelligent, sympathy with the aspirations of the Italian people. The other was from a noble woman, who has given the best energies of her life to the cause, — who shared the campaigns of Sicily and Calabria, and even went under fire at Monte Rotondo and Mentana to succor the wounded. Probably no two persons had a better right to claim the courtesy of Garibaldi in favor of one, who, though a stranger, was yet an ardent friend.

The Hotel Remigio directly fronted the quay. No sign announced its character, but the first room we entered had a billiard-table, beyond which was a kitchen. Here we found La Remigia, who conducted us up a sumptuous staircase of black and white marble (unwashed) into a shabby dining-room, and then left us to prepare coffee. A door into an adjoining apartment stood half-open. I looked in, but seeing a naked leg stretched out upon a dirty blanket, made a speedy retreat. In a quarter of an hour coffee came, without milk, but with a bottle of rum instead. The servitress was a little girl, whose hands were of so questionable a complexion, that we turned away lest we should see her touch the cups. I need not say

that the beverage was vile; the reader will have already guessed that.

We summoned La Remigia, to ascertain whether a breakfast was possible. "*Eh, che vuole?*" ("What can you expect?") said she. "This is a poor little island. What would you like to have?"

Limiting our wishes to the probabilities of the place, we modestly suggested eggs and fish, whereat La Remigia looked relieved, and promised that we should have both. Then, although the heat was furious, I went forth for a stroll along the shore. A number of bronze boys had pulled off their tow shirts, and were either sitting naked on the rocks, or standing in the shallow coves, and splashing each other with scallop-shells. Two or three fishing-boats were lazily pulling about the strait, but the greater part of the population of Maddalena sat in the shade and did nothing.

The place contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, but scarcely one half that number were at home. The others were sailors, or coral fishers, who are always absent during the summer months. The low, bright-colored houses are scattered along the shore, in such order as the huge, upheaved masses of granite will allow, and each street terminates in a stony path. In the scanty garden-enclosures, bristling masses of the fruit-bearing cactus overhang the walls, repellant as the rocks from which they spring. Evidently the place supplies nothing except the article of fish; all other necessities of life must be brought from Sardinia. The men are principally pensioned veterans of the Italian navy, who are satisfied with the sight of blue water and passing vessels; the women (rock-widows, one might call them), having the very simplest household duties to perform, usually sit at their doors, with some kind of knitting or netting, and chatter with their nearest neighbors. I had scarcely walked a quarter of a mile before the sleepy spirit of the place took hold of my feet, and I found myself contemplating the shadowy spots among the rocks, much

more than the wild and rugged island scenery across the strait.

Garibaldi's house on Caprera flashed in the sun, and after a while I saw a boat pulling away from the landing-place below it. I returned to the harbor to meet the boatman, and receive the answer which my letters required. It was a red-headed fellow, with a face rather Scotch than Italian, and a blunt, direct manner of speech which corresponded thereto.

"The General says he is not well, and can't see you," said he.

"Have you a letter?" I asked.

"No; but he told me so."

"He is sick, then?"

"No," said the boatman, "he is not sick."

"Where did you see him?"

"Out of doors. He went down to the sea this morning and took a bath. Then he worked in the garden."

The first sensation of a man who receives an unexpected blow is incredulity, and not exasperation. It required a slight effort to believe the boatman's words, and the next impression was that there was certainly some misunderstanding. If Garibaldi were well enough to walk about his fields, he was able to receive a visitor; if he had read the letters I forwarded, a decent regard for the writers would have withheld him from sending a rude verbal answer by the mouth of a boatman. The whole proceeding was so utterly at variance with all I had heard of his personal refinement and courtesy, that I was driven to the suspicion that his followers had suppressed the letters, and represented me, perhaps, as a stranger of not very reputable appearance.

Seeing that we were stranded for three days upon Maddalena,—until the steamer returned from Porto Torres,—I determined to assure myself whether the suspicion was just. I could, at least, give the General a chance to correct any misunderstanding. I therefore wrote a note, mentioning the letters and the answer I had received through the boatman; referring to other friends of his in America and Italy, whom I knew;

assuring him that I had had no intention of thrusting myself upon his hospitality, but had only meant to desire a brief personal interview. I abstained, of course, from repeating the request, as he would thus be able to grant it more gracefully, if a misrepresentation had really been made. Summoning the red-headed boatman, I gave him the note, with the express command that he should give it into Garibaldi's own hands, and not into those of any of the persons about him.

La Remigia gave us as good a breakfast as the house could furnish. The wine was acutely sour, but the fish were fresh and delicate. Moreover, the room had been swept, and the hands of the little servant subjected to a thorough washing. There was a dessert of cherries, brought all the way from Genoa, and then the hostess, as she brought the coffee, asked: "When will your Excellencies go to Caprera?"

"If the General is sick," I remarked, "we shall probably not be able to see him."

"He was not well two or three weeks ago," said she; "he had the rheumatism in his hands. But now he goes about his fields the same as before."

A second suspicion came into my head. What if the boatman should not go to Caprera with my letter, but merely sleep two or three hours in the shade, and then come back to me with an invented verbal answer? It was now high noon, and a truly African sun beat down on the unsheltered shores. The veterans had been chased from their seats on the quay, and sat in dozing, silent rows on the shady sides of the houses. A single boat, with sail spread, hardly moved over the dazzling blue of the harbor. There was no sign of active life anywhere, except in the fleas.

Leaving my wife in La Remigia's care, I took one of the rough paths behind the town, and climbed to a bold mass of rocks, which commanded a view of the strait from Caprera to Sardinia. Far off, beyond the singular horns and needles of rock, cresting the

mountains of the latter island, a thunder-gust was brewing; but the dark, cool shadows there only served, by contrast, to make the breathless heat on Maddalena more intense. Nevertheless, a light wind finally came from somewhere, and I stretched myself out on the granite, with Caprera before my eyes, and reflected on the absurdity of any one human being taking pains to make the acquaintance of any other particular human being, while I watched the few boats visible on the surface of the water below. One, rowing and sailing, rounded the point of San Stefano, and disappeared; another crept along the nearer shore, looking for fish, coral, or sponges; and a third, at last, making a long tack, advanced into the channel of La Moneca, in front of Garibaldi's residence. It was Red-head, honestly doing his duty. Two or three hours went by, and he did not return. When the air had been somewhat cooled by the distant thunder, we set forth to seek the English recluse. The path followed the coast, winding between rocks and clumps of myrtle in blossom, until the villa looked down upon us from the head of a stony dell. On three sides, the naked granite rose in irregular piles against the sky, while huge blocks, tumbled from above, lay scattered over the scanty vineyards below. In sheltered places there were a few pines and cedars, of stunted growth. The house, perched upon a mass of rock forty or fifty feet high, resembled a small fortress. As we approached it, over the dry, stony soil, the bushes rustling as the lizards darted through them, the place assumed an air of savage loneliness. No other human dwelling was visible on any of the distant shores and no sail brightened the intervening water.

The Englishman came forth and welcomed us with a pleasant, old-fashioned courtesy. A dark-eyed Sardinian lady, whom he introduced to us as his daughter-in-law, and her father, were his temporary guests. The people afterwards told me, in Maddalena, that he had adopted and educated a Neapolitan boy, who, however, had turned out to be a

mauvais sujet. We were ushered into a large vaulted room, the walls of which, to my astonishment, were covered with admirable paintings, — genuine works of the Flemish and Italian masters. There was a Cuyp, a Paul Potter, a Ruysdael, a Massimo, and several excellent pictures of the school of Correggio. A splendid library filled the adjoining hall, and recent English and Italian newspapers lay upon the table. I soon perceived that our host was a man of unusual taste and culture, who had studied much and travelled much, before burying himself in this remote corner of the Mediterranean. For more than twenty years, he informed us, the island had been his home. He first went thither accidentally, in his search for health, and remained because he found it among those piles of granite and cactus. One hardly knows whether to admire or commiserate such a life.

Our host, however, had long outlived his yearning for the busy world of men. His little plantation, wrung from Nature with immense labor and apparently great expense, now absorbed all his interest. He had bought foreign trees — Mexican, African, and Australian — and set them in sheltered places, built great walls to break the sweep of the wind which draws through the Straits of Bonifacio, constructed tanks for collecting the rains, terraces for vineyards, and so fought himself into the possession of a little productive soil. But the winds kept down the growth of his pines, the islanders cut his choicest trees and carried them off for firewood, and it was clear that the scanty beginnings we saw were the utmost he would be able to keep and hold against so many hostile influences.

After we had inspected the costly picture-gallery, and partaken of refreshments, he took us to his orange-garden, a square enclosure, with walls twenty feet high, at the foot of the rocks. The interior was divided by high ramparts of woven brushwood into compartments about thirty feet square, each of which contained half a dozen squat, battered-looking trees. I should have imagined

the outer walls high enough to break the strongest wind, but our host informed me that they merely changed its character, giving to the current a spiral motion which almost pulled the trees out of the earth. The interior divisions of brushwood were a necessity. Above the house there was a similar enclosure for pear and apple trees. The vines, kept close to the earth, and tied to strong stakes, were more easily tended. But the same amount of labor and expense would have created a little paradise on the shores of Sorrento, or the Riviera di Ponente, — in fact, as many oranges might have been raised in Minnesota, with less trouble.

According to the traditions of the people, the whole island was wooded a hundred and fifty years ago. But, as savage tribes worship trees, so the first inclination of the civilized man is to destroy them. I still hold to the belief that the disforested Levant might be reclothed in fifty years, if the people could be prevented from interfering with the young growth.

When we reached Maddalena, the boatman had returned from Caprera. This time he brought me a note, in Garibaldi's handwriting, containing two or three lines, which, however, were not more satisfactory than the previous message. "*Per motivo de' miei incomodi*" (on account of my ailments), said the General, he could not receive me. This was an equivocation, but no explanation. His motive for slighting the letters of two such friends, and refusing to see one who had come to Maddalena to testify a sympathy and respect which had nothing in common with the curiosity of the crowd, remained a mystery. In the little fishing-village, where nothing could long be kept secret, the people seemed to be aware of all that had occurred. They possessed too much natural tact and delicacy to question us, but it was easy to see that they were much surprised. Red-head made quite a long face when I told him, after reading the letter, that I should not need his boat for a trip to Caprera.

After allowing all possible latitude to a man's individual right to choose his visitors, the manner in which my application had been received still appeared to me very rude and boorish. Perhaps one's first experience of the kind is always a little more annoying than is necessary; but the reader must consider that we had no escape from the burning rocks of Maddalena until the third day afterwards, and the white house on Caprera before our eyes was a constant reminder of the manner or mood of its inmate. Questions of courtesy are nearly as difficult to discuss as questions of taste, each man having his own private standard; yet, I think, few persons will censure me for having then and there determined that, for the future, I would take no particular pains to seek the acquaintance of a distinguished man.

We were fast on Maddalena, as I have said, and the most we could make of it did not seem to be much. I sketched a little the next morning, until the heat drove me indoors. Towards evening, following La Remigia's counsel, we set forth on a climb to the Guardia Vecchia, a deserted fortress on the highest point of the island. Thunder-storms, as before, growled along the mountains of Sardinia, without overshadowing or cooling the rocks of the desert archipelago. The masses of granite, among which we clambered, still radiated the noonday heat, and the clumps of lentisk and arbutus were scarcely less arid in appearance than the soil from which they grew. Over the summit, however, blew a light breeze. We pushed open the door or the port, mounted to a stone platform with ramparts pierced for six cannon, and sat down in the shade of the watch-tower. The view embraced the whole Strait of Bonifacio and its shores, from the peak of Incudine in Corsica, to the headland of Terranova, on the eastern coast of Sardinia. Two or three villages, high up on the mountains of the latter island, the little fishing-town at our feet, the far-off citadel of Bonifacio, and — still persistently visible — the

house on Caprera, rather increased than removed the loneliness and desolation of the scenery. Island rising behind island thrust up new distortions of rock of red or hot-gray hues which became purple in the distance, and the dark-blue reaches of sea dividing them were hard and lifeless as plains of glass. Perhaps the savage and sterile forms of the foreground impressed their character upon every part of the panorama, since we knew that they were everywhere repeated. In this monotony lay something sublime, and yet profoundly melancholy.

As we have now the whole island of Caprera full and fair before us, let us see what sort of a spot the hero of Italian Unity has chosen for his home. I may at the same time, without impropriety, add such details of his life and habits, and such illustrations of his character, as were freely communicated by persons familiar with both, during our stay in Maddalena.

Caprera, as seen from the Guardia Vecchia, is a little less forbidding than its neighbor island. It is a mass of reddish-gray rock, three to four miles in length and not more than a mile in breadth, its axis lying at a right angle to the course of the Sardinian coast. The shores rise steeply from the water to a central crest of naked rock, some twelve hundred feet above the sea. The wild shrubbery of the Mediterranean — myrtle, arbutus, lentisk, and box — is sprinkled over the lower slopes, and three or four lines of bright, even green, betray the existence of terraced grain-fields. The house, a plain white quadrangle, two stories in height, is seated on the slope, a quarter of a mile from the landing-place. Behind it there are fields and vineyards, and a fertile garden-valley called the Fontanaccia, which are not visible from Maddalena. The house, in its present commodious form, was built by Victor Emanuel, during Garibaldi's absence from the island, and without his knowledge. The latter has spent a great deal of money in wresting a few fields from the unwilling rock, and his possession,

even yet, has but a moderate value. The greater part of the island can only be used as a range for cattle, and will nourish about a hundred head.

Garibaldi, however, has a great advantage over all the political personages of our day, in the rugged simplicity of his habits. He has no single expensive taste. Whether he sleeps on a spring-mattress or a rock, eats *filet* or fish and macaroni, is all the same to him, — nay, he prefers the simpler fare. The persons whom he employs eat at the same table with him, and his guests, whatever their character or title, are no better served. An Englishman who went to Caprera as the representative of certain societies, and took with him, as a present, a dozen of the finest hams and four dozen bottles of the choicest Château Margaux, was horrified to find, the next day, that each gardener, herdsman, and fisherman at the table had a generous lump of ham on his plate and a bottle of Château Margaux beside it! Whatever delicacy comes to Garibaldi is served in the same way; and of the large sums of money contributed by his friends and admirers, he has retained scarcely anything. All is given to "The Cause."

Garibaldi's three prominent traits of character — honesty, unselfishness, and independence — are so marked, and have been so variously illustrated, that no one in Italy (probably not even Pius IX. or Antonelli) dares to dispute his just claim to them. Add the element of a rare and inextinguishable enthusiasm, and we have the qualities which have made the man. He is wonderfully adapted to be the leader of an impulsive and imaginative people, during those periods when the rush and swell of popular sentiment overbears alike diplomacy and armed force. Such a time came to him in 1860, and the Sicilian and Calabrian campaign will always stand as the climax of his achievements. I do not speak of Aspromonte or Mentana now. The history of those attempts cannot be written until Garibaldi's private knowledge of them may be safely made known to the world.

It occurred to me, as I looked upon Caprera, that only an enthusiastic, imaginative nature could be content to live in such an isolation. It is hardly alone disgust with the present state of Italy which keeps him from that seat in the Italian Parliament, to which he is regularly re-elected. He can neither use the tact of the politician, nor employ the expedients of the statesman. He has no patience with adverse opinion, no clear, objective perception of character, no skill to calculate the reciprocal action and cumulative force of political ideas. He simply sees an end, and strikes a bee-line for it. As a military commander he is admirable, so long as operations can be conducted under his immediate personal control. In short, he belongs to that small class of great men, whose achievements, fame, and influence rest upon excellence of character and a certain magnetic, infectious warmth of purpose, rather than on high intellectual ability. There may be wiser Italian patriots than he; but there is none so pure and devoted.

From all that was related to me of Garibaldi, I should judge that his weak points are, an incapacity to distinguish between the steady aspirations of his life and those sudden impulses which come to every ardent and passionate nature, and an amiable weakness (perhaps not disconnected from vanity) which enables a certain class of adventurers to misuse and mislead him. His impatience of contrary views naturally subjects him to the influence of the latter class, whose cue it is to flatter and encourage. I know an American general whose reputation has been much damaged in the same way. The three men who were his companions on Caprera during my stay in Maddalena were Basso, who occasionally acts as secretary; he whom I termed the Prophet, a certain Dr. Occhipinti (Painted-Eyes), a maker of salves and pomatums, and Guzmanoli, formerly a priest, and ignominiously expelled from Garibaldi's own corps. There are other hangers-on, whose presence from time

to time in Caprera is a source of anxiety to the General's true friends.

Caprera formerly belonged to an English gentleman, a passionate sportsman, who settled there thirty years ago on account of the proximity of the island to the rich game regions of Sardinia. Garibaldi, dining with this gentleman at Maddalena in 1856, expressed his desire to procure a small island on the coast for his permanent home, whereupon the former offered to sell him a part of Caprera, at cost. The remainder was purchased by a subscription made in England, and headed by the Duke of Sutherland. I was informed that Garibaldi's faithful and noble-hearted friends, Colonel and Mrs. Chambers of Scotland, had done much towards making the island productive and habitable, but I doubt whether its rocks yet yield enough for the support of the family.

The General's oldest son, Menotti, his daughter Teresa, her husband Major Canzio, and their five children, Marni, Anzani, Lincoln, Anita, and John Brown, have their home at Caprera. Menotti is reported to be a good soldier and sailor, but without his father's abilities. The younger son, Ricciotti, spends most of his time in England. Teresa, however, is a female Garibaldi, full of spirit, courage, and enthusiasm. She has great musical talent, and a voice which would give her, were there need, a prima donna's station in any theatre. Her father, also, is an excellent singer, and the two are fond of making the rocks of Caprera resound with his *Inno ai Romani*.

Garibaldi was born at Nice in 1807, and is therefore now sixty-one years old. His simple habits of life have preserved his physical vigor, but he suffers from frequent severe attacks of rheumatism. The wound received at Aspromonte, I was told, no longer occasions him inconvenience. In features and complexion he shows his Lombard and German descent. His name is simply the Italian for *Heribald*, "bold in war." In the tenth century Garibaldi I. and II. were kings of Bavaria.

In fact, much of the best blood of Italy is German, however reluctant the Italians may be to acknowledge the fact. The Marquis D'Azeglio, whose memoirs have recently been published, says in his autobiographical sketch, "Educated in the hatred of the *Tedeschi* (Germans), I was greatly astonished to find, from my historical studies, that I was myself a *Tedesco*." The "pride of race" really is one of the absurdest of human vanities. I have heard half-breed Mexicans boast of their "Gothic blood," born Englishmen who settled in Virginia talk of their "Southern blood," and all the changes rung on Cavalier, Norman, or Roman ancestry. The Slavic Greeks of Athens call themselves "Hellenes," and Theodore of Abyssinia claimed a direct descent from Solomon. Garibaldi might have become purely Italian in name, as Duca di Calatafimi, if he had chosen. His refusal was scarcely a virtue, because the offer of the title was no temptation.

While upon the rocky summits of Maddalena, we made search for the former dwellings of the inhabitants, but became bewildered in the granite labyrinth, and failed to find them. The present village on the shore owes its existence to Nelson. Previous to his day those waters were swept by Barbary corsairs, and the people of the island, being without protection, lived almost like troglodytes, in rude hovels constructed among the rocks. Nelson, while in the Mediterranean, at the end of the last century, made Maddalena one of his stations, and encouraged the inhabitants to come forth from their hiding-places. On the altar of the church in the town which they then began to build there are still the silver candlesticks which he presented. This, and Napoleon's previous attempt to gain possession of the island, are the two incidents which connect Maddalena with history.

We made a few other scrambles during our stay, but they simply repeated the barren pictures we already knew by heart. Although, little by little, an in-

terest in the island was awakened, the day which was to bring the steamer from Porto Torres was hailed by us almost as a festival. But the comedy (for such it began to seem) was not yet at an end. I had procured the return tickets to Leghorn, and was standing in Remigia's door, watching the pensioners as they dozed in the shade, when two figures appeared at the end of the little street. One was Painted-Eyes, the maker of salves, and I was edified by seeing him suddenly turn when he perceived me, and retrace his steps. The other, who came forward, proved to be one of Garibaldi's stanchest veterans, — a man who had been in his service twenty-five years, in Montevideo, Rome, America, China, and finally in the Tyrol.

"Where is the man who was with you?" I asked.

"He was coming to the *locanda*," said he; "but when he saw you, he left me without explaining why."

The veteran knew so much of what had happened that I told him the rest. He was no less grieved than surprised. His general, he said, had never acted so before; he had never refused to see any stranger, even though he came without letters, and he was at a loss to account for it.

There was a stir among the idlers on the quay; a thread of smoke arose above the rocky point to the westward, and — welcome sight! — the steamer swept up and anchored in the roadstead. La Remigia, who had been unremitting in her attentions, presented a modest bill, shook hands with us heartily, and Red-head, who was in waiting with his boat, carried us speedily on board. The steamer was not to leave for two hours more, but now the certainty of escape was a consolation. The few islanders we had known parted from us like friends, and even the boatman returned to the deck on purpose to shake hands, and wish us a pleasant voyage. I found myself softening towards Maddalena, after all.

In one of the last boats came the same *Occhipinti* again, accompanied by

Guzmaroli, the ex-priest. The former was bound for Leghorn, and the prospect of having him for a fellow-passenger was not agreeable. He avoided meeting us, went below, and kept very quiet during the passage. I felt sure, although the supposition was disparaging to Garibaldi, that this man was partly responsible for the answer I had received.

A fresh breeze blew through the Strait of Bonifacio, and we soon lost sight of the rocks which had been the scene of our three days' *Robinsoniad*. The only other passenger, by a singular coincidence, proved to be "the Hermitress of La Moneta," as she is called on Maddalena, — the widow of the gentleman who sold Caprera to Garibaldi, and herself one of the General's most trusted friends. Through her, the island acquired a new interest. In the outmost house on the spur which forms the harbor lay an English captain, eighty years old, and ill; in the sterile gien to the north lived another Englishman alone among his books and rare pictures; and under a great rock, two miles to the eastward, was the lonely cottage, opposite Caprera, where this lady has lived for thirty years.

In the long twilight, as the coast of Corsica sped by, we heard the story of those thirty years. They had not dulled the keen, clear intellect of the lady, nor made less warm one human feeling in her large heart. We heard of travels in Corsica on horseback, nearly forty years ago; of lunching with bandits in the mountains; of fording the floods and sleeping in the caves of Sardinia; of farm-life (if it can be so called) on Caprera, and of twenty years passed in the cottage of La Moneta, without even a journey to the fishing-village. Then came other confidences, which must not be repeated, but as romantic as anything in the stories of the Middle Ages, — yet in all, there was no trace of morbid feeling, of unused affection, of regret for the years that seemed lost to us. Verily, though these words should reach her eyes, I must say, since the chances of life will scarcely bring us to-

gether again, that the freshness and sweetness with which she had preserved so many noble womanly qualities in solitude, was to me a cheering revelation of the innate excellence of human nature.

"Yet," she said, at the close, "I would never advise any one to attempt the life I have led. Such a seclusion is neither natural nor healthy. One may read, and one may think; but the knowledge lies in one's mind like an inert mass, and only becomes vital when it is actively communicated or compared. This mental inertness or deadness is even harder to bear than the absence of society. But there always comes a time when we need the face of a friend, — the time that comes to all. No, it is not good to be alone."

After all, we had not come to Maddalena in vain. We had made the ac-

quaintance of a rare and estimable nature, which is always a lasting gain, in the renewed faith it awakens. The journey, which had seemed so wearisome in anticipation, came rapidly to an end, and there was scarcely a regret left for Caprera when we parted with the Hermitess of Maddalena at Leghorn, the next afternoon. A few days afterwards she sent me the original manuscript of Garibaldi's "Hymn to the Romans," which he had presented to her. I shall value it as much for the giver's, as for the writer's, sake.

Our friends in Florence received the news of our adventure with astonishment and mortification; but, up to the time of this present writing, the matter remains a mystery. One conjecture was made, yet it seemed scarcely credible, — that Garibaldi was getting up a new expedition against Rome.

THE MAN AND BROTHER.

I.

WHEN Major Niles, of the defunct Veteran Reserve Corps, was Sub-Assistant Commissioner in the Freedmen's Bureau, he was confronted one morning, on emerging from his hotel, by a venerable trio.

There stood a paralytic old negress, leading by the hand a blind old negro, to whom was attached by a string a sore-eyed, limping, and otherwise decrepid bulldog. The aunty asserted that the dog sucked her hens' eggs, and wanted him killed; the uncle denied the animal's guilt, and insisted on prolonging his days; and the trio had walked eight miles "to leave it out to de Burow."

"Ef she kin prove it agin him, let him be hung right up yere," said the uncle, excitedly. "But she can't prove no sech thing; no, she can't."

The Major had been pestered during

his term of office with many absurd complaints, and he was annoyed now by the grinning and chaffing of several unreconstructed village jokers. Instead of issuing an order that a hen should lay an egg, and that the same should be set before the dog to test his proclivities in the matter of suction, he broke out impatiently, —

"Go away with your stupid quarrel. Go home, and settle it between yourselves. Pretty business to bring before a United States officer!"

To the Major's labors and perplexities I succeeded, and thereby acquired some knowledge concerning the Man and Brother.

That the freedmen should be ignorant and unintelligent does not appear strange when it is considered that they were brought to us, not so very long ago, in the condition of savages, and

that since they have been among us they have been kept down as bondsmen or cast out as pariahs. Walking in a wood a mile or so from the village where I held sway, I came upon a negro cemetery of the times of slavery. A headstone of coarse white marble, five or six of brick, and forty or fifty wooden slabs, all grimed and mouldering with the dampness of the forest, constituted the sordid sepulchral pomps of the "nameless people." On the marble monument I read the following inscription:—

"This stone is placed here by James M. Burden, in memory of his wife, Viney, who died Dec. 21, 1860, Aged 29 years.—A good wife & faithful servant."

Painted in black letters on the white ground of a wooden headpiece was the following:—

"to the memory of Claraca M. Ceth died on the 25 September 1850 Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for they rest from their labors."

It is a wonder that the word "servant" and the word "labors" were not put in italics. How much knowledge, or activity of brain, or high moral feeling can be fairly claimed of a race which has been followed into the grave's mouth with reminders that its life was one of bondage and travail?

Nevertheless, I brought away from the South some fine reminiscences of the negro. Among the elders of the colored people at my station — one of the persons to whom I trusted for information concerning the character of applicants for official favor — was a short, square-built, jet-black, decently dressed, well-mannered, industrious, worthy man of sixty-five or seventy, named Dudley Talley, commonly known as Uncle Dudley. Between him and Professor Charles Hopkins, the colored school-teacher, I was pretty sure to learn whether a negro who asked for rations was a proper object of charity, or whether another who brought a complaint was worthy of credence.

"Did you ever hear of Uncle Dudley's misfortunes in business?" asked

a white citizen of me. "Poor Dudley! He bought the freedom of a son, and the son died; then he bought another boy's freedom, and the boy was emancipated. Dudley will tell you that he has had heavy licks in his time."

Yes, Dudley had sunk three thousand dollars in emancipating himself, his child, and another youth, only to see death and President Lincoln render his labors nugatory, leaving him dependent for his living upon a poor mule and cart, and scarcely able to pay his taxes. The story of his own manumission is a fine instance of the kindly relations which often existed between white and black during the days of slavery. Long ago, when his old master, Dr. Long, was living, Dudley was a pet servant. Hired out at the Goodlett House, he had charge of the stables, and was, moreover, allowed to keep his own bar, — a demijohn of corn-whiskey, whereat to quench the thirst of such tavern-haunters as might not, on account of their color, get drunk like gentlemen in the hotel. Those were his days of ignorance, at which we must do some charitable winking. From this clysian existence, in a healthy mountain district, surrounded by friends who had grown up beside him, he was awakened by the death of his master, the sale of the estate under letters of administration, and the appearance of negro-traders from Arkansas and Louisiana. It was rumored that Dudley was an object of especial desire to these gentlemen, and that his remaining days in the land of his birth were numbered. Terrified at the thought of separation from home and family, he looked about for some citizen of the village to buy him. His choice fell upon a gentleman whom he had always known, a lawyer by profession, Colonel Towns.

"Dudley, I don't like it," said the Colonel. "I never have bought a slave, and I have a sentiment against it."

"But won't you save me from being carried off, Colonel?" implored Dudley.

"I don't like the idea of owning you," was the answer; then, after some

reflection, "but I will manage it so that you shall own yourself. I will bid you off; you shall repay me, principal and interest, at your convenience; and, when the money is refunded, you shall be free. The law will not let me emancipate you; but you shall not be my property, nor that of my heirs. We will call it an investment, Dudley."

The purchase was made; the agreement between the two was drawn up and signed; the Anglo-Saxon waited, and the African worked. This bond between an honorable gentleman and an honorable slave was kept to the end. Every payment which Dudley made was indorsed upon the note, and, when the debt was extinguished, he received a quittance in full. From that time, although nominally and by law the property of Colonel Towns, he was practically his own master, and did what he pleased with his earnings. It was truly unfortunate for him that he should have invested them so as to be ruined precisely in the same manner as if he had been a slaveholding Rebel.

If all freedmen had the persevering industry of Dudley Talley, the race would have no cause to fear for its existence under the crucial test of free labor. But myriads of women who once earned their own living now have aspirations to be like white ladies, and, instead of using the hoe, pass the days in dawdling over their trivial housework, or gossiping among their neighbors. In scores of instances I discovered that my complaining constituents were going astern simply because the men alone were laboring to support the families. When I told them that they must make their wives and daughters work, they looked as hopeless as would Mr. Potiphar, should any one give him the same wholesome counsel. Of course, I do not mean that all the women are thus idle; the larger proportion are still laboring afield, as of old; rigid necessity is keeping them up to it. But this evil of female loafism is growing among the negroes, as it has grown, and is growing, among us white men and brethren.

Another cause of trouble for the freed people is their disposition to seek the irregular employment, and small, bartering ways of the city and the village. Now and then one establishes himself as a drayman, or does a flourishing business as a barber or shop-keeper; but what kind of success they generally attain in the towns may be pretty fairly inferred from the history of Cox, Lynch, and Company.

Edward Cox, an elderly mulatto who boasted F. F. V. blood, and Thomas Lynch, a square-headed, thorough-bred negro, formed a mercantile partnership with two other freedmen. The "store" was a single room in a deserted hotel, and the entire stock in trade might have been worth forty dollars. On this chance of business four families proposed to live. By the time the United States license of twenty dollars, the town license of five dollars, and certain other opening expenses had been paid, the liabilities of the firm were nearly sufficient to cover its assets. In a week or so, the community were startled by a report that Cox, Lynch, and Company were in difficulties. The two minor partners sold out for nothing, and two others were taken in. Unfortunately, our merchant princes were ignorant of the Revenue Law, and formed a new partnership, instead of continuing the old one, thus exposing themselves to another tax for a fresh license. This mistake was fatal, and Cox, Lynch, and Company went to pieces.

Tom Lynch had meanwhile been studying at the freedmen's school, and had acquired an intermittent power of writing his name. Sometimes he could lay it fairly out on paper, and sometimes it would obstinately curl up into an ampersand. He occasionally called on me to write letters for him, — mainly, as I believe, to show that he could sign them; and I had become somewhat restive under these demands, holding that I could employ my time more profitably and agreeably. When the firm went down, however, and when Tom wanted me to indite an epistle for him to his late partner, Edward Cox, concerning

certain articles in dispute between them, I reflected that such opportunities do not present themselves twice in a man's life, and I consented to the labor.

It appears that Tom had borrowed a table, a balance, and a set of weights, wherewith to commence the business; and that, when the crisis came, Edward had impounded these articles, and sold them for his own profit, leaving partners and creditors and lender to whistle. Such, at least, was the case which Tom stated to me, and which I wrote out in the letter. The day after the sending of the epistle Tom reappeared with it, explaining that he had forwarded it to Edward by a messenger, and that Edward, having had it read to him, had put it in a clean envelope, and returned it without note or comment.

"I should like to know what he means?" observed the puzzled Thomas.

"So should I," said I, much amused at this method of managing a dunning letter.

"It's mighty curious conduct," persisted Thomas. "'Pears to me I'd like to get you to write another letter to him for me."

"Suppose he should send that back in a fresh envelope?" I suggested, not fancying the job. "I think you had better see him, and ask him what it means."

What it did mean I never learned. But Edward Cox, to whom I subsequently spoke on the general subject of justice in regard to those weights and balances, assured me that Tom Lynch was a liar and rascal. In short, the history of Cox, Lynch, and Company is as much of a muddle as if the firm had failed for a million, under the management of first-class Wall-Street financiers. Such is trade in the hands of the average freedman.

One great trouble with the negroes is lack of arithmetic. Accustomed to have life figured out for them, they are unable to enter into that practical calculation which squares means with necessities. Cox, Lynch, and Company, for instance, had not the slightest idea how large a business would be required to

support four families. As farm laborers the freedmen fail to realize the fact that it is needful to work entirely through spring, summer, and fall, in order to obtain a crop. They do admirably in the planting season, and are apt to sow too much ground; then comes a reaction, and they will indulge in a succession of day huntings and night frolics, and the consequence is a larger crop of weeds than of corn. If the planters were forehanded enough to pay their people day wages, and discharge a man as soon as he turns lazy, things would go better. But the general custom, dictated by habit and by lack of capital, is to allow the negro a share of the crop; and as he thus becomes a partner in the year's business, he is disposed to believe that he has a right to manage it after his own pleasure.

It was enough to make one both laugh and cry to go out to Colonel Irvine's fine plantation, and look at the result of his farming for 1867, on land which could produce, without manure, an average of thirty bushels of corn to the acre. A gang of negroes, counting thirteen field hands, had taken a large part of his farm; and, as the produce of one field of thirty-five acres, they had to show about a hundred bushels of wretched "nubbins"; the weeds meanwhile standing four feet high among the cornstalks.

"They neglected it during the hoeing season," said the Colonel, "and they never could recover their ground afterwards. It was of no use to order or scold; they were disobedient, sulky, and insolent. As for frolicking, why, sir, from fifty to seventy darkies pass my house every night, going into the village. The next day they are, of course, fit for nothing."

And now, after the land had been used for naught, these negroes did not want to repay the advances of rations upon which they had lived during the summer; they were determined to take their third of the crop from the fields, and leave the Colonel to sue or whistle, as he pleased, for what was due him in the way of corn, bacon, molasses, and

tobacco. Fortunately for him, I had an order from the Assistant Commissioner to the effect that all crops should be stored, and accounts for the expense of raising the same satisfactorily settled, before the parties should come to a division. When I read this to the assembled negroes, they looked blasphemies at the Freedmen's Bureau.

It must not be understood, however, that all freedmen are indolent and dishonest. A large number of them do their work faithfully and with satisfactory results. But with these I seldom came in contact; they had no complaints to make, and seldom suffered injustice. My duties very naturally led me to know the evil and the unlucky among both blacks and whites.

To show the simple notions of this untaught race as to what constitutes wealth, or, at least, a sufficiency of worldly goods, I will relate a single incident. A gaunt negress, named Aunt Judy, called on me with a complaint that Mrs. F——, an impoverished old white lady, owed her a dollar, and would not pay it.

"Come, aunty, you must not be hard on Mrs. F——," I said. "You must give her time. She is very poor."

"O, *she* ain't poor, — don't you believe that," responded the aunty. "No longer 'n two months ago my sons paid her eight dollars for rent. O, go 'way *she* ain't poor; *she*'s got money."

Still convinced, in spite of this startling fact to the contrary, that Mrs. F—— was not wealthy, I continued to plead that she might not be pressed, until Aunt Judy was graciously pleased to say,—

"Wal, I won't be hard on her. I'se a square nigger, I is. I don't want to do no hardness."

The actual state of the case was this. Aunt Judy had hired, for five dollars a month, a cabin attached to Mrs. F——'s tumble-down house, and had paid up two months' rent, but at this very time owed for half a month. Having, however, done washing and "toting" for her landlady to the value of a dollar, she wanted to collect the money at

once, instead of letting it go on the account.

Five months later, I found that this "square nigger" had not settled for the rent since the payment made by her sons, and was in debt twenty-four dollars to poor old Mrs. F——, who meanwhile had nearly reached the point of starvation. I was obliged to threaten Aunt Judy with instant eviction, before I could induce her to put her mark to a due-bill for the amount of her arrears, and enter into an arrangement by which the wages of a son-in-law became guaranty for regular liquidations in future.

It would probably be unfair to suppose that this "square nigger" seriously meant to be lopsided in her morals. But she had two or three small children; the washing business was not very brisk nor very remunerative; she had benevolently taken in, and was nursing, a sick woman of her own race; and, finally, it was so much easier not to pay than to pay! My impression is that she was a pious woman, and disposed to be "square" when not too inconvenient. I should not have interfered to bring her to terms, had it not been a case of life and death with the venerable lady who let her the cabin, and had not, moreover, this evasion of rent-dues been a very common sin among the negroes. Indeed, I aided her to the amount of a dollar and a half, which was desirable for some small matter, conscious that I owed her at least that amount for the amusement which I had derived from her statement that Mrs. F—— "had money."

The thoughtless charity of this peniless negress in receiving another poverty-stricken creature under her roof is characteristic of the freedmen. However selfish, and even dishonest, they may be, they are extravagant in giving. The man who at the end of autumn has a hundred or two bushels of corn on hand will suffer a horde of lazy relatives and friends to settle upon him, and devour him before the end of the winter, leaving him in the spring at the mercy of such planters as choose to drive a hard bargain. Among the

freedmen, as among the whites, of the South, the industrious are too much given to supporting the thriftless.

As I have already hinted, the negroes waste much of their time in amusement. What with trapping rabbits by day and treeing 'possums by night, dances which last till morning, and prayer-meetings which are little better than frolics, they contrive to be happier than they have "any call to be," considering their chances of starving to death. It is not entirely without foundation that the planters and the reactionary journals complained that the Loyal Leagues were an injury to both whites and blacks. As an officer, I wanted to see reconstruction furthered, and as a Republican I desired that the great party which had saved the Union should prosper; but, believing that my first duty was to prevent famine in my district, I felt it necessary to discourage the zeal of the freedmen for political gatherings. I found that they were travelling ten and twenty miles to League meetings, and, what with coming and going, making a three days' job of it, leaving the weeds to take care of the corn. The village was an attraction; and, moreover, there was the Bureau school-house for a place of convocation; there, too, were the great men and eloquent orators of the party, and the secret insignia of the League. I remonstrated strenuously against the abuse, and reduced the number of meetings in the school-house to one a week.

"Go home, and get up your own League," I exhorted a gang who had come fifteen miles from a neighboring district for initiation. "Let your patriotism come to a head in your own neighborhood. Do you suppose the government means to feed you, while you do nothing but tramp about and hurrah?"

My belief is that nearly all my brother officers pursued the same policy, and that there is little or no foundation for the charge that the Bureau was prostituted to political uses. On the whole, no great harm resulted from the

Leagues, so far as my observation extended. The planters in my neighborhood made few complaints, and my district raised more than enough corn "to do it."

On the way from Charleston to my station I was amused at a conversation which went on behind me between a rough, corpulent, jolly old planter of the middle class, and a meek-looking young Northerner, apparently a "drummer" from New York. The old fellow talked incessantly, sending his healthy, ringing voice clean through the car, and denouncing with a delightful fervor the whole "breed, seed, and generation of niggers."

"They're the meanest, triflingest creetur's agoin'," said he. "Thar ain't no good side to 'em. You can't find a white streak in 'em, if you turn 'em wrong side outwards and back again."

The six or eight Southerners in the car seemed mightily taken with the old man, and laughed heartily over his philippic. Addressing one who sat in front of me, a tall, powerful, sunburnt young fellow, with a revolver peeping out from beneath his homespun coat, I said, —

"Do you consider that a fair judgment?"

"Well, middlin' fair," he answered; "it ain't no gret out of the way, I reckon."

"I tell you the nigger is a no-account creetur," went on the old planter. "All the men are thieves, and all the women are prostitutes. It's their natur to be that way, and they never 'll be no other way. They ain't worth the land they cover. They ought to be improved off the face of the earth."

Here the New-Yorker spoke for the first time in an hour.

"You are improving 'em off pretty fast," he said, meekly. "Got some of 'em 'most white already."

So unfair is the human mind that nobody but myself laughed at this retort. The planter turned the conversation on crops, and the audience looked out of the windows.

During the same journey I fell into conversation with an elderly Carolinian,

a doctor by profession, and planter by occupation, who, it seems, resided in the village to which I was ordered, and whom I afterwards learned to respect for his kindly and worthy qualities. We talked of the practice of whipping slaves, and he assured me that the report of it had been much exaggerated.

"Multitudes of planters never had a negro whipped," he said. "I have owned twenty or thirty, and I never punished but one. I'll tell you the whole story, and I believe you'll allow that I did right. It was a girl named Julia, who was brought up in our house, a regular pet of the family. Finally she went wrong somehow, and had a mulatto child; they would do that, you know, no matter what pains you took with them. After that, I noticed that Julia did n't have no more children; would n't have nothing to say to her own color; would n't take a husband. At last, I thought I ought to talk to her, and says I, 'Julia, what does this mean?' Says she, 'Doctor, I've had one white man's child, and I'm never going to have no black man's child.' Says I, 'Julia, that's wrong, and you ought to know it.' Says she, 'Well, Doctor, wrong or not, I feel that way, and I'm bound to stick to it.' Now, I knew she was wrong, you see, and I could n't let the thing go on so. I felt in duty bound to get such ideas out of her head. I whipped her. I took her out, and I give her one right good switching with a hickory. I thought I ought to do it, and I did it."

Whether the hickory reformed Julia of her wicked and unfruitful pride, so deleterious to the growth of the Doctor's planting population, I was too fastidious to inquire. Whether Julia's morals would have been in better hands than the Doctor's, had her forefathers remained in Africa, is a question more important to my present purpose, and which must probably be decided in the negative.

First savages, and then slaves, it is evident that the negroes have had little chance to keep all the Commandments. They are now precisely what might be

expected, considering their history. Illegitimate offspring are less common than formerly, but still disastrously abundant. A large proportion of the colored applicants for Bureau rations were young women with three or four children, and without the pretence of a husband,—this, although bigamy is fearfully frequent; although the average woman is apt to marry again if her "old man" is absent for a year; although the average man will perhaps take a wife in every place where he stays for six months. If I exaggerate in this matter, it is because, like most officers of justice, I saw chiefly the evil side of my public,—all the deserted ones coming to me for the redress of their grievances, or for help in their poverty.

An emigration agent, named Passmore, who collected a large gang of negroes in my sub-district for work in Louisiana, told me that one of his recruits had asked him to write a letter for him to "his Cousin Jane." The man went on dictating, "Give howdy to little Cousin Abel, and little Cousin Jimmy, and little Cousin Dinah." Suddenly Passmore looked up:—

"You rascal, those are your children; are n't they your children?"

After some stammering, the man confessed it.

"Then why did n't you say your wife, instead of your cousin?"

"Bekase I did n't want the ole woman *yere* to git to know about it."

General Howard distributed a large number of ruled forms for temperance pledges to his officers, with instructions that they should endeavor to found total-abstinence societies among the freedmen. I soon discovered that if I wanted to raise a "snicker," ending, when out of doors, in a hearty guffaw, I had only to exhibit one of these documents and explain its purpose to a party of my constituents. The blacks are unquestionably less addicted to ardent spirits than the Southern whites; but I suspect that it is mainly because, up to the emancipation, they were kept from it in a measure by

police regulations, and because they are as yet too poor to purchase much of it. Like all uncultured peoples, they have a keen relish for the sense of freedom and grandeur which it gives to man, and already many of them have learned "to destroy a power of whiskey." Of General Howard's temperance pledges they certainly thought very small beer. I never got a signature; nothing but snickers and guffaws, — irrepressible anti-temperance laughter. If anything is done in this way, it must be through the medium of secret societies, with passwords, ceremonies, processions, insignia, — something to strike the imagination. To the Good Templars and the Sons of Temperance I recommend this missionary labor. It is needed, or will be.

In the matter of honesty the freed-men are doing as well as could be expected, considering their untoward education, first as savages and then as slaves. Stealing, although as yet more common among them than even among the low-down-whites, is far less known than when they held, not without reason, that it was no harm "to put massa's chicken into massa's nigger." Freedom has developed a sense of self-respect which makes the prison more terrible than was the whip or the paddle. Planters still complain that their hogs and hens disappear; and, during my official term of fifteen months, I procured the liberation of, perhaps, twenty negro thieves from jail, on condition that they should take contracts to go to Florida or Louisiana; while at least as many more were sentenced by the courts for various forms and grades of dishonesty. But, except where the population has been pinched by famine, this vice has diminished steadily and rapidly since the emancipation.

As for driving sharp bargains, and downright swindling, I am reminded of the story of Dick Ross and Caroline Gantt. Caroline's husband died toward the close of 1866, but not until he had harvested, and left to his widow, fifty-five bushels of corn. Dick Ross, a jet-black, shiny-faced fellow of twenty,

saw a chance of providing himself with "something to go upon," and went to Caroline with a specious story that he was about to set up a store, that he had several boxes of goods on the way from Charleston, and that he could do well by her if she would put her corn into his business. The widow was led away by his smooth talk, and soon found that she had made a permanent investment. Dick wagoned the corn to the village, sold it, and bought himself some "store close." Patient waiting and inquiry developed the facts, that no goods had arrived for him by railroad, and that he had hired no stand for business. Then Caroline came to me for redress. I sent for Dick, and bullied him until he refunded five dollars. As he had no property beyond what was on his back, nothing more could be collected; and, as imprisonment for debt had been done away with by order of General Sickles, he could not be punished. Caroline, however, sued him, obtained judgment against him for sixty-five dollars, and, when I left, had got two dollars and a half more, which had gone to pay her lawyer.

In short, I found that the negroes not only swindled the whites quite as much as they were swindled by them, but that they cheated each other. The same man who would spend his whole substance in feeding a host of relatives and friends would circumvent whatsoever simple brother or sister darkey might fall in his way. I was more edified than astonished by the discovery of this seeming clash of virtues and vices, for I had seen the same mixture of thoughtless generosity and dishonest cupidity among the Syrians, and other semi-civilized races. The explanation of the riddle is an imperfect moral education as to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*: the negro does not feel that he has a full right to his own property, nor that his neighbor has a full right to his.

As for lying, I learned not to put faith in any complaint until I had heard both sides, and examined into the proofs. But this is a good general rule; I recommend it to all officers of justice;

I presume that every lawyer has arrived at the same judgment. The human plaintiff, whether black or white, sees his trouble from his own point of view, and does not mean that you shall see it from any other. If he varies at all from the exact truth, it will surely be to exaggerate his griefs.

So fluent and brazen-faced in falsehood were many of my constituents, that it was generally impossible to decide by personal appearances between the blameless and the guilty. A girl of eighteen, charged with obtaining goods on false pretences, displayed such a virtuous front, and denied her identity with the criminal with such an air of veracity, that I confidently pronounced her innocent; yet, by dint of keeping her for an hour in a lawyer's office, putting the charge to her persistently, and threatening her with prosecution, she was brought to own her knavery, and point out the spot where she had secreted her plunder.

Another day I was kept in a ferment of uncertainty for a couple of hours by two boys of about twelve, — a black and a mulatto, — one or other of whom had stolen a valuable pocket-knife from a little white boy. The plundered youth, and his father, — a farmer, — agreed in stating that the black boy had borrowed the knife "to look at it," and had never returned it.

"Yas, so I did borry it," admitted the accused, a shiny-faced youngster, glib, loud-tongued, and gesturing wildly in his excitement. "But I did n't steal it. Yere's a good knife of my own, an' why should I steal another knife? I jes' borry'd it to see it, cos it had so many blades. Then, this yere yaller boy asked me to let him take it to cut a water-millon. So I handed it over to him, and that's the last I see of it. That's so, jes' as suah as you's bohn."

The mulatto, a handsome, dignified little fellow, faced this accusation in the calmness of innocence. A citizen whispered to me, "The black boy is the thief," and I also felt pretty sure of it. I had both the youngsters searched, but without result. Then, finding that

the property had disappeared near the farmer's wagon, I told him to take the accused back there to search for it, and, if they did not find it, to bring them to me again, to be sent to jail. In ten minutes the party returned without the knife. The mulatto still wore his calm front of innocence, while the negro was now quite wild with excitement.

"I shall have to confine you both for trial," I said, "if you don't give up the knife."

"Fore God, I dunno whar 't is," exclaimed the darkey. "I'd lose a hundred knives fore I'd go to jail. He don't care 'bout jail, he's been thar so often."

"Oho!" said I, turning to the mulatto. "You have been in jail, — have you? Then you are the thief. If you don't find that knife in ten minutes, I will have you severely punished."

There was another search; the criminal was still obdurate, but his mother arrived on the scene of action, and "got after him" with a broomstick; and the result was that he pointed out the missing article amidst a pile of straw where he had contrived to secrete it. Yet so blameless had been his countenance during the whole transaction, that probably not one person in ten would have selected him as the guilty party.

On the other hand, there are negroes as truthful as the sunlight, — negroes who will bear honest testimony in a matter, though it be against their interest, — negroes whose word passes for as much as that of a white man. I have often heard Southerners say, "I would much sooner believe a decent nigger than one of these low-down white fellows." As witnesses before the courts, the freedmen have astonished their friends, as well as their detractors, by the honesty and intelligence with which they give their testimony. They feel that they are put upon honor by the privilege, and they are anxious to show themselves worthy of it. Great was the wonder and amusement of the community in which I was stationed at the superiority which Aunt Chloe, the first negro ever placed upon the stand there, exhibited

over her former master and present employer, a wealthy, old planter, whom we will call McCracken.

Mr. McCracken had brought suit against a so-called Union man, named Bishop, for plundering his house after the proclamation of peace. The indictment was for theft; the case was tried before the Court of Common Pleas; the counsel for defence was the well-known Governor Perry. Mr. McCracken, a sanguine, voluble old gentleman, who had held such public trusts as magistrate, foreman of a jury, and commissioner of the poor, was called and sworn as the first witness.

"Well, Mr. McCracken, what do you know about this case?" inquired the solicitor.

"I know all about it," answered McCracken, smiling in his confident style. He then stated that he was away from home when the theft happened, but that on his return he missed two hams and some bunches of yarn, and was told that Mr. Bishop had taken them.

"But did you see Mr. Bishop take them?" demanded the counsel for the defence.

"No, sir."

"Did you see Mr. Bishop at your house that day?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever see those hams and bunches of yarn in his possession?"

"No, sir."

"Then, Mr. McCracken, it appears that you don't know anything about this case."

McCracken fidgeted and made no reply.

"Mr. McCracken, you may come down," was the next remark. "Sheriff, call Chloe McCracken."

Amidst suppressed tittering from the audience, Aunt Chloe took her place on the witness-stand. She gave a straightforward, simple story, — told what she had seen, and no more, — said nothing which was not to the point. When she came down, there was a gentle buzz of admiration and wonder, and the question of believing negro testimony was no longer a mooted one in

that community. Surely we may hope something for a race which, in spite of its great disadvantages of moral education, has already shown that it appreciates the solemnity of an oath. We could not fairly have expected thus much virtue and intelligence from uneducated slaves, under half a century of freedom and exercise of civil rights.

Of course, such new acquaintance as the negro and law do not always agree. Wat Thompson, when called on to testify against a brother freedman, who was charged with assault and battery upon a white man, refused to say anything at all, holding that he was not bound "to swear agin a friend." The judge dissented from this opinion, and sent Wat to jail for contempt of court. Lame Ben, a black busybody who had put Wat up to his blunder, took exceptions to this mode of treating it, and wanted me to interfere. I advised Lame Ben that he would make a reputation for better sense by minding his own business. Another freedman, a spectator in this same case, came to me in great indignation, complaining that the jury had believed the evidence of the prosecutor, and not that of the defendant; and that the court had sentenced the latter to jail, and done nothing at all to the former. I was obliged to explain that the prosecutor had not been on trial, and that the jury had a right to decide what testimony seemed most credible.

As chief of a sub-district I made a monthly report headed, "Outrages of Whites against Freedmen"; and another, headed "Outrages of Freedmen against Whites." The first generally, and the second almost invariably, had a line in red ink drawn diagonally across it, showing that there were no outrages to report. After three small gangs of white robbers, numbering altogether ten or twelve persons, had been broken up by the civil and military authorities, few acts of serious violence were committed by either race against the other. The "high-toned gentlemen," a sufficiently fiery and pugnacious race, were either afraid of the garrisons, or scorned to

come to blows with their inferiors. The "low-downers" and small farmers, equally pugnacious, far less intelligent, and living on cheek-by-jowl terms with the negroes, were the persons who generally committed what were called outrages. They would strike with whatever came handy; perhaps they would run for their guns, cock them, and swear to shoot; but there was no murder. There had been shootings, and there had been concerted and formal whippings; but that was during the confusion which followed the close of the war; that was mainly before my time. Such things were still known in other districts, but mine was an exceptionally quiet one.

The negroes themselves were not disposed to violence. They are a peaceable, good-tempered set, and, except when drunk, are no more likely to pick a fight than so many Chinamen. Whether it is a virtue to be pacific I cannot say. Anglo-Saxons are the most beligerent race, whether as individuals or as peoples, that the world now contains; and yet they have been of far greater service in advancing the interests of humanity than negroes or Chinamen; at least they will tell you so, and whip you into admitting it. But if peaceableness is a virtue, and has any promise of good in it, the negro is so far admirable, and gives hopes.

Now and then there was a bad boy of this stock in my district. There was one such called Wallace, a bright, restless mulatto of seventeen or eighteen, who stole hens, overcoats, &c., and occasionally fought. Tom Turner, a low-down white man, getting jocosely drunk one day, thought it a fine thing to slap this youth in the face with a meal-bag. Wallace collected a party of his comrades, chased Turner nearly half a mile, dragged him from his wagon, stabbed him in the shoulder with a jack-knife, and was hardly prevented from killing him. All the parties in the scuffle, including the white man, were arrested, fined, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Wallace became a convert to the Baptist Church, and was

let out of jail one Sunday to undergo immersion.

"Well, have you got the wickedness all out of you?" I heard an unbelieving citizen say to him. "I reckon *you* ought to have hot water."

"O yes! all out this time," returned Wallace, with a confidence which I thought foreshadowed a speedy falling from grace.

Whether many Wallaces will arise among the negroes, whether the stock will develop aggressive qualities as it outgrows the timidity of long servitude, is not only an interesting, but a very important question. If so, then there will be many riots and rencontres between them and their old masters; for the latter are as bellicose as Irishmen, and far more disposed than Irishmen to draw the life-blood. It is desirable, in my opinion, that the freedmen may be moderate in their claims, and grow up with some meekness into their dignity of citizens. Their worst enemies are such leaders as Bradley and Hunnicutt.

Meanwhile most negroes are over-fearful as to what the whites may do to them. A freedman from St. George's Creek, Pickens District, shut himself up with me in my office, and related in a timorous murmur, and with trembling lips, how he had been abused by two low-down fellows, named Bill and Jim Stigall.

"I never done nothin' to 'em," said he. "They jes' come on me yesterday for nothin'. I'd finished my day's job on my lan', an' was gone in to git my supper,—for I lives alone, ye see,—when I heerd a yell, an' they come along. Bill Stigall rode his mawl right squar' inter the house. Then Jim come in, an' they tole me to git 'em some supper, an' take care of the mawl. While I was out takin' care of the mawl, they eat their supper, an' then begun to thrash roun' and break things. I stayed outside when I heerd that. But my brother Bob come down that day to visit me, an' walked inter the house; an' then they got kinder skrimagen with him, an' wanted to put him out. But when Bob pulled out his

pistil, they clard out, an' as they were gwine away they threatened me. Says they, 'You leave this settlement, or we'll shoot your brother an' you too.' An' sence then, they's been hangin' roun' my place, an' I'm afeard to stay thar."

"Have they done anything to you?" I asked, doubtful whether the affair was more than a rough frolic.

"Yes. They sont word to me sence, how they was gwine ter shoot me ef I did n't leave the settlement."

"But they have n't shot?"

"No. But I'm afeard of 'em. An' some of the folks thar tole me to come over yere an' name it to the Bureau."

Thinking that some harm might come if I did not interfere, I wrote a note to the magistrate at St. George's Creek, requesting him to examine into the complaint, and, if it seemed important, to bind the Stigalls over to keep the peace. The negro went off with it, evidently disappointed that I had not used the military force against his persecutors, and fearful of venturing back into their "settlement." Three days later the magistrate called, and stated that these Stigalls were a nui-

sance to his neighborhood; that they had persecuted whites as well as blacks with their rowdyism; that he had issued a warrant for their apprehension; and that they had taken refuge in the swamps. In a day or two more the negro reappeared in a state of great terror.

"Well, what is the news?" I asked.

"I took your ticket to the Square," he said; "but he don't seem to do nothin'."

"But he tells me that he has done all he can. The fellows have run away, haven't they?"

"Yes," he admitted, sheepishly; "not to say run clear away. They's thar somewhar, lyin' out, an' waitin' roun'? Las' night I heerd a gun fired in the woods back o' my house."

"Come, you are too much of a coward," I protested. "You want more protection than there is to give. Do you suppose that I can send a guard of soldiers to watch over you?"

He probably had supposed that I could and would do it. Very unwillingly and fearfully he retraced his steps to St. George's Creek, and I heard no more of Jim and Bill Stigall.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

AN American artist who, for many years, has pursued his vocation with honor and success in an inland Italian city, and whose love of country has been intensified by foreign experience and long exile, was accustomed to escape at intervals from the treasonable prognostics of his apostate countrymen, and the covert sneers of monarchical sycophants, during the sanguinary struggle now triumphantly closed, and, hastening to the nearest seaport, revive his patriotic faith and hopes by visiting one of our national vessels. The sight of the flag, the order and beauty of the craft, the gallant and courteous companionship

of the officers, were all full of welcome and encouragement; and he returned to his work with renewed national sentiment. It is thus that true men and loyal citizens, all the world over, regard the official insignia and representatives of their country in a foreign land; it is thus that ships of war and accredited agents carry round the earth the eloquent expression of distant nationalities, winning for them the respect of aliens, and bringing to the hearts of their children a sense of protection and an evidence of sympathy alike cheering and sublime. And yet there are those who fail to appreciate the worth of these vital links be-

tween far-away lands and our own, whereby our character and career as a nation, to say nothing of our welfare, are manifest with "victorious clearness." Men of purely local experience and limited sympathies are apt to imagine that society and government have outgrown what the spirit of the age has modified; they mistake transition for extinction, and would have us summarily forego that which we have merely changed relations with; because science has, to so large an extent, conquered superstition, they think the need of organized religion has ceased; because hygienic discoveries have revealed the abuses of the healing art, they believe the profession of medicine is an imposition; and because the old mystery and elaborate formulas of diplomacy have, with the advance of true principles, lost their original influence, they declare legislative provision for foreign representation superfluous. Especially is this latter idea proclaimed by our own shallow demagogues; to us, they argue, the "balance of power," so long the ideal of European diplomacy, is of no consequence, and the very name of a Holy Alliance an impertinence; and from such premises, infer that we are absolved from national duties in this regard. Unfortunately, the moral sensibility of such charlatans in civic philosophy is as deficient as their mental scope is narrow; otherwise, noting the superior charm and social ministry of the class of gentlemen who represent foreign governments among us, they would instinctively recognize the civilizing element of modern diplomacy—feel that the intercourse of nations was never before so vital an interest as now, that mutual objects transcend the range of politics and economy, and include the diffusion of knowledge, the amenities of social progress, and the welfare of humanity. With the renewal of our national life on the basis of universal freedom, an opportunity and an impulse for special reforms have arisen among all who feel the obligations, and recognize the scope of enlightened citizenship. And the increased influence we have at-

tained abroad suggests and necessitates ameliorations in American diplomacy. The intercourse of nations, like all other vital interests, has been essentially expanded and modified by the spirit of the age. Unification in Italy and Germany has done away with the necessity for those perpetual arrangements to equalize the power and maintain the integrity of small states, such as, in the Middle Ages, made the alliances of the Italian Republics with Papal and Imperial governments, and, in earlier times, the cities of Greece with each other, a great sphere of political astuteness. Grote and Sismondi have ably illustrated this prolific chapter in the civic history of the Old World; and every popular annalist of our day has derived from its records the most valuable materials, so that the archives of Europe furnish, in the correspondence of ambassadors, the best data of national development, especially in such records as those of the Venetian envoys. While the guarded and sagacious relations of small communities thus formed an excellent school of diplomatic discipline, the Reformation and the French Revolution introduced so many new and conflicting elements into European state-craft, that the very name of foreign ambassador became synonymous with disingenuousness, if not duplicity. The isolation of the United States, long after their independence, rendered it comparatively easy to follow the parting advice of Washington, and keep free from entanglements with the countries of the Old World. We had but one great interest to protect abroad, and that was our commercial welfare. The vast tide of foreign immigration, the increase of travel incident to the new facilities of communication, the political and social sympathies awakened by a great experiment of free government on this side of the ocean, and the prestige acquired by a civil war waged to overthrow an enormous national wrong, and consolidate an immense territory, have given an entirely fresh force and feeling to our foreign relations. We have principles to rep-

resent, migratory colonies to protect, mutual interests to cherish, and a national life to vindicate and honor all over the world. Meantime Diplomacy has, like all other human institutions, gradually shared the transitions of society and science; these peerless agencies have emancipated that vocation from the trammels of conventional and insincere methods; integrity is now more effective than intrigue; justice recognized as more auspicious than cunning; to consult the tides of humanity rather than the mirage of ambition, to deal with the facts of the time rather than with the schemes of power, to recognize the rights instead of taking advantage of the weakness of states, is felt to be the path, not only of wisdom but of success. Before the days of steam and the telegraph, there was excuse for tedious negotiation, — a reason for evasion and indirectness; but now that every incident in the life of nations, every official act, every political opinion, civic aspiration, and administrative resource, is promulgated by the press, sped along the chambers of the sea, discussed in *salon* and mart as well as in cabinet and parliament, only by frank and free utterance can the prosperity of a people be assured, their interests promoted, and their dignity preserved.

Science has made public opinion, — national sentiment, — a power which princes respect; arbitrary will, though sustained by bayonets, is obliged to yield to moral and social influences, which, in feudal times, were comparatively ineffective; hence special pleading and unscrupulous deceit have, in a great measure, lost their effect as diplomatic agencies. The system represented by such names as Kaunitz, Metternich, and Talleyrand is, to a great degree, obsolete; liberal interpretation of rights, enlightened estimates of duty in national affairs, have more and more superseded the intense and subtle self-seeking of states; traditional policies have lost their significance, and the spirit of the age, so pervasive and triumphant, has altered the game by exalting the motives and en-

larging the sphere of diplomacy. Even Austria, so long the synonyme of despotic perversity, gives way to the protest and the plea of progress. Cavour obtained for Italy, so long the spoil of the stranger, the sympathetic recognition of Europe, not by shrewd manoeuvres, but through manly and confident use of modern enlightened and humane aspirations; the vast Middle Kingdom, whose stationary civilization and traditional exclusiveness had, for ages, isolated her people and territory from contact with the western world, throws open the gates of her capital to Christian envoys, and sends an Embassy to all the governments of the earth, to establish free intercourse therewith; the flag of every nation is welcomed to the long-sealed ports of Japan; and the Turk is dragged along in the procession of reform. The byways as well as the highways of the world are thus opened to enterprise, to curiosity, to co-operative association; and Social Science, however inadequate in special experiments, has inaugurated a new era in the life of nations, that renders their old laws and limits in relation to each other a mere tradition.

Shakespeare hints the essential scope of diplomacy, — "take with you free power to ratify, augment, and alter"; he alludes to those "who know not how to use ambassadors," adjures the authority thus addressed to receive them "according to the honor of the sender," and gives the admirable counsel "to fight with gentle words till time lends friends."

The philosophy of diplomatic agency is also well stated by Lord Bacon: "It is better to deal by speech than by letter and by the medium of a third than by a man's self"; but his maxims set forth in the Essay on Negotiating are more remarkable for worldly wisdom than comprehensive insight. Montaigne suggests the necessity of discretionary power, when he says that "the functions of an ambassador are not so fixed and precise but that they must, in the various and unforeseen occurrences and accidents that may fall out

in the management of a negotiation, be wholly left to their own discretion. They do not simply execute the will of their master, but, by their wisdom, form and model it also." Precepts like these indicate how special and limited comparatively the function of the *diplomate* was of old. Now it includes much voluntary service, and is subject to generous interpretation, owing to the social and scientific range it has attained. The courtly smile, the sagacious nod, the contravention, conciliation, and concealment associated with the office, are no longer essential, and the snuff-box, parchment, and ribbon have little symbolic meaning. Beyond and often above his specific duties, the ambassador of our day is expected to furnish his country with facts of interest in every sphere of knowledge, to represent not merely authority but culture, and to illustrate, in his own person and influence, progress and the arts of peace as well as the *dicta* of Power. More or less of this genial ministry has been always recognized. Hence men of letters and science are wisely selected, for the double purpose of doing honor to their country's reputation and enjoying the best opportunity for research and observation. In English literature many illustrious names are associated with these appointments, from those of Sir Kenelm Digby to Addison, and from Sir William Temple to Mackintosh, Sir Henry Bulwer, and Sir Francis Head. It is incalculable what indirect, but none the less memorable, influence such a foreign representative as Baron Bunsen may exert; the prestige and even the official service being subordinate to the social mission. And a recent English writer has well said that "to know thoroughly the history, literature, and politics of different countries, so far as the length of their residences in each permits, has become the ideal of diplomatists of the new school." Such an exercise of the authority and improvement of the opportunities incident to the diplomatic career elevates it as a medium of civilization and a mission of humanity; the life of nations is thus

made to nourish the sentiment of brotherhood, to promote the cause of science, and to weave alliances from the "records of the mind"; it accords with the benign aspirations and responds to the latent appeals of intelligence, culture, and character; and, when associated with benevolent sympathies and high convictions, renders the national representative a social benefactor. Bunsen, when ambassador at Rome, became a disciple of Niebuhr, and was one of the few to appreciate and encourage Leopardi; and, in England, he was the ally of Arnold and Hare; ostensibly a Prussian envoy, in reality he was an apostle of knowledge, freedom, and truth, ever intent upon diffusing the eternal elements of progress and humanity, by the magnetic earnestness and noble spirit of a Christian scholar; and in his quality of ambassador he did not regard himself, according to the sarcastic definition of Sir Henry Wotton, as one "sent to lie abroad for his country."

The foreign representatives of nations to-day are social rather than selfish agents, purveyors of knowledge, ministers of civilization, auspicious to their own, without being antagonistic to alien, nationalities. Their office is urbane, their spirit cosmopolitan; and if intrepid in the performance of national duty, they are none the less genial in the observances of international courtesy. The "smooth barbarity of courts" and the "insolence of office" are not indeed extinct; but the ameliorations of modern society have harmonized and humanized them. Vast mutual interests have developed in the consciousness, and are recognized in the foreign policy, of nations; and the history, the position, the resources, and the destiny of the United States give them a prominence and a part therein too evident to be ignored. Unfortunately, many of our members of Congress are men of purely local affinities, devoid of the comprehensive views born of travel and culture, and therefore prone to treat with indifference and ignorance the diplomatic interests of the government,—apparently unconscious of their renewed

importance to the national dignity and honor, and their social necessity and possible elevation and utility.

When an important treaty is negotiated, a national right vindicated, the country honored by the conduct or influence of her representative abroad, or even an American citizen protected when in peril of life, liberty, or property, in a foreign country, these legislators acknowledge that an efficient and respected agent of the Republic abroad is very useful and desirable; that his salary is a profitable investment, and his office no sinecure. But, apart from these exceptional occasions, they are apt to regard foreign missions as the best sphere for economical experiments, — as a branch of the government rather ornamental than requisite, and chiefly valuable as affording convenient means of rewarding partisan services. Indeed, this latter abuse of a class of appointments which, more than any other, should be based on disinterested motives, regulated by absolute considerations of capacity and character, has brought our diplomatic service into disrepute. During the war for the Union, when so much depended on the intelligence and patriotism of our foreign representatives, — when the national honor was assailed, and treason to the flag stalked, with arrogant front, through the aristocratic ranks of Europe, — the nation felt to her heart's core the vital necessity of selecting for these duties and dignities men of honor, ability, and national sentiment; such men, indeed, saved the country at that memorable crisis, and their services endear their names, and should permanently exalt their office, to the American heart.

One who has been a wanderer on the face of the earth, who has known what it is to be alone in a foreign land, learns to appreciate the signal benefit of citizenship when he encounters the flag or escutcheon of his country, and experiences the protection and advantages afforded by an accredited agent of her authority. Especially in every exigency and vicissitude he finds support and

defence in this representative of his nation; when sick and alone, or when grasped by the power of an alien government, or when desirous of promoting an enterprise, or exploring a region, or searching the arcana of Nature or the archives of History, or forming responsible social relations, — in all the varied occasions when he needs official sanction or social indorsement, there is one spot as sacred to his rights as his native soil, one friend upon whom he has a legitimate claim, one watchword that enables him to assert his individuality and exercise his birthright. And there are circumstances incident to every stranger's lot, and every absentee's interest, when the embassy of his country becomes a sanctuary, a court of justice, or a shrine before which the marriage vow, the funeral rite, or the weekly worship have the hallowed influence, if not the local associations, of home. In times of war he seeks and finds security beneath the recognized and respected flag of his native land; his nationality has a significance never before realized, for it is upheld and guarded by the law of nations; and, when adequately and worthily represented, links him, by a permanent and powerful agency, to all the honors and privileges of his country.

Much of the usefulness of diplomatic relations is negative, the advantages whereof are not like those of official duties nearer home, constantly recorded and announced; obligations thus conferred on the citizen often have no testimony but that of private gratitude, and hence inexperienced legislators are apt to ignore them. Yet many a pilgrim never knows how much of love and pride are associated with the land of his birth, how much of latent patriotism glows in his heart, until such far-away tribute and triumph are accorded by the deference of foreign governments, and enjoyed by the errant children of his own. This personal gratification is, however, but an incidental good, compared to the prestige, the consideration, and the influence thus obtained for a nation, the facilities of intercourse, the

advancement of mutual interests, the desirable knowledge and faith propagated by intelligent and faithful representative agents. Herein the social amelioration of the world has a civic demonstration; the brotherhood of man is recognized as a political fact, the supremacy of law is illustrated as a cosmopolitan principle, and the primitive virtue of hospitality rises to national significance. In this broad and social light, Diplomacy is a great element of Civilization; and just in proportion as our country is exempt from the dynastic necessities which have dwarfed and perverted it in Europe, is she bound, in the interests of freedom and education, to contribute generously and graciously thereto.

And this conviction suggests the necessity of a more liberal provision for our diplomatic system, which is due to the honor of a vast and prosperous country, to a just American pride, to the increased costliness of living and entertainment abroad. It has long been a matter of publicity, that the leading missions of the United States can, with the present salaries, be filled only by men of large private means; in those of the second class the salaries are rarely equal to the expenses. It is a paltry economy, unworthy a great nation, to deny foreign representatives the means to maintain their households with dignity and comfort, or to exercise a liberal hospitality. Whatever places them on a basis inferior to that of their brother *diplomates* should be deprecated by every true patriot. If represented at all, let our nation be represented in no niggardly fashion; without extravagance or ostentation, but, at least, in that refined and prosperous style which should characterize a people in whom self-respect is engendered by freedom and industry; otherwise we pay an equivocal compliment to the government with whom we exchange the amenities of official intercourse. On the same principle, the absurd cavillings in regard to diplomatic costume should be ignored by virtue of the law of courtesy prescribed in our instruc-

tions to envoys, that, in matters of etiquette, the minister, chargé, or consul shall conform to the customs of the court or country to which he is accredited; it is simply vulgar to insist on intruding one's idea of dress, as a guest, in the face of precedent.

An American sojourning along the shores of the Mediterranean, thirty years ago, had a memorable experience of the incongruities of our diplomatic system. At one post he found a gentleman of alien birth exercising consular functions, with hospitable courtesy, merely to enjoy the opportunities thus secured of frequent association with the citizens of a land he honored and loved. At another the intemperate habits or ignorant assumption of a consul of native birth made him blush for his citizenship; while, as he looked from a consular mansion on the destructive feats of a Sicilian mob, goaded to revolution by pestilence, ascribed, in their savage ignorance, to wells poisoned by their rulers, or walked amid the batteries of a British fort, side by side with his nation's official representative, a glow of pride and a consciousness of security under the honored flag of his distant home made him realize, as never before, its auspicious significance. But too often such honest elation was subdued by the contrast between the intelligent efficiency, the personal accomplishments, and the thorough fitness of the other members of the diplomatic corps and our own. If the necessity of reform was then so apparent, it is infinitely more so now, when the standard of official culture is higher, the number of our errant countrymen so much larger, and the fusion of states, as well as social interests, so continuous and prevalent, as to make enlightened and humanitarian diplomatists the vanguard in the "federation of the world."

It requires no elaborate argument to prove that the normal benefits and the legitimate utility of Diplomacy, in the actual condition of the world, depends mainly upon the character and equipment of national representatives. What-

ever may have been the requisites of the past, those of the present are obvious. Probity, knowledge, and patriotism are essential qualifications; a certain sympathy with liberal studies, and some grace of manner and accomplishment of mind, are indispensable. Historical acquisitions, in order to be *en rapport* with previous relations, self-respect, and broad views are implied in such a position. "Steady and impartial observation, free though cautious correspondence, friendly, social relations with the members of the diplomatic body at the place of residence," are designated in the regular instructions to envoys; and the duty is prescribed of "transmitting such information relating to the government, finances, commerce, arts, sciences, and condition of the countries where they reside as they may deem useful." Such functions are only possible for men of education, judgment, industry, and tact; and to secure these, the system should be progressive. The superiority of European diplomats is owing to their vocation being a recognized official career with grades, advancement, and preparation, as well as permanence assured. Legal and linguistic training and social efficiency are more than ever desirable. Lord Clarendon has shown that the importance of the diplomatic branch of government has increased within the last decade; that its standard has risen, and its capabilities grown with the progress of science and society; and the time has arrived when its higher claims should be practically realized in our country.

The needed reforms and the argument therefor are clearly stated by the representative in Congress who advocated and reported the bill to "regulate the civil service of the United States, and promote the efficiency thereof. A brief extract will illustrate his reasoning:—

"We see at every change of administration over fifty thousand persons removed from office to make way for others of a different partisan creed, every one of whom will owe his ap-

pointment to something other than personal merit. And again, all these are liable to be removed, and a similar class of successors appointed, at the next change of party. If patriotism ever prompted the desire for office, such a system would tend to eradicate that sentiment. It tends to weaken all the obligations of society for the purpose of strengthening a mere party; it elevates private interests above the welfare of the state; it tends to disintegrate the political fabric; and at last, as we have felt in our bitter experience, it destroys allegiance itself. That element which invigorates a monarchy corrupts the life of a republic.

"Social standing and consideration, by reason of such employment, is not thought of. The administration is always saying, in effect, to each of its civil servants: 'Your skill, your experience, your long and faithful service, are as nothing to us; we can discharge you to-morrow, and at once find a hundred others who will answer our purposes as well.' Each one thus suffers a standing discredit. His place is due to accident, and gives him no title to respect. It implies, rather, a damaged reputation, and a character that can be tampered with. A tide-waiter can be nothing more, nor is he sure of even being that, although he proves to be the most faithful and capable of tide-waiters. If he does not bury his talent himself, it is buried for him, and his possible skill in making usance by it can avail him nothing. No grades, no promotions, no hopes, no honors, no rewards, are open to the most faithful, diligent, and honest officer, and while the incentive to excellence in service which these might give is wholly lost, his office itself gives him no character or social position. But if by merit and fidelity the tide-waiter can win the higher places in the customs, his place, himself, and the service itself acquire respectability. The cadet of either of the warlike services has a prestige in this regard over even the higher grades of the civil service. All doors may be open to him, for his uniform is evidence

of his education, character, and of an opening career. Although the lowest subaltern, he may become a general or an admiral. A lieutenant or an ensign has a standing in society, by virtue of his being in the service of the government, but there is no element of respectability in the service of a clerk, inspector, or special agent, which would entitle him to be recognized, even by a member of Congress. I cannot believe that the reason of this is that the civil service is in itself less worthy of respect than the military, but is it not because the element of honor, which is inherent in the one, has not hitherto been added to the other? All serve alike under the flag; and while the glory cannot be equal, no discredit should be cast on either class of public servants by reason of their service.*

The bill, the necessity and advantages of which are thus ably set forth, provides for the appointment by the President, with the consent of the Senate, of a Board of Four Commissioners, with the Vice-President as their head, who shall prescribe the qualifications for civil offices, provide for the examination of candidates therefor, and periods and conditions of probation, and report rules and precedents; the candidate who stands highest to have the preference.

No one unfamiliar with the diplomatic correspondence of the United States can estimate the great conveniences and facilities which faithful government agents afford American citizens. The legal guaranties in the transaction of business abroad, the immense saving of time and money in cases of contested local rights and personal claims, the maintenance of the national influence and honor, and the suggestions and information of vital importance only to be obtained at head-quarters and through official authority, are fruits of diplomatic service that make the record one of patriotic interest and practical value of which few of our citizens are aware. In some cases, where the official representative is not of adequate rank to ar-

range disputes and decide questions in his own person, the voluminous correspondence of interested parties, and the expense of sending a ship of war to the scene, emphatically indicate the false economy which, in failing to provide a minister, incurs, in a few weeks, an expense which would have maintained him for years. Occasionally, also, when grave international problems are discussed, or political changes, and military or commercial facts cited or described, these reports abound in luminous expositions and interesting details, alike creditable to the vigilance, ability, and humane sympathies of the writers, and of rare worth and interest to our government and people. When a foreign war is being waged, a treaty under consideration, a revolution imminent or in progress, — when a citizen is despoiled of liberty, a fugitive from justice is running the gauntlet of our legations, — when an equitable pecuniary claim is withheld, or the decease of an eminent or wealthy fellow-countryman demands the active protection of the law of nations, or when this law is violated, and only prompt and judicious explanation can ward off serious consequences, and when scientific or mercantile enterprise or emigration calls for special arrangements, with the sanction of foreign rulers, — in these and other exigencies the labors and influence of the diplomatist impress the public as an invaluable civil economy, and benignant as well as indispensable provision of civilization; but it should be remembered that, beyond these conspicuous duties and sometimes brilliant achievements, which attain historical prominence, there are the less-known but equally important ministries to the country's welfare, fulfilled in obedience to private needs, in the use of social privileges only attainable through official claims, in the protective and hospitable exercise of diplomatic functions, so requisite for the stranger, and so grateful to the citizen, to whom his passport is not only a shield but thus becomes the most auspicious letter of introduction and a national indorsement.

* Speech of Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes of Rhode Island, May 14th, 1868.

The increased interest in, and more accurate knowledge of, our country in Europe of late is apparent from the greater attention and sympathy accorded the United States by the foreign press; it is evidenced by the enthusiastic welcome bestowed in every port and city upon our naval hero, and the honors lavished on our household poet; it is manifest in the candid and cordial acknowledgment of official merit and private enterprise, whether expressed in the parting compliments paid a retiring minister, or the prandial honors offered to the patient and persistent American actuary of the Atlantic telegraph; and it finds expression in hospitality on one side of the Channel, and the liberal interpretation of our national proclivities by publicists on the other. All these signs of the times give emphasis to our diplomatic influence, attest its renewed importance, and suggest its improvement. The London Spectator, alluding to our late minister at the Court of St. James, remarks:—

"We can conceive of no career more likely to impress upon a public which is apt at times to talk with silly fluency of the superfluity, in these days of popular government, of embassies and ambassadors, than the career of the Ambassador who for seven years has had to manage the relations of the two most popular governments on the globe, and but for whose personal wisdom and tact those two popular governments would probably at this moment be peppering each other with proclamations, orders in council, general orders, turret guns, and all the elaborate missiles of scientific war."

A leading British statesman, in a recent discussion of the English diplomatic system, declared in Parliament that, for every pound sterling paid to their foreign ministers, tens of thousands of pounds were saved to the treasury, by the avoidance of entangling disputes and misunderstandings between subjects abroad, which, through personal interviews between the ministers, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, were arranged amicably, and by the

strengthening of national good-will and developing commercial relations. In a subsequent debate, it was shown that the increased facilities of intercourse had added largely to the labor and expense of foreign representatives, while they increased the need and enlarged the sphere of their duties.

"After the acquisition of Russian America," says *La Presse*, "which increases their domains on the Pacific, the Americans have purchased from Denmark the island of St. Thomas. They annex, also, by the same process, the Bay of Samana. Then, as to Mexico, it is indisputable that one of the causes of the fall of Maximilian was, at first the covert, and afterwards open opposition of the Washington Cabinet; quite lately, General Prim was in treaty therewith to cede the pearl of the Antilles,—Cuba. Even in South America, the Starry Banner presents itself as the guardian of the little local republics against European pretensions. There, also, the Monroe doctrine will produce its effects. The impartial America of Washington is dead. There is, now-a-days, on the other side of the Atlantic, a people that wishes to extend its action over the whole world, and which, with this object, tends to become more and more unitarian." Thus, increase of territory and neighborhood seems to necessitate fresh wisdom in our diplomatic system, and to render it alike expedient, and morally as well as politically desirable that in this, as in every other national sphere of action, the solemn purpose and earnest aim of our government and people should be to have, always and everywhere, the right man in the right place.

Our brief diplomatic history opened most auspiciously with the name, character, and influence of Benjamin Franklin, who, to this day, is the most complete representative American, and is regarded abroad as the peerless expositor of the genius of our institutions; the philosopher and republican gaze fondly on his portrait at Versailles; young Italy buys his autobiography at a bookstall in Florence; and

the London printer and Berlin *savant* cherish the memory of his eminent success, attained through frugality and self-reliance, and his experimental research in a sphere of natural phenomena whose later developments are among the greatest marvels of science. The eulogies of Turgot and Helvetius of old are echoed by those of Brougham and Laboulaye to-day. To the bold attacks on superstition whereby Voltaire opened the way for the reception of vital truths and to the vindication of the original and pervasive sentiments of humanity, which made Rousseau the pioneer of social reform, Franklin added the practical, common-sense, and humanitarian element which gave to these efficiency; his discoveries as a natural philosopher, his example as a free citizen, and his *bonhomie* and simple personal habits gave prestige and effect to his services as an ambassador. As agent for the Colonies in London, as one of the Committee of Secret Correspondence during the Revolution, as the medium of the French Alliance, by his vigilance, his moderation, his patience, wisdom, firmness, and loyalty, he secured us European recognition and the sinews of war; while his social attractiveness and solidity of character were, with rare singleness of purpose, made to subserve patriotic ends. The elder Adams with his assiduous energy, Jay with his intrepid rectitude, Gouverneur Morris with his comprehensive mind and high tone, and Deane with his conciliatory tact, ushered in our foreign representation with dignity and moral emphasis. These men of intellectual scope and culture, of disinterested self-devotion, of legal acumen, republican faith, and courteous manners, gained for America, at the hour of her civic birth, the confidence and respect of the world. Nor were their immediate successors unworthy of such illustrious forerunners, for on the roll of our early ambassadors we read with justifiable pride such names as Rufus King, William Pinckney, Albert Gallatin, and Edward Livingston, followed at a subsequent era by those

of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, — names enshrined in the national heart and radiant on the page of history. Thenceforth the list becomes incongruous; here and there, now and then, preserving its original distinction, as worthily representative of a free and intelligent people, but too often degraded by mere political fortune-hunters, whose careers reflect no credit and whose appointments accuse the integrity of those in power. Not without memorable exceptions, however, is this perversion of diplomatic opportunities; we have fortunately had men always on the floor of Congress, and in the Executive chair and the Department of State, who "have kept steadily in view the honor and prosperity of the whole country," and, rising above partisan objects, have had the civic wisdom and courage to select as American ambassadors, envoys, and official agents, citizens of approved character and devoted to liberal studies, whose personal influence abroad has been auspicious, and whose diplomatic station has gained lustre and utility from their renown as intellectual benefactors. In this noble phalanx we can rank with patriotic satisfaction such men as Webster and Wheaton, Legaré and the Everetts, Bancroft, Irving, Motley, Walsh, Fay, Marsh, and Hawthorne; and while the social and official eminence of Bowdoin, Middleton, Rush, McLean, and others is gratefully remembered, the later and essential services of Charles Francis Adams and his national compeers in the diplomatic corps, during the late war, have already an historical recognition.

In what may be called the incidental fruits of diplomatic opportunities we are not without gratifying evidence, where these appointments have been judiciously made. Thus our graceful pioneer author gathered materials for his cherished bequest of literature; official position in England and Spain was of great practical value to Irving as an author; while the scholarship of Alexander H. Everett made him, when American minister in the latter country, an

excellent purveyor for Prescott. The standard treatise on International Law perhaps would never have been undertaken, and certainly not so ably achieved, but for Wheaton's diplomatic position at Copenhagen and Berlin. Soon after the Revolution the public spirit of such men as Humphreys and Barlow, while holding office abroad, made them benign coadjutors in many desirable enterprises; the former first imported our best breed of sheep, and the latter promoted the success of Fulton's inventions. Bancroft gleaned an historical harvest while at the Court of St. James; Hawthorne gave us the most finished picture of England since the Sketch-Book while consul at Liverpool; Kinney held counsel with Cavour and D'Azeglio at Turin, during the auspicious epoch of Italian unification, bringing to their encouragement, not only republican sympathy, but many educational and civic precedents to guide the experimental state reforms. From Peru, South America, China, the East, and many parts of Western Europe, interesting and valuable researches and records of observation have employed the leisure, and honored the offices, of our diplomatic representatives; while one of the most popular and creditable histories which has enriched the literature of the day owes its existence in no small degree to the facilities afforded its accomplished author, by his residence and position abroad as a Minister of the United States. These and similar facts point to the expediency and desirableness, other things being equal, of selecting for such appointments scholars and men of science or lettered aptitudes. It is one of the few methods incident to our institutions, whereby not only a race of gentlemen, but a class of disinterested, social, artistic, and literary men can be fostered

and become intellectual benefactors as well as patriotic representatives of our country.

As we write, a gifted native sculptor is putting the finishing touches to a statue of Commodore Matthew Perry, to commemorate the Expedition by which Japan was opened to the commerce of the world; and a group of Orientals are on a pilgrimage to the nations, with treaties of comity and trade, under the guidance and guardianship of an American selected for the office by their government from among the diplomatists of Europe, not less because of his personal qualifications, than in recognition of the independent position, harmonious relations, and liberal policy of his country; while the educational and economical progress of Greece, so dear to the American scholar, and so identified with our Christian enterprise, have just received the national recognition which the last and noblest offspring of Time owes to the primeval source of its culture, by the establishment of a mission at Athens, and the cordial reception of a minister from that classic land. In view of such facts, and in the recent efforts to elevate and systematize our diplomacy, we have reason to hope that the abuses which have succeeded its brilliant initiation will be reformed; that the more enlightened interpretations of the principles of international law, and the fresh sense of national responsibility induced by the costly sacrifices and second birth of the Republic, will inspire our legislators to aim at securing in the future, what the historian of our early diplomacy claimed therefor, that "we entered into the old and venerable circle of nations in no vulgar spirit, but calmly, as conscious of right, resolutely, as conscious of strength, gravely, as conscious of duty."

THE GENIUS OF HAWTHORNE.

TO understand the Marble Faun, or, as the English publishers compelled Hawthorne to call their edition, "Transformation," it should be read in the atmosphere of Rome. Everything in that moral, or rather entirely immoral, atmosphere serves to interpret the artistic work of an author in whom intellect and sensibility are one to a degree that scarcely can be predicated of any other; and whose power to express what he *felt with his mind*, and *thought with his heart* (we use these expressions advisedly), are unsurpassed, if not unsurpassable.

Every one, whether cultivated or uncultivated, acknowledges the charm of Hawthorne's style; but the most cultivated best appreciate the wonder of that power by which he wakes into clear consciousness shades of feeling and delicacies of thought, that perhaps have been experienced by us all, but were never embodied in words before.

We are not prepared to fully adopt the dogmatic statement of a recent critic, who declared prose composition a higher kind of expression than that which the world has hitherto united in calling poetry; but Hawthorne goes far to prove that language even without rhythm is an equal organ of that genius which, whether it speak in music, sculpture, painting, or measured words, is a still more ethereal image of the Infinite in the finite; an utterance of the divine by the human which may not always be understood at once, but which creates understanding within us more and more forever.

Judging by this standard, — the power of creating understanding within those whom he addresses, — Hawthorne takes rank with the highest order of artists. For it is not the material in which a man works that determines his place as an artist, but the elevation and fineness of the truth his work communicates. Was ever a more enduring house built by architectural genius, or made more

palpable to the senses of men, than The House of the Seven Gables? Or did any sculptor ever uncover a statue of marble that will last longer than the form of Judge Pyncheon, over whose eyeball the fly crawls as he sits dead? And what painted canvas or frescoed wall by any master of color has preserved a more living, breathing image of the most evanescent moods of sensibility and delicacies of action than are immortalized in the sketches of Alice and of Clifford, and the tender nursing of the latter after the arrival of Phœbe?

The House of the Seven Gables is a tragedy that takes rank by the side of the Trilogy of the Agamemnon, Chœphoroi, and Eumenides, without the aid of the architecture, sculpture, verse, dancing, and music which Æschylus summoned to his aid to set forth the operation of the Fury of the house of Atreides that swept to destruction four generations of men. It takes two hundred years for the crime which the first Pyncheon perpetrated against the first Maule to work itself off, — or, we should rather say, for the forces of the general humanity to overcome the inevitable consequences of one rampant individuality, that undertook to wield the thunderbolts of Omnipotence against a fellow-mortal possessing gifts not understood, and therefore condemned. The peaceful solution of the problem of fate in the modern tragedy is undoubtedly due to the Christian light which the noble heathen lacked; it is love, in every pure and unselfish form, that undoes the horrible spell which pride of possession and place and a pharisaic lust of rule laid upon the house of Pyncheon. As soon as the father of Phœbe freely followed out, in his own individual case, the genial impulse of nature, which consumed in its passionate glow the family pride that had proved so fatal, and thus admitted the general humanity into equality, or rather sued, as lovers wont, to be allied to it, even at the expense

of all the external advantages of his birthright, the good providence of God accepted and justified the deed, by sending into the first real home that a Pyncheon had made for himself one of those "angels that behold the face of the Father," who, in process of time, goes back to the desolate old house to bless it, without consciousness of the high place she holds among ministering spirits, or what a mighty deed she does by simply being the innocent, sweet, loving creature she is; while the corresponding last Maule in the light of the science which the general progress of society has given him finds an explanation of the peculiar power which the exceptional organization of his lineage had made hereditary; and, exercising it in a common-sense way, and with simple good feeling, the curse of the first Maule upon the first Pyncheon is at last replaced by a marriage blessing and bond, laying to sleep the Fury of Retribution, attendant on the crime which is the key-note of the whole story, and which had reappeared through so many generations,—for it makes the two families one.

In *The Marble Faun* we have a picture of Rome, not only as it appears to the senses and to the memory, but also to the spiritual apprehension which penetrates the outward show. Genius in Hawthorne was limited, as that of all men must be, by his temperament, but less than that of most men by his will. To "give his thought act" was not his impulse, but to represent it to other men. He was not, therefore, so much an effective power among other powers in the current life, as the quiet, open eye that gathers truth for other men to enact. His vocation was to set forth what he saw so clearly with such accuracy of outline, fulness of coloring, and in such dry light as would enable other men to interpret the phenomena about them as he did. He does not invent incidents, much less a dramatic narrative. He loved best to take some incident ready made to his hand, and to work out in thought the generation of it from eternal principles,

or the consequences of it in the spiritual experience of those concerned in it, whether actively or passively. Most writers of fiction not only tell you what their heroes and heroines do, but why; dogmatically stating how they feel and what they think. Hawthorne seldom does this. He does not seem to know much more about his heroes and heroines than he represents them to know of each other; but, recognizing the fact that most outward action is from mixed motives, and admits of more than one interpretation, he is very apt to suggest two or three quite diverse views, and, as it were, consult with his readers upon which may be the true one; and not seldom he gives most prominence to some interpretation which we feel pretty sure is not his own.

This characteristic peculiarity is nowhere more conspicuous than in *The Marble Faun*. He does not seem to know whether Donatello has pointed and furry ears or not. He touches the story of Miriam with such delicacy that those readers who are more interested in the gossip of temporary life than in the eternal powers which underlie it, generating a spiritual being which is never to pass away, are angry with the author, and accuse him of trifling with their feelings by raising curiosities which he does not gratify, and exciting painful sympathies which he does not soothe; they even call it a malicious use of a power which he ought to consecrate to increasing the enjoyment of his readers.

But few authors are really so little guilty as Hawthorne of any wanton use of their power over other minds. A work of literary art he did not view as merely an instrument for giving pleasure, but as a means to discover truth, or, rather, to put his readers on the track of discovering it in company with himself. What he especially seeks for are those great laws of human thought, feeling, and action which are apt to be covered from self-consciousness by transient emotions, and the force of outward circumstances of habit and general custom. In *The Scarlet Let-*

ter, for instance, he is plainly inquiring into the law of repentance, or the human being's sober second thought upon his own action, after it has become an irrevocable fact of nature; and he also asks what is the part that the social whole has to do, or does do, to make this sober second thought work the cure of the sinning soul and of wounded society. In one of the Twice-told Tales (Endicott and his men) he brings before our eyes, by the magic of his art, a day of the Puritan life of New England which was historical; for the dry chronicles tell us of Endicott's cutting the Red Cross out of the English banner on a "training-day," when the news suddenly reached him from England of some untoward act of Charles I. As usual, Hawthorne gives a framework to this historical incident from the characteristic phenomena of Puritan life as it appeared at that period in New England. "Training-day" was always the afternoon of "lecture-day," when all the people were required to assemble for a sermon, and the militia were in their uniforms. It was on this day that all the wrongdoers were punished. Among these he mentions a woman standing on the "meeting-house" steps, with the letter A on her breast, which, he adds, she was condemned to wear all her life before her children and the townspeople. For our fathers, he observes (we quote from memory), thought it expedient to give publicity to crime as its proper punishment. And then he queries whether the modern mode of keeping certain kinds of crime out of sight were better, or even more merciful, to the criminal and society. A friend asked Hawthorne if for this particular punishment he had documentary evidence; and he replied that he had actually seen it mentioned in the town records of Boston, but with no attendant circumstances. This friend said to another at that time, "We shall hear of that letter A again; for it evidently has made a profound impression on Hawthorne's mind." And in eight or ten years afterwards appeared the romance

of *The Scarlet Letter*, throwing its lurid glare upon the Puritan pharisaism and self-righteous pride, and engraved with spiritual fire on the naked breast of the *unsuspected* sinner.

If the musty chronicles of New England history could afford an artist material for such a sharp-cut high-relief of real life as excited him to a study of its meaning so earnest that it has drawn into sympathetic interest tens of thousands of readers, who feel as if they were living in the midst of that terribly bleak locality and day, we cannot wonder that Rome, whose very aspect is so picturesque, and whose history combines such varieties of human experience, should have awakened emotions and suggested questions of a kindred depth. Many such questions are certainly asked and answered, at least hypothetically, in *The Marble Faun*. It is rather remarkable that criticism has not yet attempted to analyze the power of this book, or even to pluck out the heart of Miriam's mystery,—the key to which, as we apprehend, is to be found in the conversation over the copy of Beatrice Cenci's portrait in Hilda's studio.

It is entirely characteristic of Hawthorne's genius to take up such a subject as the history of Beatrice Cenci, and to inquire what was her internal experience; how a temperament so delicate and a spirit so innocent as Guido's portrait shows Beatrice's to have been stood before herself, whether as a victim or as a participator in the bloody deed for which she suffered death. Still more would he be apt to inquire what would be the spiritual result of the same outrage upon quite another temperament and cast of mind,—Miriam's, for instance. And again it was inevitable, as we have already intimated, that Rome should have suggested to his mind questions upon the efficacy or inefficacy of ritualistic confession and penance on the various degrees of criminal consciousness. Hilda says of Beatrice Cenci, that "sorrow so black as hers oppresses very nearly as sin would," for she was innocent in

her own eyes until her misfortune had driven her into parricide; which, trusting to the fidelity of Guido's portrait of her remembered face, and comparing that with the portrait of the stepmother, may be believed to have been not the suggestion of her own mind, though "that spotless flower of Paradise trailed over by a serpent," as Beatrice has been well described, was too much bewildered by the incomprehensible woe in which she found herself involved, and her will was too much paralyzed to do other than obey the impulse given by the only less outraged wife. The same calamity met by the clearer reason and stronger character of Miriam would not only suggest means of escape, especially if she had, as is intimated, wealth, and other easily imagined favoring circumstances, but would give energy to accomplish a certain moral independence of her most unnatural enemy, and would excite her intellect and creative imagination, rather than "oppress her whole being." It would seem from the sketches which Donatello found in Miriam's portfolio, that her hideous circumstances had not failed to arouse thoughts of murderous revenge which had governed her artistic creativeness in the selection and treatment of subjects, but that she had not thought of any more harmful realization of the dark dreams that haunted her than upon canvas. Until the fatal "look" passed from her eyes, which tempted Donatello to give free way to the impulse of hatred, with which his love for her had inspired him, towards one who was evidently her enemy, — and no common enemy, — the author plainly accounts her not only actually innocent, but a most humane person, and, like Beatrice, "if a fallen angel, yet without sin." Thus he speaks of her "natural language, her generosity, kindliness, and native truth of character," as banishing all suspicions, and even questions, from the minds of Hilda and Kenyon, to both of whom he ascribes the fine poetic instincts that intimate more truths concerning character than we can account for by phenomena.

These traits insured to her their warm friendship and confidence, though her history was no less unknown and mysterious to them than to the public, who had speculated on it so wildly. They therefore acquiesced in the generally received opinion, that "the spectre of the catacomb" was her model; nor ever asked why it was that he followed her so pertinaciously. Any relation between Miriam and him other than the most superficial and accidental one was effectually forbidden by their sense of her character, which also annulled in the mind of Kenyon the strange significance of the "Spectre's" own words: —

"Inquire not what I am, nor wherefore I abide in the darkness," said he, in a hoarse, harsh voice, as if a great deal of damp were clustering in his throat. "Henceforth I am nothing but a shadow behind her footsteps. She came to me when I sought her not. She has called me forth, and must abide the consequences of my reappearance in the world."

But the reflective reader, not being, like Kenyon, under the spell of Miriam's individuality, will hardly fail of detecting the relations between her and the so-called model, if he will compare this not unmeaning speech with the conversation in Hilda's study, to which we have already referred, when that inexperienced child pronounced the parricide an "inexpiable crime": —

"O Hilda! your innocence is like a sharp steel sword," exclaimed her friend. "Your judgments are often terribly severe, though you seem all made up of gentleness and mercy. Beatrice's sin may not have been so great; perhaps it was no sin at all, but the best virtue possible in the circumstances. If she viewed it as a sin, it may have been because her nature was too feeble for the fate imposed upon her. Ah," continued Miriam, passionately, "if I could only get within her consciousness! — if I could only clasp Beatrice Cenci's ghost, and draw it into myself! I would give up my life to know whether she thought herself innocent, or the one great criminal since time began." As Miriam gave utterance to these words, Hilda looked from the picture into her face, and was startled to observe that her friend's expression had become almost exactly that

of the portrait, as if her passionate wish and struggle to penetrate poor Beatrice's mystery had been successful. 'O, for Heaven's sake, Miriam, do not look so!' she cried. 'What an actress you are! and I never guessed it before. Ah! now you are yourself again,' she added, kissing her. 'Leave Beatrice to me in future.'

"Cover up your magical picture then," replied her friend, "else I never can look away from it."

And again, further on in the same chapter:—

"Hilda read the direction; it was to Signor Luca Barboni, at the Cenci Palace, third piano.

"I will deliver it with my own hand," said she, 'precisely four months from to-day, unless you bid me to the contrary. Perhaps I shall meet the ghost of Beatrice in that grim old palace of her forefathers.'

"In that case," rejoined Miriam, 'do not fail to speak to her, and win her confidence. Poor thing! she would be all the better for pouring her heart out freely, and would be glad to do it if she were sure of sympathy. It irks my brain and heart to think of her all shut up within herself.' She withdrew the cloth that Hilda had drawn over the picture, and took another long look at it. 'Poor sister Beatrice! for she was still a woman, Hilda,—still a sister, be her sins what they might.'

And still further on in the same chapter she says:—

"After all, if a woman had painted the original picture, there might have been something in it we miss now. I have a great mind to undertake a copy myself, and try to give it what it lacks."

And again, having in a touching manner alluded to Hilda's devout habits of mind, she says:—

"When you pray next, dear friend, remember me."

These significant sentences may be compared with others in Chapter XXIII. when Miriam, after the catastrophe of the Tarpeian rock, seeks Hilda; who, with the unconscious pharisaism of a child's innocence, repulses her because she knows her to have consented to a murder. Here the author makes Hilda appeal to Miriam for advice in her own uncertainty as to what she should do

with her distressing knowledge, and adds:—

"This singular appeal bore striking testimony to the impression Miriam's natural uprightness and impulsive generosity had made on the friend who *knew her best*."

He also makes Miriam's answer justify Hilda's instinctive confidence:—

"If I deemed it for your peace of mind," she said, 'to bear testimony against me for this deed, in the face of all the world, *no consideration of myself* should weigh with me an instant. But I believe that you would find no relief in such a course. What men call justice lies chiefly in outward formalities, and has never the close application and fitness that would be satisfactory to a soul like yours. *I cannot be fairly tried and judged before an earthly tribunal*; and of this, Hilda, you would perhaps become fatally conscious when it was too late. Roman justice, above all things, is a byword.'

It is certain that Hilda's narration of the scene of the murder had "settled a doubt" in Miriam's mind. She took it, gladly perhaps, as collateral evidence that Donatello had not been mistaken when he said she had commanded his action with her eyes; for then she had all the responsibility of it. But how was it, then, that she was not crushed by remorse, seemed to feel no remorse? Was it not that she felt herself "in the circumstances" that made the crime "her best possible virtue"? The "sorrow that was so black as to oppress (Beatrice) very much as sin would" (which was the limit of Hilda's view of her case) did actually, in Miriam's case, not only excite to artistic expression, but drove her further; and she was not "too feeble for her fate," as she proved in the Chapel of the Cappucini, when—

"She went back, and gazed once more at the corpse. Yes, these were the features that Miriam had known so well; this was the visage that she remembered from a far longer date than the most intimate of her friends suspected; this form of clay had held the evil spirit which blasted her sweet youth, and compelled her, as it were, to stain her womanhood with crime. . . . There had been nothing in his lifetime viler than this man; there was no other fact within her

consciousness that she felt to be so certain; and yet, because her persecutor found himself safe and irrefutable in death, he frowned upon his victim, and threw back the blame on her. "Is it thou indeed?" she murmured, under her breath. "Then thou hast no right to scowl upon me so! But art thou real or a vision?"

"She bent down over the dead monk till one of her rich curls brushed against his forehead. She touched one of his folded hands with her finger. 'It is he,' said Miriam, 'there is the scar which I know so well on his brow. And it is no vision, he is palpable to my touch. I will question the fact no longer, but deal with it as I best can. It was wonderful to see how the crisis developed in Miriam its own proper strength and the faculty of sustaining the demand which it made on her fortitude. She ceased to tremble; the beautiful woman gazed sternly at his dead enemy, endeavoring to meet and quell the look of accusation that he threw from between his half-closed eyelids. 'No, thou shalt not scowl me down,' said she, 'neither now, nor when we stand together at the judgment-seat. I fear not to meet thee there! Farewell till that next encounter.'"

Surely there is but one interpretation that can be put upon the power this vile wretch had over the noble Miriam, more than once bringing her to her knees:—

"She must have had cause to dread some unspeakable evil from this strange persecutor, and to know that this was the very crisis of her calamity; for, as he drew near, such a cold, sick despair crept over her, that it impeded her natural promptitude of thought. Miriam seemed dreamily to remember falling on her knees; but in her whole recollection of that wild moment, she beheld herself in a dim show, and could not well distinguish what was done and suffered; no, not even whether she were really an actor and sufferer in the scene."

But Hilda had settled all doubts by her narration:—

"He approached you, Miriam; you knelt to him."

The hardly bestead, noble Miriam! Was there ever pictured a more tragic moment of human life than that brief one in which she knelt on the verge of the Tarpeian rock in spiritless dep-

recation? Only in Rome does natural innocence and virtue kneel in helplessness before personified vice, clad in the sacramental garments, and armed with the name and prestige of a Father!

And did not the genius of humanity hover over its priest when he gave that master-stroke to his picture,—making Miriam a symbol of Italy, beautiful in form, with the natural language of all nobleness; true to herself with all the unspent energies of her youth; and, in spite of outrage ineffable, reduced by the stress of her natural relationship to beg as a mercy, not the protection she has a right to demand, but mere immunity from its extreme opposite? Italy! outraged so beyond credibility that no one dares to tell the tale, lest humanity should be too much discouraged by the knowledge of the hideous moral disabilities her misfortunes involve; leaving her no path to purity and peace but through violence and civil war, which are apparently her "best possible virtue in the circumstances," or certainly not to be accounted as sin.

An æsthetic critic must needs shrink from the work of elucidating the dark shadow which seems to be Miriam's evil fate; for the author himself seems to endeavor to hide its secret, as Hilda says Beatrice seemed to try "to escape from (her) gaze." There is a delicate moral sentiment in the author, which shrinks from giving definite outlines and name to a crime that is an unnatural horror. He says in Chapter XI:—

"Of so much we are sure, that there seemed to be a sadly mysterious fascination in the influence of this ill-omened person over Miriam; it was such as beasts and reptiles of subtle and evil nature sometimes exercise upon their victims. Marvellous it was to see the hopelessness with which, being naturally of so courageous a spirit, she resigned herself to the thralldom in which he held her. That iron chain, of which some of the massive links were round her feminine waist and the others in his ruthless hand, or which perhaps bound the pair together by a bond equally torturing to each, must have been forged in some

such unhallowed furnace as is only kindled by evil passions and fed by evil deeds.

"Yet let us trust there may have been no crime in Miriam, but only one of those fatalities which are among the most insoluble riddles propounded to mortal comprehension; the fatal decree by which *every crime is made to be the agony of many innocent persons*, as well as of the single guilty one."

Again, when in pity for her tormentor, she suggests prayer and penance:—

"In this man's memory there was something that made it awful for him to think of prayer, nor would any torture be more intolerable than to be reminded of such divine comfort and success as await pious souls merely for the asking. This torment was perhaps the token of a native temperament deeply susceptible of religious impressions, but which he had wronged, violated, and debased, until at length it was capable only of terror from the sources that were intended for our purest and loftiest consolation. He looked so fearfully at her, and with such intense pain struggling in his eyes, that Miriam felt pity. And now all at once it struck her that he might be mad. It was an idea that had never before seriously occurred to her mind, although, as soon as suggested, it fitted marvellously into many circumstances that lay within her knowledge. But alas! such was her evil fortune, that, whether mad or no, his power over her remained the same, and was likely to be used only the more tyrannously if exercised by a lunatic."

This chapter of "fragmentary sentences" has suggested to some readers the idea that a mutual, or at least a shared crime, was "the iron link that bound" these two persons together. But a careful reading will find no proof of this in any word of the author or of Miriam; and the "unmitigable will" which she tells him he mistook for an "iron necessity" is quite sufficient to explain the identification which the possible madman insists on at that time, and intimates afterwards, by beckoning her to wash her hands in the Fountain of Trevi when he did so himself.

To all those who ask if the author meant to represent Miriam, previous to the fatal night on the Tarpeian rock, as guilty of any *crime*, we commend a con-

sideration of her words in her last conversation with Kenyon, when she tells him her history and name.

"'You shudder at me, I perceive,' said Miriam, suddenly interrupting her narrative."

"'No, you were innocent,' replied the sculptor. 'I shudder at the fatality that seems to haunt your footsteps, and throws a shadow of crime about your path, *you being guiltless*.'"

"'There was such a fatality,' said Miriam; 'yes, the shadow fell upon me innocent, but I went astray in it,—as Hilda could tell you,—into crime.'"

What crime it was that *first* threw the shadow the author does not tell. It was unspeakable; and yet it is "an open secret" to his readers, after all the indications that he has given. It took place "some time after" she had repudiated the proposed marriage with a man

"So evil, so treacherous, so wild, and yet so strangely subtle, as could only be accounted for by the insanity which often develops itself in old close-kept races of men."

Yet it is plain that this intended husband was not "the spectre of the catacomb," any more than that Miriam was an accomplice in the crime of which she was suspected. When she refers to this suspicion in her narrative:—

"'But you know that I am innocent,' she cried, interrupting herself again, and looking Kenyon in the face."

"'I know it by my deepest consciousness,' he answered, 'and I know it by Hilda's trust and entire affection, which you never could have won had you been capable of guilt.'"

"'That is sure ground, indeed, for pronouncing me innocent,' said Miriam, with the tears gushing into her eyes. 'Yet I have since become a horror to your saint-like Hilda by a crime which she herself saw me help to perpetrate.'"

The fatal word which Miriam so dreaded was unquestionably that which would prove that she had *not* "committed suicide," and so expose her, like Beatrice Cenci, to an ignominious death, notwithstanding her innocence.

"Looking back upon what had happened," Miriam observed, she now considered him "a madman. Insanity must have been mixed up with his original composition, and developed by those very acts of depravity which it suggested, and still more intensified, by the remorse that ultimately followed them. Nothing was stranger in his dark career than the penitence which often seemed to go hand in hand with crime. Since his death she had ascertained that it finally led him to a convent, where his severe and self-inflicted penance had even acquired him the reputation of unusual sanctity, and had been the cause of his enjoying greater freedom than is commonly allowed to monks."

"Need I tell you more?" asked Miriam, after proceeding thus far. "It is still a dim and dreary mystery, a gloomy twilight into which I guide you; but possibly you may catch a glimpse of much that I myself can explain only by conjecture. At all events, you can comprehend what my situation must have been after that fatal interview in the catacomb. My persecutor had gone thither for penance, but followed me forth with fresh impulses to crime."

What a fine sarcasm it is to put this man, than whom, whether mad or not, "nothing was viler," into the brown frock and cowl of a Capuchin, and bury him in earth of the Holy Land in all the odor, such as it is, of Capuchin sanctity! Why not? He had said prayers at all the shrines of the Coliseum, going on his knees from one to another, until his devotions (?) were interrupted by Miriam's unexpected and unintentional appearance before his eyes, awakening in him "fresh impulses" of the passion in which he was lost.

It is not unlikely, however, that Hawthorne, who, like Kenyon, "was a devout man in his way," was half unconscious of the sarcasm, in the deep religious earnestness with which he was treating those problems, inevitably presented to his mind in the place where he certainly first conceived the idea of this romance. As we have already intimated, how could such a man be in Rome, which pretends to be the centre of the spiritual universe, without having perpetually presented to his mind spiritual and moral problems deeper than all questions of

ritualism without asking what is the nature of sin? what is its relation to crime? and for what were men put on the earth by God? Was it to outrage and lead each other astray; to dominate, and punish, and make each other suffer? or was it to "honor all men," to "further one another" in worthy action, "preferring one another in love"?

Or was it the Divine idea, that men should get into relation with God by becoming isolated from each other; denying the nearest relations in which they find themselves with each other as well as with outward nature? Is human existence a curse or a blessing? Is dying the business that God has given men to do? Is self-denial the substantial essence of human life, instead of the pruning of an exuberant tree, in order to its more beautiful growth? Where is the life of God to be seen?—in the exuberant sport of happy childhood; in the rush together of young hearts in love; in the subjection of stone and marble to beautiful forms that flow from the thinking mind; in the transfiguration of earths and minerals into the seven colors of light, to symbolize the glowing affections of the heart; in the heroic virtue, that, conscious of its own immortality and divinity, imperially gives away the lesser life of the senses, whenever it interferes with the larger life of the spirit? Is it, in short, in all manner of manifestation of the inner man to kindred men, in humble imitation, as it were, of God creating the outward universe to manifest himself to his rational and sensible creatures? Or is it in the asceticism of all these religious orders; in some of which the members make it their specialty *never to speak to each other*, much less do each other any service; who indulge in no natural sympathies; who, even when they actually do serve each other, eliminate all the spontaneity of love from the service, superseding it with a ritual by which they are earning a curtailment of the pangs of purgatory, or an immunity from everlasting suffering? This is not decla-

mation. Vincent de St. Paul, in his manual for the Sisters of Charity, tells them that if they do the deed of the good Samaritan from compassion for the poor man who has fallen among thieves, and bind up his wounds with an absorption of heart and mind in the relief of his suffering which shall make them forget themselves; if their outgushing sympathies for him cause a momentary oblivion of those church formulas to which are attached indulgences, and the *pater-nosters* and *ave Marias* are not consciously repeated as they do their charitable work,—their deed gains no indulgences, nor forms any part of their own divine life (which is the only meaning of being accepted of God).

The highest human activity, that which has a more spiritual quarry than marble, color, or whatever is the material of the so-called fine arts, is entirely unknown in Rome. Instead of a state which receives the coming generation as the father of a future age, leaving it free as a son to find "the business which God has given it to do," pondering all its expressed intuitions, and nurturing it with all means of development; giving it to eat of the fruit of all the trees of the Garden of Life, and only restraining it by the warning of love from the poisonous influence which will lead it into a lower plane of existence,—in short, instead of a state such as might be composed of men with the freedom to will, tender to nature, encouraging to spirit, cherishing infinite varieties of harmonizing and harmonized power, the Church gives this whited sepulchre of the Papacy, in which ghastly skeletons of humanity, or, what is worse, half-corrupted bodies, like those filthy Capuchins,—in their loathsome dresses (which they are compelled to wear three or four years without laying them off for the purposes of cleanliness), and hardly less disgusting Franciscans, doing nothing for the welfare of themselves and other men, but walking about idly, and begging,—alternate with magnificently arrayed ecclesiastical princes, expending upon their own

pleasures and pompous environment whatever of wealth flows to this centre of Christendom from all parts of the world, over which it preposterously claims a dominion in the name of God, exacting taxes wrung from the fear of everlasting punishment, which it has made its great business of fifteen centuries to exasperate to madness, until that base and selfish passion has wellnigh swallowed up all the nobleness, as well as beauty, of human nature.

It was in this mockery of a Church and State that Hawthorne seized the idea of his *chef d'œuvre*; and the more we shall see into his multifarious meanings, the more we shall acknowledge that he has uttered no idle word from the beginning to the end. In the whole sweep, from the nameless miscreant whose blackness makes the shadow of the picture, up through Miriam, Kenyon, Hilda, to Donatello, his imagination does not fail him in the effort to grasp and represent the common life, whose actions and reactions within itself kindle the fire that purifies, till, as the prophet says, the Refiner may see his own image in the furnace. Deeply as Hawthorne was impressed with "what man has made of man" in Rome, his own exquisitely endowed organization opened every pore to the revelations of the nature in the midst of which Rome had grown up. Nothing is more wonderful than the power with which, in the whole delineation of Donatello, he withdraws himself from the present of Rome, heavy as it is with the ponderous ruins of time, and looks back to the original Italy, and even still further to the age of the world before this shadowed human experience began. The innocence of Donatello is as far above the ordinary human experience as the evil of the so-called model is below it. If the latter is the nadir, the former is the zenith, of the natural universe; and yet we observe that the model is not treated as out of the pale of human sympathy, much as his own unnatural depravity has done to put him out. By a single stroke of genius,

he is associated with "the lost wretch" who betrayed the early Christians, but "pined for the blessed sunshine and a companion to be miserable with him," which, as Kenyon is made to playfully suggest, "indicates something amiable in the poor fellow." And when he is dead, the author says that

"A singular sense of duty . . . impelled (Miriam) to look at the final resting-place of the being whose fate had been so disastrously involved with her own, . . . and to put money into the sacristan's hand to an amount that made his eyes open wide and glisten, requesting that it might be expended in masses for the repose of Father Antonio's soul."

Besides the artistic balance of Donatello's innocence and joyousness with this monster's guilt and wretchedness, there is another fine contrast of his indescribable gayety with Miriam's unutterable sorrow, all the more touching because we see that in her proper nature she has an equal gayety. Her occasional self-abandonment to the pure elixir of mere existence, — witness the wild dance in the Borghese villa; the intellectual freedom that lifts her above her fate into creative genius, — witness her sporting with it in her pictures, her petulant criticisms on Guido's archangel, and the stories she invents to connect herself with the spectre of the catacomb; above all, the balm she finds for her wounded soul in Donatello's unqualified devotion to her, although for his sake she will not encourage, but even deprecates it, — all go to prove that her suffering has a source essentially out of herself, but yet so intimately connected with herself, that, as Hilda had said of Beatrice Cenci,

"She knows that she ought to be solitary forever, both for the world's sake and her own."

In Chapter XXIII. the author has said of the portrait: —

"Who can look at that mouth, with its lips half apart as innocent as a baby's that has been crying, and not pronounce Beatrice sinless? *It was the intimate consciousness of her father's sin that threw its shadow*

over her, and frightened her into a remote and inaccessible region, where no sympathy could come."

Miriam had at one moment looked so like that picture "of unutterable grief and mysterious shadow of guilt" that Hilda had exclaimed, "What an actress you are!" (Chap. VIII.) But, for all the difference between Miriam's powerful and Beatrice's feeble temperament, she could only momentarily dwell in the mood of mind that would give that expression of face, and immediately afterwards feel that there was something missed in Guido's portrait which she could have given to it.

No one can say that Hawthorne does not appreciate "the night side" of human nature. Many have maintained that he is morbid in the intensity of the shadows thrown over his delineations of character. So much the more, then, do we see and feel the inspiration of an insight which goes back beyond all historic memory, and sees men as they came forth from the creating breath, bound to one another by flesh and blood, instinct with kindly affections, and commanding all animated nature below him with a voice "soft, attractive, persuasive, friendly"; and lying upon the universe like the smile of God which created it.

Donatello, like Undine, like Ariel, is a new creation of genius. As Hawthorne himself says, in the Postscript that his *philistine* English publishers compelled him to append to their second edition: —

"The idea of the modern Faun loses all the poetry and beauty which the author fancied in it, and becomes nothing better than a grotesque absurdity, if we bring it into the actual light of day. He had hoped to mystify this anomalous creature between the real and fantastic in such a manner that the reader's sympathies might be excited to a certain pleasurable degree, without impelling him to ask how Cuvier would have classified poor Donatello, or to insist upon being told, in so many words, whether he had furry ears or no. As respects all who ask such questions, the book is to that extent a failure."

But there are other questions which he intended his readers should ask, of a different nature, and whose answers are suggested in the representation of Donatello: What is or was man before he was acted upon from without by any moral circumstances, — a blank paper, an evil propensity, or the perfection of passive nature, every one of whose parts, including the phenomenon man, are so many words of God's conversation with all men? Donatello first comes upon us in the passive form of his existence, — a healthy sensibility, — when, as Madame de Staël has said of the child, "The Deity takes him by the hand, and lifts him lightly over the clouds of life." His soul lives in the vision of natural beauty, and his whole expression is joy. He sympathizes with all harmless forms of animal life, and the innocent animal life, in its turn, recognizes his voice. Woman, the citadel and metropolis of beauty, so completely fulfils his conscious identity, that he seems to himself only to have lived since he knew Miriam, in whose "bright natural smile" he was blest; but whose sadder moods disturbed him with a presentiment of pain he did not understand; and whose extremity of suffering inspired him with a "fierce energy" to annihilate its manifest cause, that "kindled him into a man." For it is certain that his spiritual life began in the deed revealing to him that the law it broke came from a profounder and wider love than that which impelled him to its commission. If the reader asks then, with Hilda, "Was Donatello really a faun?" he is referred for an answer to the words of Kenyon, in the original conversation in the Capitol, on the immortal marble of Praxiteles, where he says of "That frisky thing . . . neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. (Chap. II.) In some long past age he really must have existed. Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature; standing betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the speech of either race, and interpreting the whole existence of one to the other."

It was nothing less unsophisticated that could have served the author's purpose of simplifying the question of the origin of sin, which both etymologically and metaphysically means *separation*, — conscious separation from the principle of life. It was the perfected animal nature that revealed to his hitherto unreflecting mind, that an action which certainly originated in his "loving much" was a crime. In one of his conversations with Kenyon he reveals this unawares. That "long shriek wavering all the way down," that "thump against the stones," that "quiver through the crushed mass, and no more movement after that," of a "fellow-creature (but just before) living and breathing into (his) face," awakened the idea in poor Donatello, — who himself clung to the life which he had felt to be "so warm, so rich, so sunny," — that there is a bond which antedates all the attractions of personal affinity, and whose violation takes the joy out of all narrower relations, however close they may be, startling the spirit into moral consciousness with the question *de profundis*, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

It is true that for a moment the excitement of the action which took him so completely out of himself was felt both by him and Miriam to have "cemented" their union "with the blood of one worthless and wretched life," — for that moment when they felt that neither of them could know any more loneliness; that they "drew one breath" and "lived one life." But immediately afterwards they began to see that they had joined another mighty company, and "melted into a vast mass of human crime" with a sense of being "guilty of the whole"; and the next day, the sight of the corpse in the Chapel of the Capuchins, and the sound of the chant for the dead, made Donatello's "heart shiver," and put "a great weight" in his breast; and the love which he had felt to be his life was disenchanted! When Miriam saw that this was so, and, in spite of her warmly declared affection, which he had hitherto so passionately craved, that he "shuddered" at her touch, and

confessed that "nothing could ever comfort" him, "with a generosity characteristic alike of herself and true love" she bade him leave and forget her:—

"Forget you, Miriam," said Donatello, roused somewhat from his apathy of despair. "If I could remember you and behold you apart from that frightful visage which stares at me over your shoulder, that were a consolation and a joy."

But, as he could not do this, he reciprocated her farewell with apparent insensibility:—

"So soon after the semblance of such mighty love, and after it had been the impulse to so terrible a deed, they parted in all outward show as coldly as people part whose mutual intercourse has been encircled within an hour."

This parting, with all the reaction upon Donatello of what he had impulsively done, whether in the "fiery intoxication which sufficed to carry them triumphantly through the first moments of their doom," or in the blind gropings of his remorse, when he had returned to the old castle of Monte Beni, Hawthorne would evidently have us see, as in a pure mirror, that the fundamental principle of humanity, the brotherhood in which God created all souls, is affirmed in the law inscribed in our hearts, and handed down in all civilized tradition, which forbids an individual to assume over his fellows the office of judge and executioner; for that is the inherent prerogative of the social whole, which, and nothing less, is the image of God created to sit at his own right hand.

As long as Donatello fulfilled the law of impartial humanity by his geniality, easy persuadability, and glad abandonment of himself to friendship and love, though there might be "no atom of martyr's stuff in him" considered as "the power to sacrifice himself to an abstract idea," yet there was no discord in all the echoes of his soul. As soon as he had made an exception to the universality of his good-will by executing on his sole responsibility a capital judgment on a fellow-pensioner of the Heavenly Father, he felt him-

self to be mysteriously and powerlessly drifting towards perdition, and his voice was no longer sterling in nature. Hawthorne is perhaps the only moral teacher of the modern time who has affirmed with power, that the origin of sin is in crime, and not *vice versa*. But it was affirmed of old by the most venerable scripture of the Hebrew Bible, in the statement that the first murderer was also the first who "went out from the presence of the Lord," and began the dark record of fallen humanity.

It was, therefore, an inconsiderate reader of the romance of Monte Beni, who said: "But Donatello, with his unappeasable remorse, was no Italian; for, had he been one, he would at once have gone and confessed, received absolution, and thought never again of 'the traitor who had met his just doom.'" Hawthorne was not painting in Donatello an Italian such as the Church has made by centuries of a discipline so bewildering to the mind as to crush the natural conscience by substituting artificial for real duties, yet not restraining men, or itself refraining, from bursting into God's holy of holies, the destined temple of the Holy Spirit,—an Italian incapable of dreaming of anything holier than a passionate deprecation of that punishment for his crimes which he should crave as their expiation,—life for life. Donatello is an original inhabitant of Italy, as yet "guiltless of Rome."

In the genealogy of the Counts of Monte Beni, *historic* vistas open up beyond recorded memory to

"A period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear."

But of this the author himself may have been unconscious; for it was not historic facts, but the eternal truths they embody, on which his eye was fixed; and in the intimation that the Church ritual to which Donatello resorted to heal the wound of his soul, and which all his earnest sincerity of purpose found as ineffectual for that end as it had proved to the lost sinner

whom the sight of the object of his vile passion had driven forth alike from the Catacombs he had sought as a penance and the shrines of the Coliseum which he was visiting on his knees, we have hints of an interpretation of Christianity more vital than has yet been symbolized by any ritual, or systematized by any ecclesiasticism. This is generally put into the mouth of Kenyon, who seems to be the keystone of the arch of characters in this story, combining in his own healthy affections and clear reason, and comprehending in his intelligent and discriminating sympathy all the others.

It is almost impossible to make extracts from the chapters describing the summer in the Apennines with his saddened friend, to whom he ministers with such unpretending wisdom and delicate tenderness. Quoting almost at random, his words seem to be oracles. For instance, in Chapter II. of the second volume:—

"What I am most inclined to murmur at is this death's head. It is absurdly monstrous, my dear friend, thus to fling the dead weight of our mortality upon our immortal hopes. While we live on earth, 'tis true we must needs carry our skeletons about with us; but, for Heaven's sake, do not let us burden our spirits with them in our feeble efforts to soar upwards! Believe me, it will change the whole aspect of death, if you can once disconnect it in your idea with that corruption from which it disengages our higher part."

And when Donatello subsequently says:—

"My forefathers being a cheerful race of men in their natural disposition found it needful to have the skull often before their eyes, because they dearly loved life and its enjoyments, and hated the very thought of death." "I am afraid," said Kenyon, "they liked it none the better for seeing its face under this abominable mask."

Again, in Chapter III. of the same volume, Kenyon says:—

"Avoid the convent, my dear friend, as you would shun the death of the soul. But for my own part, if I had an insupportable burden, if for any cause I were bent on

sacrificing every earthly hope as a peace-offering towards heaven, I would make the wide earth my cell, and good deeds to mankind my prayer. Many penitent men have done this, and found peace in it."

"Ah! but you are a heretic," said the Count. Yet his face brightened beneath the stars, and, looking at it through the twilight, the sculptor's remembrance went back to that scene in the Capitol where both in features and expression Donatello had seemed identical with the Faun, and still there was a resemblance; for now, when first the idea was suggested of living for his fellow-creatures, the original beauty, which sorrow had partly effaced, came back, elevated and spiritualized. In the black depths the Faun had found a soul, and was struggling with it towards the light of heaven."

Afterwards, in Chapter IV. of the second volume, we find this wise advice:—

"Believe me," said he, turning his eyes towards his friend, full of grave and tender sympathy, "you know not what is requisite for your spiritual growth, seeking, as you do, to keep your soul perpetually in the unwholesome region of remorse. It was needful for you to pass through that dark valley, but it is infinitely dangerous to linger there too long; there is poison in the atmosphere when we sit down and brood in it, instead of girding up our loins to press onward. Not despondency, not slothful anguish, is what you require, but effort! Has there been an unutterable evil in your young life? Then crowd it out with good, or it will lie corrupting there forever, and cause your capacity for better things to partake its noisome corruption."

It is an originality of the religious teaching of Hawthorne, that he really recognizes the inherent freedom of man, that is, his freedom to good as well as to evil. While he shows forth so powerfully that "grief and pain" have developed in Donatello "a more definite and nobler individuality," he does not generalize the fact, as is so common, but recognizes that "sometimes the instruction comes without the sorrow, and oftener the sorrow teaches no lesson that abides with us"; in fine, that love like Kenyon's and Hilda's reveals the same

truth much more fully and certainly than did the crime which is made so cunningly to lie between Miriam and Donatello, that they become one by it in sorrow, as Hilda and Kenyon become one in joy ineffable, by their mutual recognition of each other's humility and purity.

Yet Hilda is not put above that "common life" which is never to be lost sight of, being God's special dwelling-place, into any superhuman immunity from the "ills that flesh is heir to." She suffers, as well as Miriam, from "the fatal decree by which every crime is made to be the agony of many innocent persons." Hence we are told of

"That peculiar despair, that chill and heavy misery, *which only the innocent can experience*, although it possesses many of the gloomy characteristics of guilt. It was that heartsickness which, it is to be hoped, we may all of us have been pure enough to feel once in our lives, but the capacity for which is usually exhausted early, and perhaps with a single agony. It was that dismal certainty of the existence of evil in the world which, though we may fancy ourselves fully assured of the sad mystery long before, never becomes a portion of our practical belief until it takes substance and reality from the sin of some guide whom we have deeply trusted and revered, or some friend whom we have dearly loved."

And, besides, Hilda is indirectly developed into a larger sphere of duty and more comprehensive practical humanity, by the share she necessarily has in the misfortunes and sorrows of Miriam and Donatello.

Her conversation with Kenyon, after the relief experienced by her communication of the cause of her long-pent sorrow, leaves on her mind the painful doubt, whether in her struggle to keep "the white robe" God had given her, "and bade her wear it back to him as white as when she put it on," "a wrong had not been committed towards the friend so beloved";

"Whether a close bond of friendship, in which we once voluntarily engage, ought to be severed on account of any unworthiness which we subsequently detect in our friend."

Here we have Hawthorne's judgment

upon a subject which is often an important practical problem in our daily conversation:—

"In these unions of hearts—call them marriage or whatever else—we take each other for better, for worse. Availing ourselves of our friend's intimate affection, we pledge our own as to be relied on in every emergency. . . . Who need the tender succor of the innocent more than wretches stained with guilt? And must a selfish care for the spotlessness of our own garments keep us from pressing the guilty ones close to our hearts, wherein, for the very reason that we are innocent, lies their securest refuge from further ill. . . . 'Miriam loved me well,' thought Hilda, remorsefully, 'and I failed her in her utmost need.'"

This adjustment of the contending claims of the law of individuality and the law of our common nature frequently solicited Hawthorne's attention; and in *The Blithedale Romance* he has discussed it with earnestness. That *Romance* was intended to meet a peculiar and transient mood of mind in a special locality when there seemed to spread abroad a sudden doubt of those natural social unions growing out of the inevitable instincts and wants of human beings, which insure the organization of families. In *The House of the Seven Gables* he had shown how the tendency of families to isolation results, when unchecked by a liberal humanity, in physical deterioration, morbid affections, and malignant selfishness. In *The Blithedale Romance*, on the other hand, he teaches that by wilfully adopting schemes of social organization, based on abstractions of individual intellects,—however great and with whatever good motives,—we are liable ruthlessly, even if unconsciously, to immolate thereto living hearts that are attracted to us by profound affinities and generous imaginations. Zenobia,—was she not murdered by Hollingsworth as certainly, though not as obviously, as was Father Antonio by Donatello? No real philanthropy can grow out of social action that ignores the personal duties of parents, children, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, friends, and lovers.

The last conversation between Hilda and Kenyon upon Donatello is one of those great touches of art by which Hawthorne is accustomed to lead his readers to a point of view from which they can see what the personages of his story, who seem to see and say all, certainly do not say, if they see:—

"Here comes my perplexity," continued Kenyon. "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him. Is sin, then, which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe,—is it like sorrow, merely an element of human education through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?"

"O, hush!" cried Hilda, shrinking from him with an expression of horror which wounded the poor speculative sculptor to the soul. "This is terrible, and I could weep for you if you indeed believe it. Do not you perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiment, but of moral law, and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of Heaven are written deepest within us? You have shocked me beyond words."

"Forgive me, Hilda!" exclaimed the sculptor, startled by her agitation; "I never did believe it! But the mind wanders wild and wide; and, so lonely as I live and work, I have neither polestar above, nor light of cottage window here below, to bring me home. Were you my guide, my counsellor, my inmost friend, with that white wisdom which clothes you as a celestial garment, all would go well. O Hilda, guide me home."

We must bring this protracted article to a close, though we have by no means made an exhaustive analysis of the *Romance of Monte Beni*. The mere drama of it is wonderfully knit together, all its incidents growing directly out of the characters, and their interaction with universal laws. As Hilda's imprisonment is the direct consequence of her faithful execution of Miriam's commission, and complicated with her involuntary knowledge of Donatello's crime, so her deliverance is the immediate motive of the self-surrender of Donatello, which Miriam makes to bear this fruit of practical justice. He is no martyr, therefore, even at last, "to an abstract idea,"

but sacrifices himself for a substantially beneficent end. And it is left probable that the sacrifice proved by Divine Providence no immolation; for the last words of the original romance are, after asking, "What was Miriam's life to be? and Where was Donatello? . . . Hilda had a hopeful soul, and saw sunlight on the mountain-tops." Thus we are led to hope that "the bond between them," which Kenyon had pronounced to be "for mutual support, . . . for one another's final good, . . . for effort, for sacrifice," and which they had accepted "for mutual elevation and encouragement towards a severe and painful life," "but not for earthly happiness," did at last conciliate "that shy, subtle thing" as "a wayside flower springing along a path leading to higher ends."

We shall have done quite as much as we had proposed to ourselves in this review, if we shall induce any of our readers to recur to the book and study it; for in it they will find earnestly treated the highest offices and aims, as well as the temptations and limitations, of art, in its well-discriminated and fairly appreciated varieties of mode; they will find there delicate criticisms on pictures and statues, ancient and modern, with original thoughts on nearly every subject of moral, intellectual, and æsthetic interest presenting itself to a sojourner in Italy, to whose richest meanings, whether sad or glad, the romance will prove the best of guide-books. But we must not close without observing that whatever short comings in theory or iniquities in practice the author hints at or exposes in the Roman Catholic Church and state, he exhibits no narrow Protestantism. In many time-honored customs, in "the shrines it has erected at the waysides, as reminders of the eternal future imbosomed in the present"; and especially in the description of the "world's cathedral" where he makes the suffering Hilda find relief, he does not fail to recognize whatever Romanism has appropriated of the methods of universal love.

But he puts the infallible priesthood to school, as it were, to the pure soul which has preserved by humble religious thought "the white robe" of pristine innocence God had bid her "wear back to him unstained," and has faithfully increased in the knowledge of God by the study and reproduction of beauty, without making into stumbling-blocks, as the merely instinctive too generally do, the stepping-stones given for our advancement from the glory of the natural to the glory of the spiritual life.

Hilda's rebuke to the priest, who would narrow the sacred confidences of his office to orthodox ritualism and her confession, which she tells Kenyon would have been made to him if he had been at hand, express the idea that in the loneliness created by sin, not

only in the guilty, but in the guiltless soul, it is at once inevitable and legitimate to claim human sympathy; also that "it is not good for man to be alone," because God created us in countless relations, which it is our salvation to discover and fulfil, as is revealed by the very etymology of the word *conscience*. In fine, may we not say that The Marble Faun takes a high place in that library of sacred literature of the modern time which is the prophetic intimation of the Free Catholic Christian Church, "whose 'far-off coming' shines," — a Church whose *credo* is not abstract dogma, but the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love; whose cathedral is universal nature, and whose ritual is nothing short of virtue, truth, and charity, the organs of piety?

Elizabeth P. Peabody

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Life in the Argentine Republic; or, Civilization and Barbarism. From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by MRS. MARY MANN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO is known to our public as the Minister to the United States from the Argentine Republic, and as the author of a Spanish life of Abraham Lincoln, heretofore noticed in these pages. Many also are aware of the cordial and intelligent interest he takes in our free-school system, and of the efforts he has made for its introduction and adoption in his own country, where, after a long life of services and sacrifices, he now occupies the first place in the popular esteem, and where the recent elections have actually placed him at the head of the state, as President. Few of our readers, however, whose curiosity has not been directed specially to him, can justly appreciate the greatness of his character and career. In any civilization these would be very remarkable: appearing as a part of the history of a Spanish-American republic, and involved with that tale of

barbaric intrigue, violence, and revolution which has always greeted us in the "latest advices from South America," they have a value of the highest kind to the student as well as the lover of men.

In the early circumstances of Señor Sarmiento's life there is much to remind us of Lincoln's humble beginnings, though there is of course the ineffaceable difference between the two men of race, religion, and traditions. Lincoln doubtfully derived his origin from an unknown Quaker family of Pennsylvania: the blood of an ancient Spanish line mixed with that of a noble Arabic stirp in the veins of Sarmiento. But the parents of both were very poor; and they were alike in their heritage of privation and hard work. The Lincolns began as pioneers: the Sarmiento-Albarracines arrived at the same condition after centuries of high station and wealth in the Old World, and some generations of adventure and impoverishment in our own hemisphere.

The story of his boyhood, as Señor Sarmiento relates it in one of his vivid and picturesque books, — half politics, half history and personal narrative, — and as Mrs. Mann transfers and compiles it in

the work before us, is in all respects attractive and instructive. It depicts a family of South American pioneers struggling for bare subsistence, but cherishing their memories of the past and their vague ambition for the future,—a hard-working father resolved that his son shall be a scholar and a great man; a mother who toils all day at her loom to help supply the necessities of life, and still aspires for her son; sisters who share her labors; and the boyish hope of the house who hesitates whether to be a soldier or a priest, who makes and worships an army of mud saints in the morning, and in the afternoon leads to the fight a battalion of clay warriors. The character of Sarmiento's mother is portrayed by her son with touching affection, and he takes the reader's heart, as he tells, with mingling humor and pathos, of her conscientious industry, her old-fashioned faith and prejudices, and her grief at the progress of modern ideas in her children. She was a woman, however, not only of the best heart, but of strong mind, and her son piously acknowledges her excellent influence upon his whole life. He was put to school in his fifth year, and remained at his studies till he was fifteen, the family meanwhile denying itself the aid of his services, and supporting him in the career marked out for him. His parents, his teacher, and his friends expected him to be chosen for public education among the six youth selected in those days by the Argentine government from each of its provinces; local influences defeated this hope, and so young Domingo became a grocer's clerk, but in the intervals of business he continued his studies, and devoured books with an insatiable hunger. "In the mornings after sweeping the shop, I read, and as a certain señora passed by on her way from church, and her eyes always fell day after day, month after month, upon that boy, immovable, insensible to every disturbance, his eyes fixed upon a book, one day, shaking her head, she said to her family, 'That lad cannot be good; if those books were good, he would not read them so eagerly!'" It is interesting to know that the favorite book of this young Spanish American was the "Life of Franklin," and that in all his ambitious dreams, it was of Franklin's fame that he was most emulous.

At sixteen he had advanced so far in his education as to be imprisoned for a political offence against one of the local despots who had already begun in the new republic

to substitute their atrocities for the misgovernment of Spain. He was among the first to take arms against these on the side of liberty and civilization; and when his party was crushed he fled to Chili. Returning to his native state of San Juan in 1836, when twenty-five years old, he renewed his studies with the help of several languages acquired during his exile, and issued a few numbers of a newspaper, which the government presently suppressed. Of course, he was in opposition to this government; he was imprisoned again, and his life was often in danger; but he remained four years in San Juan, expressing by every word and act his unconquerable zeal for letters and civilization. He spent the two succeeding years in Chili, where he employed himself in literature and politics, with a view to promoting friendship between the people of all the Spanish states, and in 1841 went back to his own country to participate in a revolt against Rosas the tyrant. The movement failed, and his residence in Chili was thus prolonged. He established a literary journal in Santiago, wrote school-books, founded the first normal school in America, and devoted himself to elevating the intellectual and social condition of teachers in a country where a man had been sentenced, for robbing a church, "to serve three years as a schoolmaster." He published several works of a biographical and political nature at this time, and substituted in the schools such books as the "Life of Franklin" for the monkish legends from which the children once learned to read. But he met with annoying opposition as a foreigner, and Chili never fully acknowledged the good he did till long after he had quitted her soil. In 1847 he set out on his travels through Europe and the United States, of which he has written a spirited and charming narrative, and which he put to the most practical use, devoting his close observation of communities and governments everywhere to the benefit of his own countrymen. In the United States he made the acquaintance of the late Horace Mann, and thoroughly studied our free-school system, which after great difficulty he caused to be adopted in Buenos Ayres.

He helped to overthrow Rosas in 1851, but again left his country when he found that the general of the insurgents only desired to become another Rosas. He went to live in Buenos Ayres, however, in 1857, and soon re-entered the public service, on the side of liberty, education, and moderation.

He carried through the Senate a measure for building two model schools in the capital, and in 1860 there were 17,000 children receiving free instruction in the city; he also advocated perfect religious equality, and there are now as many Protestant as Catholic churches in Buenos Ayres. Having always detested cattle-rearing as barbarizing, through the isolation and idleness in which it maintained the farmers, he procured from the government the right to survey public lands in small farms, and sell these cheaply to actual settlers; and, in a single province, the lands once belonging to thirty-nine individuals now support a happy and industrious population of twenty thousand freeholders. These and other benevolent measures engaged his attention during intervals of revolution at Buenos Ayres, and they have never ceased to have his sympathy and co-operation during the years he has represented his country at Washington. Any book by such a man would demand attention from us; the book which of all others seems to teach us Spanish America, which exhibits the struggles of a convulsed and unhappy state now at last entering upon a period of just and tranquil government, and which explains the causes contributing for so long a time to the misery and oppression of her people, has singular claims upon our interest. No difference of race or faith can separate our fate wholly from that of the other American republics. Self-government if good in itself is good for every people. Its failure anywhere is a blow at our prosperity; its endeavors have a perpetual hold upon our sympathies.

Señor Sarmiento's work was first published in Chili, in 1841; the French translation which attracted the flattering notice of the Parisian critics (especially those of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*), at the time of its publication, was printed in 1846. It merited this notice, aside from the interest of its subject, by its clear and graphic style, and its comprehensive and confident philosophy. It is the story of that strange yet logical succession of events, by which, in Buenos Ayres and the Argentine States, the cities collected within their gates the civilization of the country, and the people who dwelt without on the great plains, and isolated from all humanizing influences, lapsed into barbarism. Our author continually likens these terrible peasants to the Bedouins, whose appearance and usages when he beheld them in later years, for the first time, were familiar

to him through their similarity to those of the gauchos. The gaucho never learned anything but the lasso and the knife; with the one he ruled over his vast herds, with the other he defended himself against wild beasts, and fought out his personal feuds to the death. There was no law for him, and scarcely anything like religion; there was no society but that of his fellow-herdsmen, when they met at the country stores which here and there dotted the plains, and supplied the few necessities and luxuries of the barbarous inhabitants. For amusement he drank and danced, or listened to the rude songs of the *cantores*,—a race of minstrels, whose life and office reflected a faint and distorted image of those of the feudal troubadours, and who celebrated the deeds and characters of the gauchos. These poets had so deep a hold upon the affections of the gauchos, that they made the name of minstrel sacred, and caused even a poet from the hated cities, who once fell into their hands, to be treated with respect and tenderness. But nearly all the circumstances of the gaucho's life fostered his savage egotism, his pride and faith in personal prowess, and his desire to excel by violence. When in an evil hour they began to talk politics at the country stores, this cruel and fearless animal was filled with the lust of rapine and dominion; and when Facundo Quiroga, a gaucho famous throughout the plains for his strength, his courage, and his homicides, proposed an invasion of the cities, and a subversion of settled government, an irresistible force of gauchos was ready to follow him.

Señor Sarmiento tells the tale of Quiroga's success with vivid minuteness, and presents, in a series of pictures and studies of character, an idea of one of the strangest political convulsions known to history. At this time, and at this distance from the scene of the events, the reader feels the want of some general outline of narrative, but this Mrs. Mann has supplied in a Preface to the work; and in accepting the author's statements, it is only necessary to account for the warmth and color with which a partisan of the cities must speak of the gauchos and their leaders. There is no reason to doubt his truth. It at once explains the character of such tyrants as Rosas of Buenos Ayres, and Lopez of Paraguay, when they are described as gaucho chiefs, the heirs of Quiroga's system and ideas.

It is needless to follow in detail the adventures of this leader, who employed

the most unscrupulous guile where force did not serve him to capture the cities. The plains triumphed through him; the towns one after another fell before him, and were desolated by the punishments he ordered, sometimes for their resistance, but often merely to strike terror into them. Men were shot by scores; women were subjected to every insult and outrage; commerce was paralyzed by exactions that took every coin from circulation, and heaped the gaming-tables with the stakes for which Quiroga and his gauchos played. Savage and treacherous caprice ruled instead of law; churches were desecrated; schools were destroyed; whatever bore the mark of civilization or refinement was trampled under foot. The triumph of barbarism was complete.

Quiroga's career is one of several very fully portrayed in this interesting book, and scarcely surpasses in its curious fascination that of Aldao, the monk turned gaucho leader, or that of either of Aldao's brothers. Rosas and Lopez are introduced only incidentally, though sufficiently to identify them with the gaucho movement; but a multitude of subordinate actors in the scenes of that singular tragedy are sketched with an effect of making us know the political and social life of Spanish America as it has never appeared before in literature.

The History of the Navy during the Rebellion. By CHARLES B. BOYNTON, D.D., Chaplain of the House of Representatives, and Assistant Professor at the U. S. Naval Academy. Illustrated with numerous engravings. 2 Vols. New York: Appleton & Co.

THE false impressions conveyed by this work begin with the title-page. The author has never reported at the Naval Academy. Probably he has been appointed Assistant Professor, and assigned to duty as an historian.

Of the numerous engravings with which these volumes are illustrated, three are heads of naval officers, and six of politicians or contractors. The frontispiece is the venerable countenance of Mr. Secretary Welles. The original appointment of this gentleman was a piece of poetical justice. Mr. Secretary Toucey having betrayed his trust, his successor was chosen from the same rural town. President Lincoln had

humor, and a good-natured confidence that any man could do anything if he tried. He himself became the embodiment of Northern public sentiment, with all its faithful courage and cheerful justice. During the President's lifetime, Mr. Welles displayed a measure of the same spirit. At the outset of the war he sustained Commodore Stringham in protecting and employing colored refugees; and, although the veteran sailor soon shared the fate of General Fremont, the government vessels continued to be a safe refuge for runaway slaves. In the navy it was hardly an innovation for blacks and whites to sail and fight side by side in the same ship; while, in the army, the utmost that was done at any period of the war was to enroll the blacks in separate regiments, which were usually assigned to separate service.

On the legal questions which arose in the administration of the Navy Department Mr. Welles was frequently mistaken. He desired the President to close the Southern ports instead of blockading them. He sustained Captain Wilkes in the Trent case. And, to this day, gallant officers are deprived of prize money, on the ground that the statute at the time of capture regulates the distribution. It is true that prize-money is a relic of more barbarous times. It is also a lottery tainted with favoritism. The Admiralty can send whom it pleases to watch the rich avenues of hostile trade. There is a premium laid upon sufficient connivance to keep the golden current flowing; and, at best, low motives are substituted for sterling patriotism. Good pay at all times, and good work everywhere required, are the conditions of sound service. Profits and perquisites belong to the Republic. So long, however, as prize-money is given, it should follow well-known rules; and no rule is better settled than that the statute at the time of adjudication determines the distribution.

Dr. Boynton's history and Mr. Beecher's late novel resemble each other in consisting largely of bits of sermons afloat in a war-story; but Dr. Boynton nowhere alludes to the sin of nepotism. Whatever becomes the ordinary way of the world ceases to appear objectionable; and yet we punish crimes, not for their novelty, but for their criminality. Perhaps, however, we ought to thank Mr. Welles for his moderation with such a wide field for jobbery before him. The whole commercial marine was driven from the seas just when the

government wanted a large extemporaneous force to blockade the Southern coast. It is not in political human nature to manage such a vast transaction without enriching one's friends.

In the construction of new ships for the permanent fleet, both Mr. Welles and Mr. Assistant Secretary Fox deserve credit for accepting the monitor scheme. The elementary principles of building war steamships are even now so dimly discerned, and so much involved in costly and various experiments, that the sole success of the new fleet might easily have been missed. The wooden clipper ship was the latest triumph of American ship-building. The appropriate application of steam to this model was the side-wheel, as in the case of the Adriatic; and the natural armament consisted of broadside batteries of moderate-sized rifled guns. Instead of the long and high lines of the clipper, the screw requires a broad and low ship, which affords great buoyancy and lateral steadiness. This suggests a central battery of heavy shell-guns, and the iron-clad turret follows. The single-turret monitor of moderate size, for coast service, is right in principle and practice. The large, sea-going, iron-clad, screw man-of-war is yet to seek.

Neither Mr. Welles nor the historian of his administration has clearly set forth the valuable lessons taught by the Confederate naval operations, namely, how to encounter steam and cuirass. First, with regard to steam, the simplest resource was submarine obstruction, which at least detains the enemy under fire of shore-batteries, and prevents that rapid running of the gantlet which is one of the capital advantages of steam. The next question is, If the enemy will not come to the snag, how can the snag be launched against the enemy? The practical answer is the steam ram; and how effective this may prove against long and high ships at rest was seen at Lissa. Secondly, with reference to cuirassed ships, the first observation is, that they are virtually impregnable above the water-line. Can they not, then, be assailed from below, as the negro kills the shark? The rebels were not slow in trying the experiment; and more than one of our stoutest monitors lie at the bottom of Southern bays, blown up by electrical torpedoes. The five military ports of France are already defended with these terrible engines; while Austria is making them more deadly by using gun-cotton, and Prussia is experimenting in nitro-

glycerine. The problem not yet satisfactorily solved, in this method of warfare, is how to send out a torpedo to assail the enemy, in case he will not approach the channel where the earthquake lies. The rebels were bold, and sometimes successful in their attempts to do this with submarine boats, or "Davids," as they were called, in allusion to our Goliaths in armor.

Mr. Welles was naturally more attentive to the positive introduction of steam and armor than to the methods of resisting them; but the results of his labors are by no means commensurate with the great expenditure of money. We have a number of wooden ships, whose delicate clipper hulls are tortured with monstrous ordnance, propelled by screws, and encumbered with a full cargo of fanciful machinery burning prodigious quantities of coal, and logging rates of speed very properly described as fabulous. For iron ships, we have a large assortment of monitors, some of them costing a million apiece, half of them totally unserviceable, and thirty or forty of them incapable of floating. The real state of the case would become manifest, if the good monitors were designated by numbers, and the senseless jargon of Algonquin names was reserved for those which are virtually extinct. In view of these facts, it is not strange that the "line" of the navy call with singular unanimity for a Board of Survey, composed of naval officers, to control naval construction. The creation of such a board is perhaps wrong in theory, but apparently necessary under present circumstances, just as the State of New York has found it necessary to put the most important interests of the city into commission. Under President Grant, however, the Board may cease to be required. With his masterly eye for men, he may be expected to man the Navy Department with a view to thorough efficiency; and the only innovation we may then desire is an admiral commanding the navy, and residing at Washington, like the General commanding the army.

The most animated opposition to the Board of Survey has come from the corps of naval engineers. This corps has risen into importance during the war, gaining influence in Congress, and favor with the Department. They aspire to the position of the engineer corps in the army, but unfortunately in many cases without corresponding social qualifications or scientific attainments. Latterly, however, they have endeavored to secure young graduates of

scientific schools, and to make the examinations for promotion more stringent. But the surest way to create a scientific corps in harmony with the rest of the service is to assign annually, from the best graduates at the Naval Academy, a certain number, who shall then enjoy the advantage of two or three years' technical training. Of course these young gentlemen would not expect to drive engines, at the termination of this extended course of study. The engine-driver should be a master-mechanic and a warrant officer. Moreover, there is no reason why officers of the marine corps, and also of the surveying and revenue services, should not be drawn from the Naval Academy.

The Secretary has done well in establishing the system of school-ships, where apprentices are taught the mariner's trade, for the supply of the navy; but at present the boys have too much the air of galley-slaves, and the schooling is said to be merely nominal. They ought to be quartered ashore, like the midshipmen, six months in the year, and receive a thorough common-school education. Considering the great demand made upon the merchant service, during the war, for ships, men, and officers, something should be done to promote the efficiency of this grand naval reserve. In every considerable maritime country but ours, masters and mates are subjected to examination. The perfect working of this system would call for a marine college at every large seaport, where aspirants for the merchant service might receive professional training.

Passing from the discussion of naval construction and administration to the more stirring record of naval achievement, we find in these volumes a popular sketch of important events, but we are soon impressed with the belief that some abler and less partisan hand is wanted to complete the picture. For instance, we find no mention of the important service rendered by the navy just after the battle of Bull Run, which threatened to be a second Bladensburg, and to lay the capital at the feet of the enemy. A disciplined naval force under Lieutenant Foxhall A. Parker quickly and quietly occupied Fort Ellsworth, got heavy guns into position, stopped the enemy's advance upon Alexandria, and probably saved that city, if not Washington. We see no mention of Rodgers's agency in organizing the naval force on the Western waters, previously to Foote's taking the command there; nor of the service ren-

dered by the navy about the time of the seven days' fight, when the enemy, alluding to the size of the navy missiles, said we pitched Dutch-ovens at them, and the rebel historian Pollard says, that the gunboats prevented the march of their forces along the river-banks.

No mention is made of the fights with the Fort on Drury's Bluff, May 15, 1862; nor of the gale weathered by the Weehawken, in which the sea-going capabilities of a monitor were first well ascertained. And in the account of the Weehawken's fight with the Atlanta, where the fifteen-inch gun was first practically proved efficient, no mention is made of the name of Captain John Rodgers, the commander of the Weehawken, although he received the thanks of Congress for that action, and was promoted to the rank of Commodore.

The case of Commander Preble, who was hastily dismissed the service for not preventing the Oreto (or Florida) from running into Mobile, is not fairly stated in this work. It was not known off Mobile that the rebels had a man-of-war afloat, and the Oreto had the appearance of a large English gunboat. The blockading squadron had accidentally been reduced to two vessels, one of which was the Oneida, commanded by Preble. One of the Oneida's boilers had been undergoing necessary repair, and steam was hardly raised in it when the Oreto hove in sight. She was steering directly for the Oneida's anchorage; and when she had approached within about five miles, the Oneida was got under way, and went out to meet her. The Oneida rounded to across the bow of the Oreto, hailed her, fired three guns in as rapid succession as possible across her bow, the last to graze her stem; and then, three minutes after the first gun was fired, and when she was only about four hundred yards distant, the whole broadside was fired into her. After that broadside, the Oreto hauled down her English colors, and rapidly gained on the Oneida, which pursued the chase until the Oreto was under cover of Fort Morgan, and the rapid shoaling of the water showed that another minute's continuance of the chase would put the Oneida aground on the southeast shoal. Dr. Boynton says the Oreto ran in unscathed; the rebel account says that she was struck several times, four men killed, and several wounded. She afterwards ran out through a squadron of seven vessels, and no officer was punished.

After Commander Preble was reinstated,

he led the fleet brigade, which was organized from the officers, seamen, and marines of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and which did good service in preparing for the arrival of General Sherman from his celebrated march, participating in all the actions, which were often severe. Dr. Boynton makes no mention of this brigade. He says that he had not time or space to give a full account of the doings of the South Atlantic Squadron.

The account of the Fort Fisher attack and capture is very meagre. Only the names of the iron-clads and of their commanding officers are given. There is no list of vessels composing the squadron, or of their commanders; and the names of the commodores who commanded divisions are not mentioned.

The account of the cruise of the Kearsarge is also meagre and inaccurate. Captain Winslow was not placed in command of the Kearsarge "in the early part of 1862." The Rappahannock was not blockaded by the Kearsarge. Semmes did not send Winslow a challenge. The Kearsarge had no intention to close with the Alabama. The reason for fighting in circles seems to have been simply the accident that both vessels had pivoted to starboard. The name of the only person whose death resulted from the action was not "Gorin," but Gowan. No shots were fired by the Kearsarge after the white flag had been seen, although the Alabama did fire two shots after she had surrendered. Mr. Lancaster, of the Deerhound, was asked to assist in rescuing the drowning men. The Kearsarge was close by, and made no objection to his departure. The officer who came aboard the Kearsarge stated that he was an Englishman, and master's mate aboard the Alabama; that Captain Semmes did not instruct him to surrender the Alabama, but ordered him to urge the Kearsarge to hasten to the rescue of the former vessel's crew. It is true that this officer was allowed to depart with his boat's crew, and he sought the protection of the English flag.

We are forced to conclude that a good history of the navy during the Rebellion is still to be desired. Our next war will very possibly be a naval one, inasmuch as France and England are not likely to relinquish the Pacific to the American and Russian flags without a struggle. There are four points which we require: San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands in the south, Victoria and Sitka in the north. Of those

we have already two. We shall need a first-class yard with ample docks and shops, at San Francisco, and eventually another at Victoria. We shall need a thoroughly efficient Navy Department, and a large list of brave, sensible, and scientific officers. And we want to see the service cheered by a wise, impartial, and patriotic history of its past achievements, which have, perhaps, been only preliminary to the grand contest of the future.

The Spanish Gypsy. A Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

It is disagreeable and mistaken criticism which attempts to prescribe some particular form of expression as the best for a given author; and we do not concern ourselves with the wisdom of Miss Evans's choice of the poetic form for the story told in *The Spanish Gypsy*, nor with the possibilities and limitations of her genius, when we say that up to this moment we think she has scarcely proved herself a poet. The fact is felt in nearly every part of her present work, and is noticeable in its dramatic and descriptive passages, no less than in the lyrics with which it is interspersed. She betrays her unfamiliarity with the mere letter as well as the spirit of poetic art, and makes blunders in versification, which cannot be blamed without some apparent petulance in the critic; for perfection of mechanical execution in a modern poem is so entirely taken for granted, that the charge of failure in this respect looks much like ungenerous carping, and is received with liberal incredulity. But even a careless reader of *The Spanish Gypsy* could not fail to note how many lines have but four feet, or four feet and a half, and how little is done to restore the lost balance by giving other lines five and a half, six, and even seven feet. It was altogether hardy in so imperfect a versifier as Miss Evans to attempt to make English ears acquainted with the subtle music of the Spanish *asonante*, and it is not surprising that the effort should have failed, although sense, movement, everything, is sacrificed to the *asonante*, which obstinately remains at last as little like the peculiar Spanish rhyme, as the lyrics are like poetry, especially the poetry of Spanish *canzones*. The inequality of the versification infects the expression of ideas, which is sometimes null, and quite often confused and imperfect.

Until we read *The Spanish Gypsy*, nothing would have persuaded us that Miss Evans could write lines so absolutely discharged of meaning as these :—

"For strong souls
Live like fire-hearted suns to spend their strength
In furthest striving action."

Or so turgid and obscure as these :—

"Sweeping like some pale herald from the dead,
Whose shadow-nurtured eyes, dazed by full light,
See naught without but give reverted sense
To the soul's imagery, Silva came."

Or burdened with such confused and huddled figures as these :—

"Walked hesitating, all his frame instinct
With high-born spirit never used to dread,
Or crouch for smiles, yet stung, yet quivering
With helpless strength, and in his soul convulsed
By visions where pale horror held a lamp
Over wide-reaching crime."

In fact, this reluctant and deceitful poetic form always seems to seek unfair advantages over the author's thoughts, and to get them where, as it appears to us, prose would be entirely subject to her will. We cannot suppose, for example, that if she had not been writing the first lines of the poem in verse, she would have permitted any such tumult of images as now appears in them :—

"'T is the warm South, where Europe spreads her
lands
Like fretted leaflets breathing on the deep :
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines,
On the mid-sea that moans with memories,
And on the untravelled ocean, whose vast tides
Pant dumbly passionate with the dreams of youth."

We can hardly, however, attribute to unfamiliarity with metrical expression the following very surprising lyric :—

"Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day, —
Day, the mighty Giver."

"Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending :

"All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting ;
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting."

"Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure, —
Virgin proudly blushing."

"Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river ;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver."

This is the worst, we think, — though

we are not sure, — of the lyrics, which are all bad. Commonly Miss Evans is a poet of the kind described in the fortunate jest made of her minstrel Juan, and is

"Crazed with finding words
May stick to things and seem like qualities."

The splendor of her performance is an intellectual polish, not a spiritual translucence, and its climax is eloquence, with the natural tendency of eloquence to pass into grandiloquence ; though Miss Evans does at least in one place express the quality of things in words which reveal poetry of thought. It is where Fedalma says to her lover :—

"Do you know
Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
Breathes gently on us from the orange-trees,
It seems that with the whisper of a word
Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart.
Is it not true?"

And Don Silva answers :—

"Yes, dearest, it is true.
Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken ; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer."

We recall fine effects in the poem, though none of them owe their success to the poetic form, and one of the best is in prose. It is a good scene, where the people of Don Silva's household attend the old soldier as he reads from the book of Alfonso the Wise, that "a noble is more dishonored than other men if he does aught dishonorable"; and the page who doubts and disputes the precept puts it in a question to Don Silva, at that moment entering with a purpose of treason in his heart. It is also fine where Don Silva, having renounced rank and creed and country, and turned Gypsy for love's sake, is tormented by his own remorse, and by the suspicion of those fierce adoptive brothers of his, as they chant around their camp-fire the curse which shall fall upon the recreant to their tribe. Usually, however, the best points to the poem are in the descriptions ; and though descriptive poetry is of the same grade in art as landscape-painting, yet it is poetry, and it includes about all that can be so called in *The Spanish Gypsy*. It is great praise to say of the picture of the mountebank's performance in the plaza at Bedmar, (where the scene of the drama for the most part is,) that it is not surpassed by anything in Miss Evans's romances ; and we think any reader who has known a southern evening of summer, and has seen

a southern population in its unconscious, intense enjoyment of it, must exult to feel the truth and beauty of such passages as these:—

"'T is daylight still, but now the golden cross
Uplifted by the angel on the dome
Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined
Against the northern blue; from turrets high
The fitting splendor sinks with folded wing
Dark-hid till morning, and the battlements
Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
By summers generous and winters bland.
Now in the east the distance casts its veil,
And gazes with a deepening earnestness.

And within Bedmar
Has come the time of sweet serenity
When color glows unglittering, and the soul
Of visible things shows silent happiness,
As that of lovers trusting though apart.
The ripe-cheeked fruits, the crimson-petalled flow-
ers:

The winged life that pausing seems a gem
Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf:
The face of man with hues supremely blent
To difference fine as of a voice 'mid sounds:—
Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
Lies still, yet conscious, with clear open eyes
And gentle breath and mild suffused joy.
'T is day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones,—
Tones such as linger in a long farwell.

From o'er the roofs,
And from the shadowed patios cool, there spreads
The breath of flowers and aromatic leaves
Soothing the sense with bliss indefinite,—
A baseless hope, a glad presentiment,
That curves the lip more softly, fills the eye
With more indulgent beam. And so it soothes,
So gently sways the pulses of the crowd
Who make a zone about the central spot
Chosen by Roldan for his theatre.
Maids with arched eyebrows, delicate-pencilled,
dark,

Fold their round arms below the kerchief full;
Men shoulder little girls; and grandames gray,
But muscular still, hold babies on their arms:
While mothers keep the stout-legged boys in front
Against their skirts, as the Greek pictures old
Show the Chief Mother with the Boy divine.
Youths keep the places for themselves, and roll
Large lazy eyes, and call recumbent dogs
(For reasons deep below the reach of thought).
The old men cough with purpose, wish to hint
Wisdom within that cheapens jugglery,
Maintain a neutral air, and knit their brows
In observation. None are quarrelsome,
Noisy, or very merry; for their blood
Moves slowly into fervor,—they rejoice
Like those dark birds that sweep with heavy wing,
Cheering their mates with melancholy cries.

The winged sounds exalt the thick-pressed crowd
With a new pulse in common, blending all
The gazing life into one larger soul
With dimly widened consciousness: as waves
In heightened movement tell of waves far off.
And the light changes; westward stationed clouds,

The sun's ranged outposts, luminous message spread,
Rousing quiescent things to doff their shade
And show themselves as added audience.
Now Pablo, letting fall the eager bow,
Solicits softer murmurs from the strings.

And still the light is changing: high above
Float soft pink clouds; others with deeper flush
Stretch like flamingoes bending toward the south.
Comes a more solemn brilliance o'er the sky,
A meaning more intense upon the air,—
The inspiration of the dying day."

Good as this is, there is a picture of Juan the poet, with his audience at the inn, which is equally good, with like richness of color, and like felicity of drawing:—

"While Juan sang, all round the tavern court
Gathered a constellation of black eyes.
Fat Lola leaned upon the balcony
With arms that might have pillowed Hercules
(Who built, 'tis known, the mightiest Spanish
towns):
Thin Alda's face, sad as a wasted passion,
Leaned o'er the coral-biting baby's; 'twixt the rails
The little Pepe showed his two black beads,
His flat-ringed hair and small Semitic nose
Complete and tiny as a new-born minnow;
Patting his head and holding in her arms
The baby senior, stood Lorenzo's wife
All negligent, her kerchief discomposed
By little clutches, woman's coquetry
Quite turned to mother's cares and sweet content.
These on the balcony, while at the door
Gazed the lank boys and lazy-shouldered men."

It is the sort of people here pictured with whom we think Miss Evans has her only success with character in her poem, and they are true both to the sixteenth century and to human nature, which is not the case with their betters. We desire nothing racier, more individual, than the talk of Blasco, the Aragonese silversmith, and that new-baptized Christian, the jolly host of the inn, as well as some of their interlocutors, leaving out Juan the poet, who is not much better when he talks than when he sings. We imagine that these characters, so strongly and so distinctively Spanish, as well as the happy local color of the descriptions, are the suggestion of that visit which the author made to Spain after the story of the poem was written. The Middle Ages linger yet in Spain, and the scenes in the plaza and inn, though so enchanting as pictures of the past, must have been in great part painted from life in our own time, and Blasco, Lopez, the Host, Roldan and Roldan's monkey, remodelled if not created from actual knowledge of Spanish men and manners. But admirable as these characters are in themselves and in association, they do nothing to advance the action of the story, and they belong to that promise

of interest which dwindles rapidly after the first books of the poem, and is never wholly fulfilled.

There is grandeur in the conception of the work. The intention of representing a conflict between national religions and prejudices and personal passions and aspirations, which should interpret the life of a period so marvellous and important as the close of the fifteenth century, was a great one, and Miss Evans has indicated it almost worthily in the prologue of the first book of her poem, recurring to it with something of like strength in the prologues of each succeeding book. In these we are aware of the far-reaching imagination and fine synthetic power which are so notable in the poem to "Romola"; and in those minor characters of the drama which we have mentioned we recognize success not inferior to that which delights in the people of the great romance. But nothing could be in sharper contrast than the distinct impression left upon the mind by the chief ideas and personages of *Romola*, and by the painfully recollected intent and the figures which develop it in *The Spanish Gypsy*. In either case the author deals with a distant period, and with people and conditions equally strange to her experience and observation. In either case it is a psychical problem she proposes to solve or at least to consider. In either case the chief characters about which the action revolves appear as human beings, with positive, personal desires and purposes. But while in *Romola* they retain this personal entity to the last, with the hold which nothing else can keep upon the reader's sympathies, and ineffaceably imprint the lesson of their lives in his memory, in *The Spanish Gypsy* the personal principle is soon removed, and they all disappear from us, dry, rattling assemblages of moral attributes and inevitable results. It is especially to this effect that poets never work, and Miss Evans does not attain it by creating new and original characters. On the contrary, she adopts dresses and figures more or less familiar in romance, and evolves allegoric circumstances and actions from a plot smelling curiously of the dust of libraries and the smoke of foot-lights. We have the daughter of a Gypsy chief stolen in earliest childhood by the Spaniards, and bred in ignorance of her origin, who becomes the affianced of a Spanish grandee; we have a monkish inquisitor, fierce with the pride of family and of faith, who hates this Fedalma

both as a new Christian and as the accomplice of his cousin the grandee in the purpose of an ignoble marriage, and who arranges for her seizure by the holy office on the eve of her marriage; then we have Zarca, Fedalma's father, who escapes the same night from Christian captivity, and who, revealing himself to his daughter, persuades her to fly with him, and share his aspirations and labors for the redemption of the Gypsy race. Her lover, desiring to win her back, applies to his friend, a Jewish physician, who knows enough of astrology to doubt it, as a learned and liberal-minded Jew of the Middle Ages naturally would. We are not so clear of any positive part this Hebrew has in the drama, as of the contrast to the inquisitor which he forms; and doubtless the author values the two less as persons than as the opposite principles of liberal science working to truth, and pitiless faith constituting itself a divine purpose. But for this use, Sephardo, whose talk is rather like a criticism and explanation of his attributive character than an expression of character, might with his speculative and philosophical turn be more naturally employed in writing for the reviews.

In Zarca we have a modern reformer a little restricted and corrected at first by costume and tradition, as all his fellow-characters are, but early declaring himself a principle and not a person, as all his fellow-characters do. He appears as an embodiment of those aspirations for independent national existence, which now more than ever before are stirring the true peoples, but which probably existed in all ages; and if he does not act very wisely, nor discourse very entertainingly, perhaps it is because men of one idea are very apt to be short-sighted and tedious, unless skilfully managed, in fiction as in real life. Morally, Zarca comes to be a theatrical kind of Hollingsworth, though we imagine nothing could be farther from the author's consciousness than such a development. It is doubtful whether a purpose and grandeur such as his are predicable of the Gypsy race in any age; but in his daughter's case we must grant even more to the author with less effect. In Fedalma is portrayed the conflict which would arise in the nature of a woman held to her betrothed by love, and identity of civilization and social custom, and drawn toward her father by the attraction of kindred, and race, and by vague sympathy with a devoted and heroic pur-

pose; and in accounting for her desertion of her lover Don Silva, all is confided to the supposition that these remote instincts and sudden sympathies are stronger than the use of a lifetime. Fedalma is a Gypsy by birth; and it is poetic, if not probable, that, yielding to the wild motions of her ancestral blood, she should wander with her duenna through the streets of Bedmar, and, forgetting the jealous decorums of her station, and the just claims of her lover's pride, should dance in the circle drawn about the mountebank, that lovely evening in the plaza. At any rate, this escapade wins us the fine effect of her encounter with Zarca, her father, before whom she pauses, touched by some mysterious influence, as he passes through the circle with the other captive Gypsies. Yet this scarcely prepares us for her renunciation, at her father's bidding, of Don Silva, Spain, and Christianity; nor is the act sufficiently accounted for by the fact that if she had remained, she would have been seized by the Inquisition, for she did not know this; or by the other fact that, as is afterwards intimated, she never was true Spaniard or quite Christian. True lover she was, and believed in love, and she never believed in the purpose for which she sacrificed love. That she should act as she did was woman's weakness, perhaps,—the weakness of Miss Evans. The reader cannot help resenting that the author throws the whole burden of remorse for the ensuing calamities and crimes upon Don

Silva, who is at least faithful to love when he forsakes his command at Bedmar, follows Fedalma to the Gypsy camp, and, to win her from her father, renounces everything, and becomes himself a Gypsy. He is also true at least to Spanish and human nature of the fifteenth century when, tortured by the cruel sight of his slaughtered friends, on re-entering Bedmar with its Gypsy captors, he asks of Zarca the life of his cousin, the Inquisitor, and, being denied it, stabs Zarca to death,—who, remembering his duty to the nineteenth century, commands with his dying breath that Don Silva shall go unharmed. He accordingly goes unharmed—towards Rome, willing to assume any penance which may be laid upon him for his sins; and the poor soul, who never loses our sympathy, has a kind of sublimity in his honest recognition of his crimes and his honest remorse for them; while Fedalma, bidding him adieu in solemn impertinences that betray much doubt and regret, but dim sense of error, is a very unedifying spectacle. As she departs with the Gypsies whom she distrusts, to fulfil a purpose which she never thought possible, her last care is explicitly to state the poem's insufficiency of motive, and to put in the wrong the chief good that was in her by saying to Don Silva:—

"Our dear young love,—its breath was happiness!
But it had grown upon a larger life
Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled,
The larger life subdued us."

